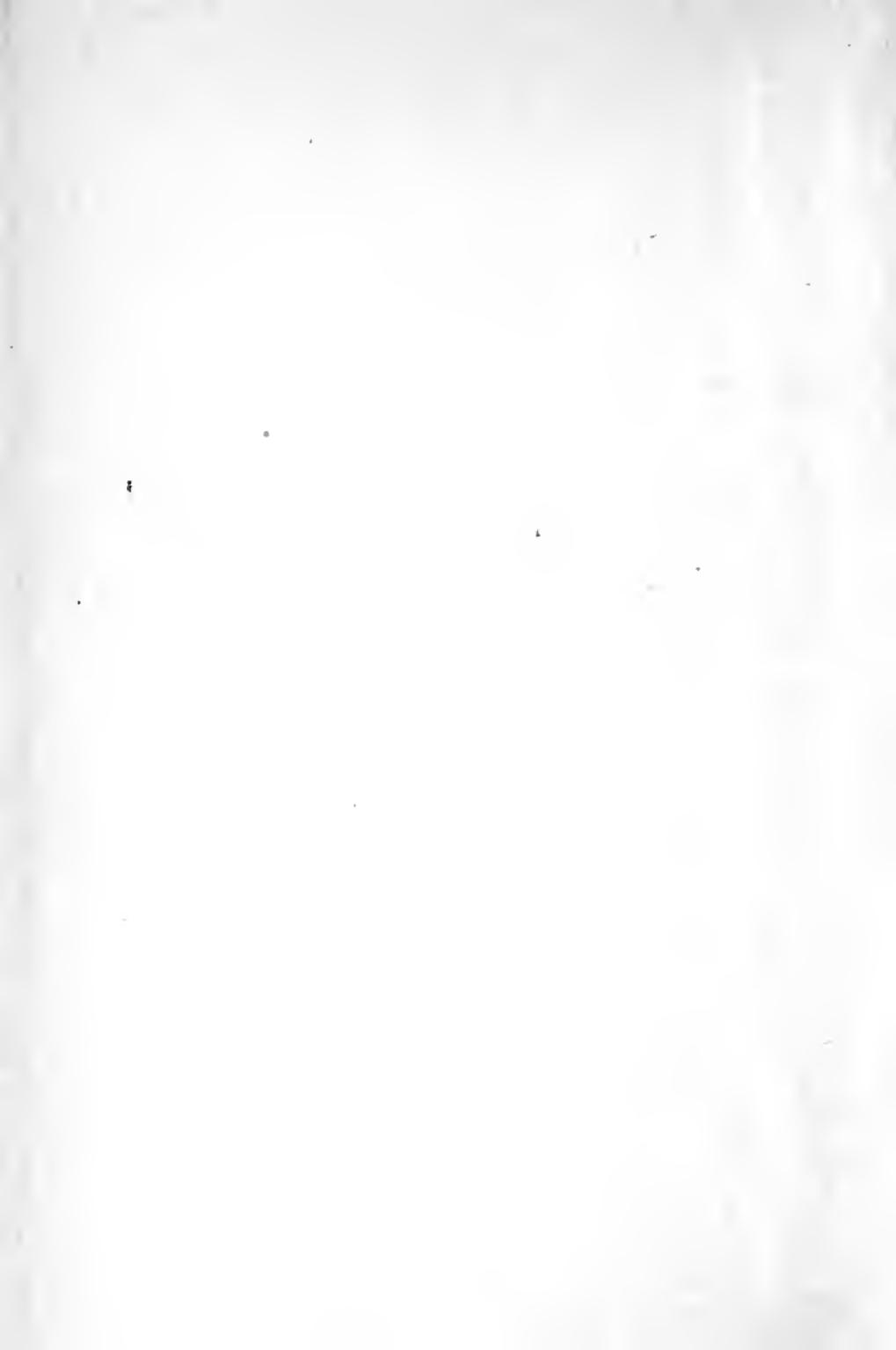


Confederate Echoes

By A. T. GOODLOE



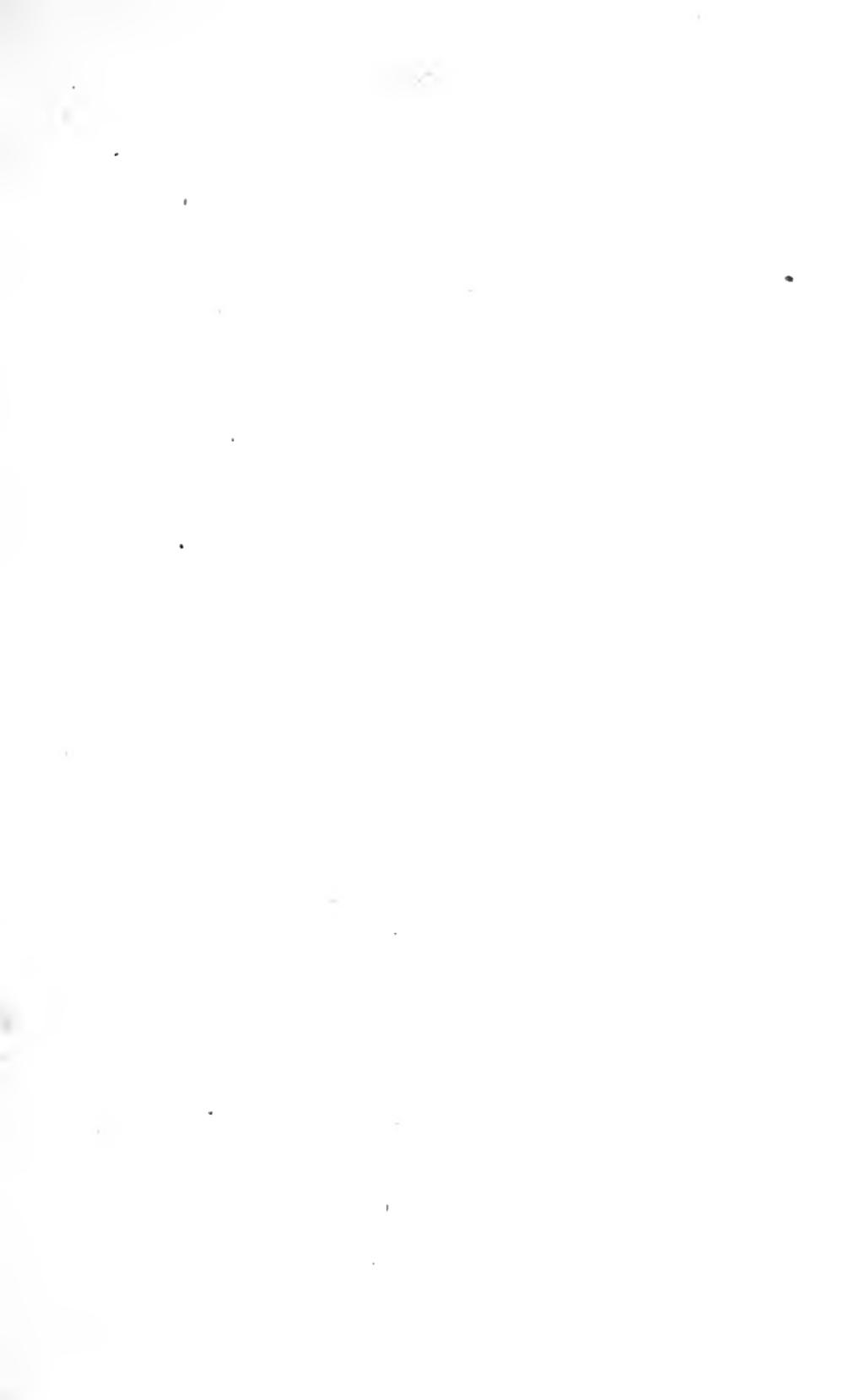
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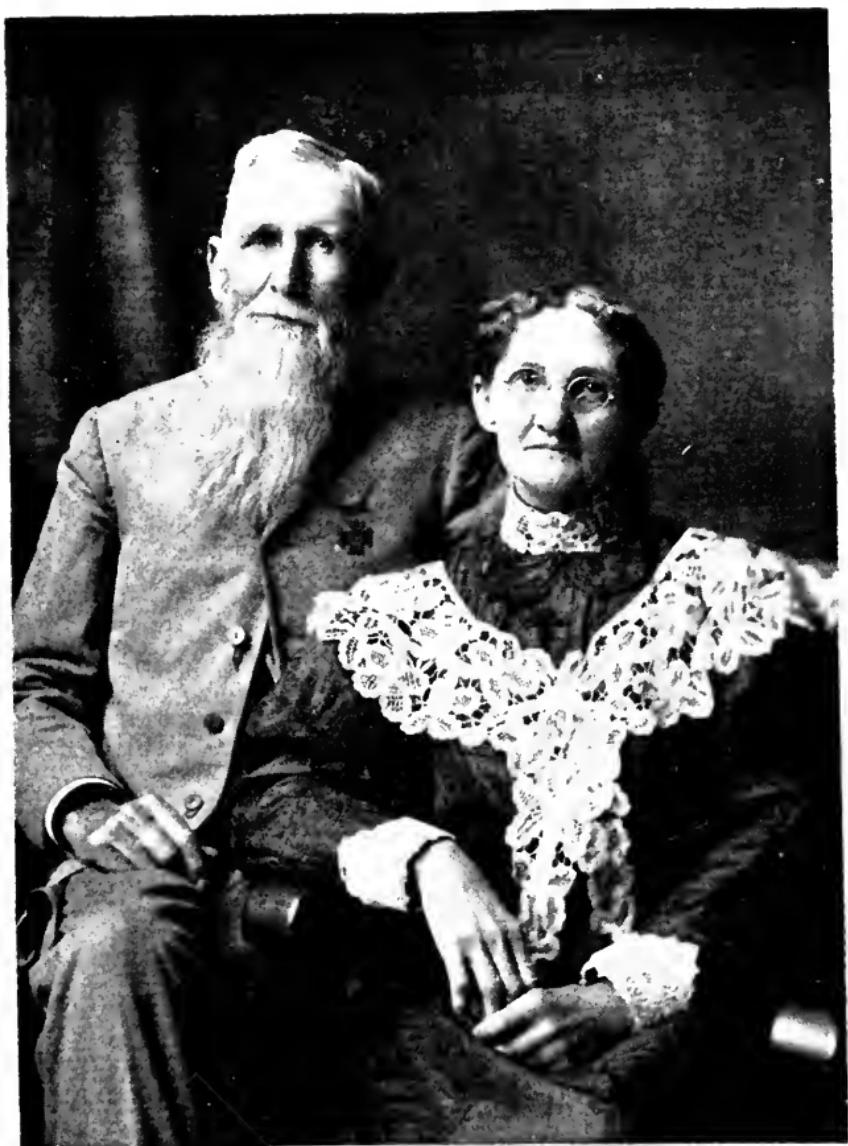


CONFEDERATE ECHOES.

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REV. AND MRS. A. T. GOODLOE.

Married November 29, 1855. Photo taken May 8, 1906.

CONFEDERATE ECHOES:

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH IN
THE DAYS OF SECESSION
AND OF THE SOUTHERN
CONFEDERACY.

BY

REV. ALBERT THEODORE GOODLOE, M.D.

FIRST LIEUTENANT COMPANY D, THIRTY-FIFTH REGIMENT ALABAMA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, C. S. A.

*Member of John L. McEwen Bivouac No. 4, Association of Confederate Soldiers;
and of Gen. J. W. Starnes Camp No. 134, United Confederate Veterans.*

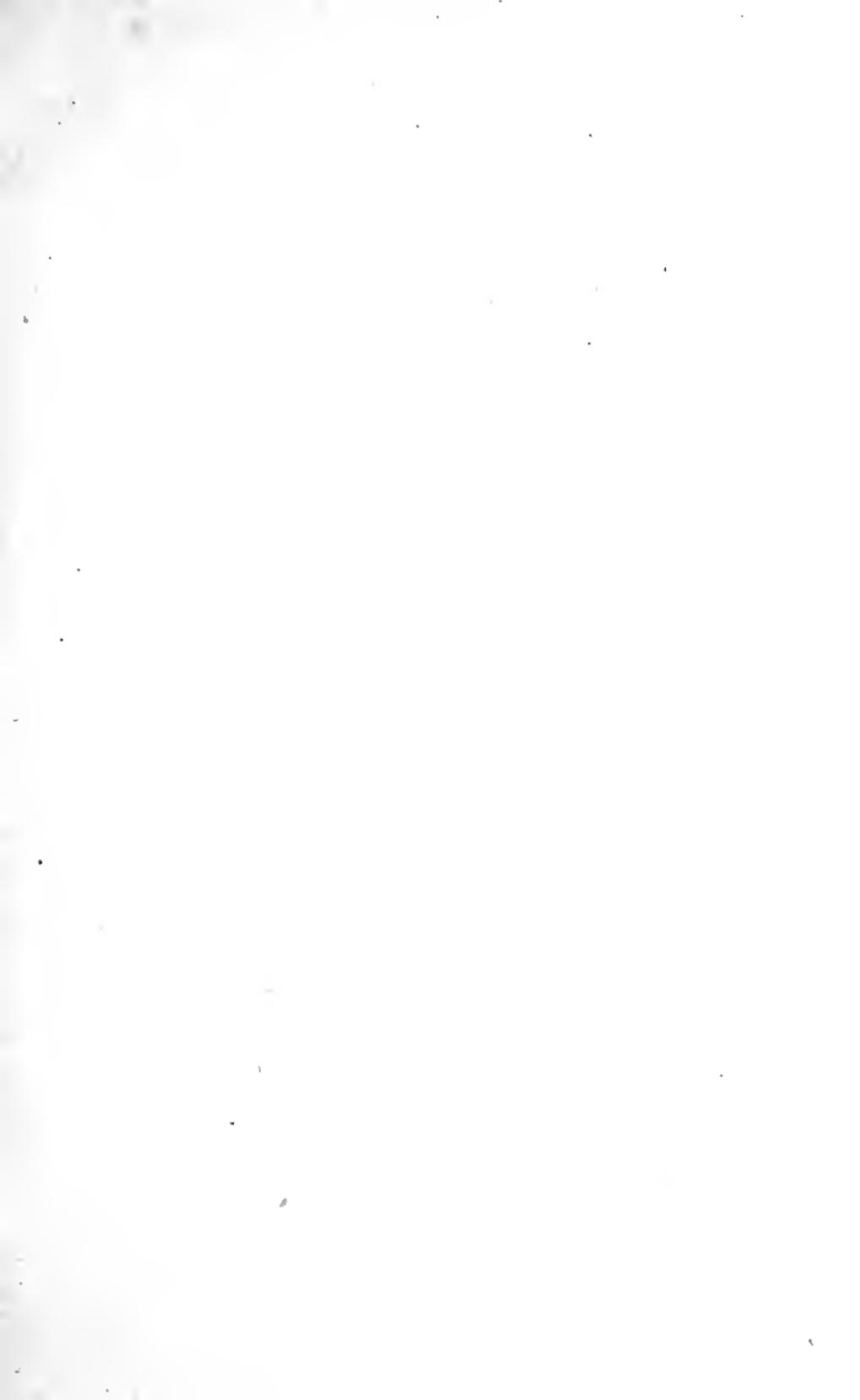
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PROF. GRANVILLE GOODLOE, M.A.

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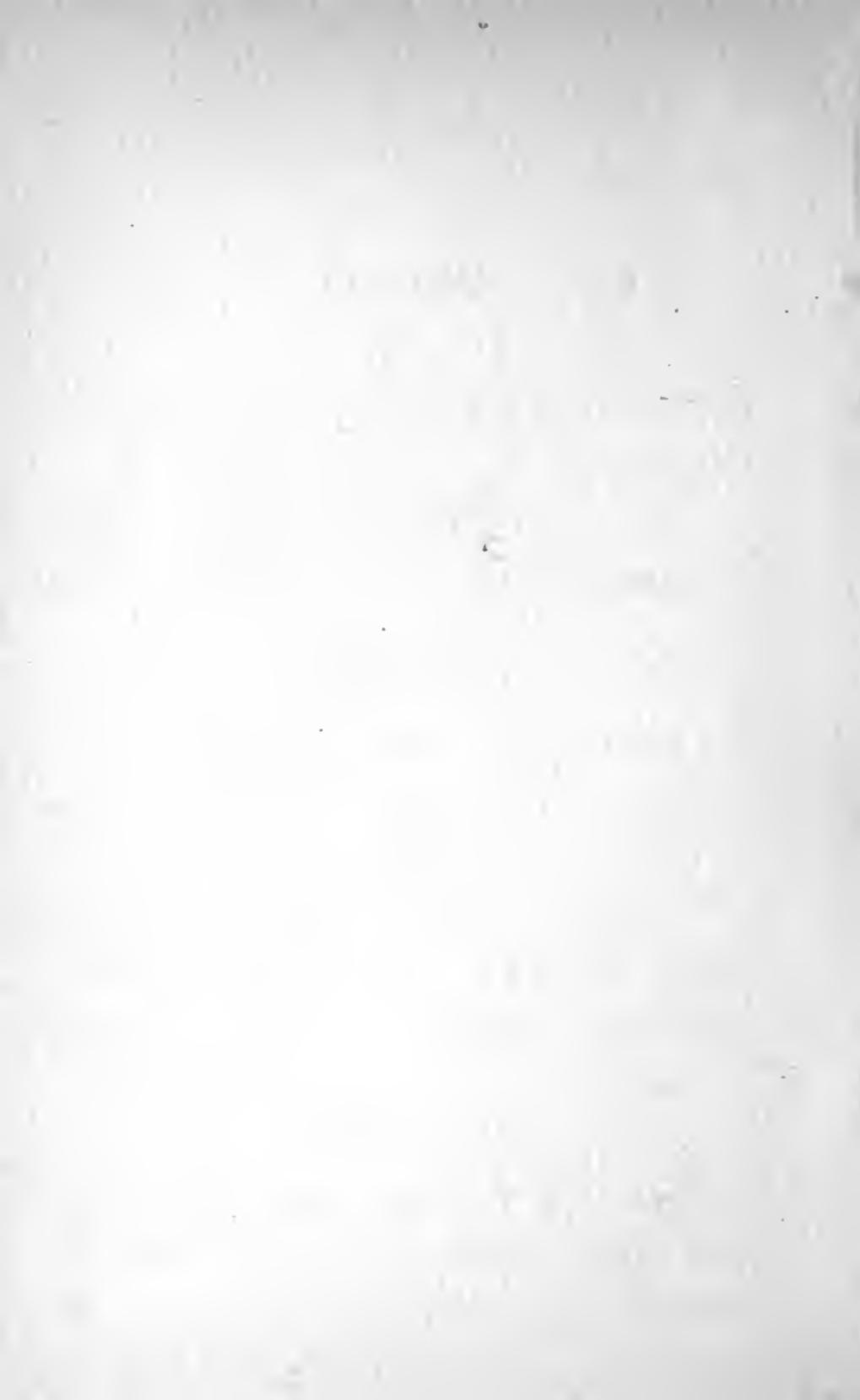
DEDICATION.

To Prof. Granville Goodloe, M.A., the firstborn of the twelve children of my wife and me, who was born January 23, 1857, this book is affectionately dedicated, as an expression of our appreciation of the loving obedience and respect he has always shown his parents, both in childhood and in manhood; the financial help he has afforded them from time to time as they had need, especially in the education of their eight children born since the War, as he followed his life work of teaching in training schools and colleges; the definite purpose he has ever had, and carried out, of giving the students under him a clear understanding of the significance and conduct of the war waged by Abraham Lincoln against our Southland; and his intense and unabated devotion to our Southern Confederacy and its defenders.

A. T. GOODLOE.

Mount Repose, R. F. D. No. 6, Nashville, Tenn.

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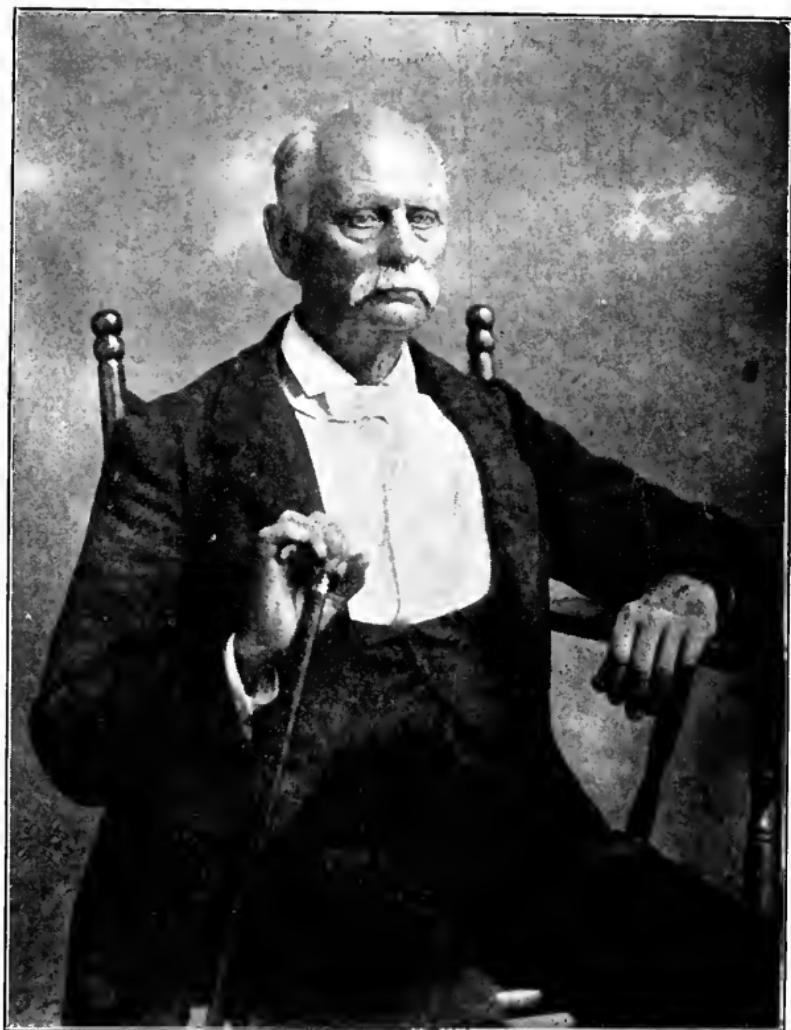
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DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT,
Author of "Dixie Land." Photo taken in 1903

HO, FOR "DIXIE LAND."

LET THE BAND PLAY DIXIE.

DIXIE'S LAND.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Cimmon seed and sandy bottom,

Look away, look way away, Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',

Look away, look way away, Dixie Land.
Din I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's Land we'll take our stand,
To lib and die for Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Old Missus marry Will de Weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;
When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.

His face was sharp like a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er.
Will run away, Missus took a decline, O,
Her face was de color ob bacon rhine, O.

While Missus libbed, she libbed in clober;
When she died, she died all ober.
How could she act such a foolish part, O,
An' marry a man to break her heart, O?

Buckwheat cakes an' stony batter
Makes you fat, or a little fatter.
Here's a health to de next old Missus,
An' all de gals dat wants to kiss us.

Now if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow.
Den hoe it down an' scratch yer grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble.

These are the exact words of "Dixie's Land," as composed and written, together with the music, by Dan Emmett in New York, in 1859, to meet an exigency in the performance of the negro minstrelsy to which he then belonged. Such performances were exceedingly popular in those days throughout the country, because of their intense fun-making after the style of Southern negroes, the jolliest people in the world before they were emancipated. Some of our people would prefer the tune of Dix-

ie sung to some more stately words, such as the following, by Gen. Pike, but Emmett's words will abide:

OTHER WORDS FOR DIXIE.

BY GEN. ALBERT PIKE.

Southrons, hear your country call you;
Up! lest worse than death befall you;
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie.
Lo, all the beacon fires are lighted;
Let all your hearts be now united;
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie.
Advance the flag of Dixie;
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Chorus.

For Dixie's Land I'll take my stand,
To live and die for Dixie,
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunder mutter;
Northern flags in South winds flutter.
Send them back your fierce defiance;
Stamp upon the accursed alliance.

Fear not danger; shun no labor;
Lift your rifle, pike, and saber;

Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles;
Break the unequal bonds asunder;
Let them hence each other plunder.

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our federation
Secures among earth's powers its station.
Now, at peace and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory shall bring them gladness;
Exultant pride now banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

The tune of "Dixie Land" was instantly caught up in every direction, and became

exceedingly popular wherever it went, much to the surprise of the author, who only intended it for the Bryant Minstrels to meet a pressing necessity, so to speak. It is not surprising, in the very nature of things, that the South laid special claim to it, as such minstrelsy had reference to the South altogether, and held on to it when the war broke out as the national air of the Southern Confederacy. This outcome of "Dixie Land" always pleased Emmett, who, though a Northern man, was Southern in sentiment. His parents were natives of the South, and moved to Mt. Vernon, Knox County, Ohio, where he was born October 29, 1815. He left his home, with the consent of his parents, when eighteen years of age, with Sam Stickney's circus, and afterwards "organized the first band of Ethiopian minstrels that the world ever knew." His performances were not confined to this country, but he toured successfully England, Ireland, and Scotland. He retired practically from the stage in 1888, finally dying in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, June 30, 1904.

It is worth while to hear him tell just how "Dixie Land," words and music, came to be produced. This he does in an interview with Comrade S. A. Cunningham, the gifted editor of the *Confederate Veteran*, in the following words: "In the spring of 1859 I found myself in New York City, engaged with the Bryant Minstrels, No. 472 Broadway. My particular engagement was to make them new songs for the end men—plantation songs, negro songs, or 'walk-rounds,' as we called them. One Saturday night after the performance Jerry Bryant overtook me on my way home and asked me to make him a new 'walk-round' and bring it to rehearsal Monday morning. 'Make one,' said he, 'that the boys can whoop and holler. Make it a regular negro "walk-round.'" "

"The next day being Sunday—and it rained as if heaven and earth would come together—I sat down with my violin and composed 'Dixie Land.' I took it to rehearsal Monday morning, and they were so pleased with it that they had the second re-

hearsal after dinner, so we could get it just right for the night performance. It was popular from the start."

Many thanks, I now say, to Comrade Cunningham, through his superb *Confederate Veteran*, for facilities afforded me in writing about the author of our "Dixie Land."

"At the funeral of Emmett," says the *Confederate Veteran*, "in which Rev. W. E. Hull officiated, the songs were: 'Lead, Kindly Light,' 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and as the casket was being lowered into the grave the Mt. Vernon Band played 'Dixie.'"

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

"Heroic males the country bears;
But daughters give up more than sons."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

How wearily the days go by,
How silence sits a guest at home!
While she, with listless step and eye,
Still waits for one who does not come.

The sunshine streams across the floor,
A golden solitary track;
The flies hum in and out the door;
The olden clock goes click-a-clack!

And baby, sitting wonder-eyed,
Watches the kitten's noiseless play,
Till sleep comes gently, and he lies
At rest through half the summer day.

In twilight brooding dim and gray,
She sits beside the open door;
Before her lies the graveled way,
O'erhung by ancient sycamore;
And through the eve she hears the cry
Of whip-poor-wills that shun the light;
She sees the stars of evening die,
And all around her reigns the night;
Then "By-lo-baby, baby-by!"
She sings her little babe to rest,
And muses with its rosy face . . .
Held warm and close against her breast.

Beside her couch she weary kneels,
And clasps her hands before her face;
Ah! only Christ knows what she feels,
A lonely suppliant for grace.
She prays for one who does not come,
And draws an answer from her hopes;
And then within her silent home,
While stars slide down night's silvery slopes,
She nestles close beside her babe,
And one arm o'er it shielding throws,
And dreams of joys that day denies,
Until the rose of morning blows.

The above production was clipped by my wife from a Southern paper which came to her during the war, and at a time when no letters from me to her—though I had written and started many—had reached her for something more than a year. She inclosed it to me in her letter to me from home of November 5, 1863. Heavy-hearted in the extreme, she says in that letter, referring to how long it had been since she heard from me: "You know well, my dear husband, how I feel. At times I can scarce sustain the frame which bears such an aching, sorrowful heart."







ALBERT THEODORE GOODLOE,

First Lieutenant Company D, Thirty-Fifth Alabama Volunteers. C. S. A., 1863.



MRS. A. T. GOODLOE.

Taken the summer of 1864.

CONFEDERATE ECHOES.

CHAPTER I.

Explanatory, Etc.

THESE Confederate Echoes are written from the standpoint of a Confederate patriot in the “early sixties” (from the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, in 1860, to the downfall of our Southern Confederacy, in 1865), and they are expressed in terms then employed throughout the South by citizens and soldiers in regard to governmental, military, and other affairs with which we had to do in those stirring, epoch-making days. How else could the genuine Southerner of that eventful period be known to others than by allowing him an audience with them in his own form of speech, as he gives utterance to his views of men and things, his convictions, etc.? In a straightforward, unrestrained way he did not hesi-

tate to give his estimate, especially, of men in authority on both sides of the Ohio River, and comment at will on the management of affairs by them, as he took in the situation. He was a veritable son of Liberty, who claimed and exercised his sovereign right to do his own thinking and talking and acting without reference to the opinion of others, whatever might be their standing, or the consequences that might follow, of hurt or otherwise. There was a bold manliness in this Southern Confederate everywhere that dreaded not to assert itself in any presence or under any circumstances, and there was no mistaking the meaning of his utterances or actions. His majesty of character entitles him to live on through the ages following, not simply as a record in the cold annals of history, but as his real self perpetuated. To meet the demand, a photograph, true to life, must be taken and transmitted to posterity. This book is this photograph, so far as the author could accomplish the desired end. That is to say, the language and tone of it are intended to be the echoes of the old Southrons as they

met the issues that were thrust upon them by Lincoln and his supporters. They shall never die while I can keep them alive, and their Confederacy shall never perish from the earth while I can prevent it.

As to the propriety of publishing a book of this kind at this remote period from the overthrow of the Confederate States of America by Lincoln's soldiers of "every tribe and nation," some persons will consider that it is a mistake, inasmuch as it is calculated to arouse afresh the animosities of the former days of wrath and blood in this country. This need not be the effect of it, and is not likely to be among fair-minded and intelligent people anywhere, in the North or in the South. But be that as it may, must we fail on any account to show to our offspring and to the world at large what we were, what we undertook, and what the significance of our undertaking was in all its bearings; and thus allow all who may so desire to see with our eyes, as it were, what we beheld while struggling to be disengaged from our despotic pursuers, and to establish an inde-

pendent nationality of our own apart from them?

There are those sometimes, even in our own midst, who insist that we are "fostering strife" between the North and the South by talking and writing about the war times in this country from a Southern standpoint, unless we do so in a kind of apologetic or humorous way, as though we are sorry that we fought the Yankees, or that we were only "funning" when we did so. They are much given to saying—those who are free-spoken on the subject: "I thought the war was over. Let the dead past bury its dead."

Most of such nonsensical talk comes from a certain class of self-constituted and self-announced "reformers" of the woman-suffrage, politico-ecclesiastical type found here and there, who, in order to succeed in their wild projects, are joining forces with the Plymouth Rock fanatics for the purpose of consigning to oblivion the blessed Old South and its orthodox supporters. Much of this talk also is the grating and hypocritical whine of the post-bellum renegade from our

ranks who, having abandoned us in our efforts to prevent negro supremacy in the South during the reconstruction period and maintain our rights in the government as white citizens, has gone into the camp of our never-wearying maligners and persecutors, and is now trying to "break the Solid South" for his own exaltation among our unnatural and bitter adversaries. A few good-meaning people talk thus, who have but little strength of conviction, and are not particular which side they are on, if only they may be exempt from antagonism or contradiction in the smallest degree. Absolute quietude is what they want, regardless of who was right or who was wrong on war issues; and indifferent, indeed, as to whether the North or the South was responsible for the war.

Actually, on one occasion, while we of the John L. McEwen Bivouac, of Franklin, Tennessee, were arranging to bury one of our comrades who had just died, a prominent merchant of that town, of the modern reformatory persuasion, took offense at our meeting for that purpose and said to me in an impa-

tient tone: "I see no good to come of such as this. I thought the war was over." My reply was: "Yes, the war is over, but we still bury our dead comrades when requested to do so." His only answer to this was a fretful repetition of what he had already said. This man had never fought any Yankees. I could not but announce to the great assemblage at the burial service, conducted by me as Chaplain, in connection with some needful explanatory remarks about our organization, what had occurred in the conversation with this gentleman, that those knew best that the war was over who helped as true patriots to fight the battles of the South.

That there should be a disposition on the part of Southern people to fraternize in a Christian and manly way with those of the North, it is well here to say; and so far as mere animosities of a personal nature are concerned, the dead past should bury its dead. But principles such as we fought for must not be buried; nor must there, for any consideration, be any blank or compromising pages in the history of the war with Lincoln

from a Southern point of view. No one has any stronger desire for genuine fraternity with the North than the one who writes these lines; but, for one, I cannot afford to "foster" it by evading vital issues and ignoring fundamental facts; much less can I do so by banishing from my mind the fond recollection of the illustrious supporters and defenders of the dear Old South, more precious to me than all other peoples and lands.

"Land of the South!—Imperial Land!
Then here's a health to thee!
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
May'st thou be blest and free!"

So wrote Meek, of the Old South, before Lincoln was even dreamed of as President of the United States.

This book may be regarded as the completion of my "Rebel Relics," published in 1893, much of which it embodies, and as my final contribution in this form to the memory of my companions of the Old South and our Southern Confederacy. I began to feel soon after "Rebel Relics" was published that it needed enlargement in certain directions, and

some eliminations, to make it comprehend in full what I would have it do, and no more, so as to make it of more permanent value perhaps than as it was first written, which explains in this connection why "Confederate Echoes" was thought of and written.

CHAPTER II.

The Rebel — Baxter's Speech — Secession — Lincoln Starts the War.

ACCORDING to the denunciatory epithets hurled at the Southern people by the Yankees after the secession movement was mooted among us upon the election of Lincoln, the South was a veritable hotbed of traitors and rebels, as they defined those terms, and they manifested a disposition to shoot to death every secessionist that could be found, "without judge or jury." "Rebels" we were, after their form of speech, as most commonly spoken by them—"rebels against the best government the world ever knew." This was not intended as a complimentary epithet; but we took kindly to it and accepted it as a title of honor, and those of us who were in the army were accustomed to greet the approaching Yankee lines and send consternation into them with our spontaneous "Rebel Yell," the most up-

roarious and awe-inspiring battle cry that ever gushed from human throats. "Old Reb" is now our title of honor, and most highly do we appreciate it.

In regard to the term "rebel," Capt. Ed. Baxter spoke the following, among other good things, in his speech at the Franklin reunion of Confederate soldiers in the fall of 1892:

"The history of the English people is but a history of rebels struggling to maintain their rights and liberties against the tyranny and oppression of the governing powers.

"To the American citizen who has carefully read the history of the race from which he sprang, the term 'rebel' conveys no conception of dishonor or reproach. It is a term which tyrannical governments have at all times applied to people who have the courage to resist their oppression.

"But while tyrannical governments may intend to use the term 'rebel' as one of reproach, every true lover of liberty who knows its history must regard it as the title

of honor. History proves that it is a title of nobility which is older and more honorable than the king's prerogative. It is a title which was originally won by the sword. It has been maintained by the sword; and unless it be defended by the sword, human liberty will perish from the face of the earth. All the rights, privileges, and immunities now enjoyed by the American people were acquired for them by rebels. There cannot be found to-day, in all this world, a man of pure-blooded English descent in whose veins does not flow the blood of a rebel.

• • • • •

"After the American colonies declared their independence of the mother country, they established a new government for themselves. They determined that they would have no king, and that the people themselves should be their own sovereigns. It was to be a government by the people, of the people, and for the people. Under such a form of government it was absolutely necessary that the majority should rule. But our ancestors foresaw that in times of great popu-

lar excitement majorities might become as tyrannical as kings or parliaments. They therefore adopted a written constitution, the main object of which was to protect the minority against the majority. They created a Congress to enact laws, they established courts to construe the laws, and appointed a President to enforce the laws as construed by the courts.

"But in order to protect the citizen against all the departments of government, the Constitution adopted and re-enacted the provision of the great charter that no person should be deprived of *life, liberty, or property* without due process of law; and it also declared that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation.

"The theory upon which the government was formed was that if a majority in Congress should pass an act which deprived a citizen of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or which deprived a citizen of his property without compensation, the courts would declare it to be unconstitu-

tional, and the President would refuse to enforce it.

"The people of the Southern States had millions of dollars invested in slaves as property. Whatever may be thought or said of the abstract moral right to property in human beings, the fact is beyond question that property in slaves existed in the colonies before the Revolution, that it existed when the Constitution of the United States was formed, that it was repeatedly recognized as legal by all the departments of the government, and that it continued to exist until the late Civil War.

"A political party arose in the United States which maintained that slavery was wrong and should be abolished. And, though the Supreme Court of the United States decided in favor of the right of property in slaves, the political party referred to boldly proclaimed that it would not abide by the decision of the highest court in the land; and that, if necessary, the Constitution would be amended so as to abolish slavery under the forms of the law. That party

finally became strong enough to elect Mr. Lincoln President of the United States, and the people of the South feared that in a few years the same party would become strong enough to change the Constitution so as to utterly destroy the right of property in slaves. The people of the South believed that they would be deprived of their right of property without due process of law, and without compensation; and, entertaining that belief, there was nothing left for them to do but to resort to arms to defend their right of property, or to cowardly abandon it without a struggle.

“What would the English-speaking people of the world have thought of us if the Southern people had tamely surrendered without making an armed resistance? What would the people of the North have thought of us if we of the South had refused to fight for our constitutional rights?

“When the American colonies rebelled against taxation without representation, William Pitt, the ‘Great Commoner’ of England, though he remained loyal to King George

the Third, said, in speaking of the American colonists, that ‘three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest.’ And there is not a Northern man to-day whose opinion is worthy of respect who will not say that if the Southern people had surrendered their constitutional rights without a struggle they would have been a disgrace to the American Union.

“In a republican form of government, where the majority rules, the majority takes the place which the king occupies in a monarchical form of government; and whenever the majority attempts to deprive the minority of great constitutional rights, the minority must defend its rights with arms, if necessary, or they will cease to have any rights at all.

“The Constitution cannot protect itself. It has no army or navy of its own. The army and navy of the United States are necessarily controlled by the political party which happens at the time to have the ma-

jority. The President is Commander in Chief of the army and navy of the United States, and Congress is authorized to provide means for their support. It follows that whenever the majority is strong enough to elect the President and control both Houses of Congress it secures the control of the army and navy and can use them to destroy the constitutional rights of the minority.

"In such a case the courts can furnish no protection; for though they may decide against the majority, they cannot enforce their decisions if the army and navy be controlled by the majority. The minority, therefore, is forced to resort to arms to protect its rights, or those rights must be abandoned and cease to be any longer a part of the Constitution.

"If minorities, from time to time, surrender one right after another, the Constitution will fall to pieces and the government will become a mere mobocracy.

"The framers of the Constitution foresaw that the perpetuity of the Union depended

upon the right of the minority to protect itself by arming against the majority, and, therefore, it was provided that the right of the people to keep and bear arms should not be infringed.

“It has been said of the Russian government that it is an absolute despotism, limited by assassination. It is said that the present Czar has such a dread of the assassin that he does not show himself in public, even in his own capital. It is sad to know that the people of Russia are forced to assume the cloak of the assassin in order to protect their rights to life, liberty, and property. But in the United States our people have been saved from the degradation of assassination. Our Constitution guarantees to them the right not only to keep arms, but to bear them openly and to use them in defense of our liberties.

“We have descended from the ‘free-necked’ man of England, whose neck has never bent to a master. Our pedigree goes back to the ‘weaponed man’ of Britain, who has always claimed and exercised the

right to defend himself against every kind of oppression, whether it came from the tyranny of a king or from the tyranny of a populous majority.

"In the Civil War the Southern people simply asserted the right of the minority to resist, with arms, the tyrannical oppression of the majority, the Southern people on that occasion being in the minority; but in the years to come it may happen that the people of other sections of the Union will find themselves in the minority. The people of the New England States or the people of the Pacific Coast or the people of the Northwestern States may hereafter find themselves in the minority upon some great question in which their rights may be involved; and should such a time ever come to any of them, I know that they will have the courage to resort to arms, if necessary, to protect their rights against the tyranny and oppression of the majority. They may be overpowered by the mere force of vastly superior numbers, but that is not so very material. The matter of greatest consequence is

that they shall make the best fight for their rights that is possible under the circumstances, let the result be what it may.

“The important thing to accomplish by such wars is to cause it to be thoroughly understood that, at all times and under all circumstances, the minority will, if necessary, fight for its rights, whenever they may be assailed, without the slightest regard as to whether the issue of battle may be decided the one way or the other.

• • • • •

“The fact that slavery was abolished as one of the results of the Civil War, while it inflicted a temporary loss on the people of the South, will eventually prove a blessing of inestimable value to them. The fact that the doctrine of secession failed to succeed was the loss of a mere abstraction which, if it ever had any practical value at all, was of as much value to the Northern States as it was to the States of the South; and, therefore, the failure of that doctrine was as much of a loss to the North as it was to the South.

• • • • •

"Whatever else may have been lost, the South triumphantly established the fact that the courage of the Anglo-Saxon race still abides with the American people, and that the minority will resort to arms, whenever it may become necessary, to protect their rights against the majority."

"The gallant and glorious fight which the South made for the rights of minorities will serve as a salutary warning to tyrannical majorities for centuries to come. Majorities have been taught by the South that it will cost them millions of lives and billions of money to deprive minorities of their rights."

We did not take up arms, as all know, immediately upon the election of Lincoln, but that event was really the genesis of the war between the States. It was the full expression of the implacable hate of his electors for the Southern people, and the announcement, more than ever before, of their purpose to wage a determined and vigorous warfare against our constitutional rights of property, defying us at the same time to withstand their aggressions upon us.

Seeing what was in store for us with the Lincoln party in power, the secession movement began in the South, fully justified by the relations then existing between the dominant party and the Southern people. But secession was not a war measure—it was a peace measure. It was an effort on the part of the seceding States to prevent further trouble with the abolition States and people. “The Southern people,” says Prof. Derry, “could never have been induced to go into secession had they not believed that there was neither safety nor peace for the South in the Union. The majority of them had come to the conclusion that peace with two governments was better than a union of discordant States.”

Lincoln was inaugurated on March 4, 1861, and immediately upon his ascension to his throne of power, with the army and navy of the United States subject to his orders, he instituted war measures of coercion to drive back the sovereign seceded States into the Union. True to his instincts as an arch trickster, and thirsting for the blood of se-

cessionists, he embarked in a military campaign, in a sly and deceptive way, against the South, thus being the prime mover in the War between the States. It was in the matter of the removal of the Federal garrison from Fort Sumter, which was in the dominion of South Carolina, a seceded State in the Southern Confederacy.

“For weeks,” says Pollard, “the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln had been taxed to devise some artifice for the relief of Fort Sumter short of military re-enforcements (decided to be impracticable), and which would have the effect of inaugurating the war by a safe indirection, and under a plausible and convenient pretense. The device was at length hit upon. It was accomplished by the most flagrant perfidy. Mr. Seward (Secretary of State) had already given assurances to the Southern (peace) Commissioners, through the intermediation of Judge Campbell, that the Federal troops would be removed from Fort Sumter. Referring to the draft of a letter which Judge Campbell had in his hand, and proposed to address to President

Davis, at Montgomery, he said: ‘Before that letter reaches its destination Fort Sumter will have been evacuated.’ Some time elapsed, and there was reason to distrust the promise. Col. Lamon, an agent of the Washington government, was sent to Charleston, and was reported to be authorized to make arrangements with Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, for the withdrawal of the Federal troops from Fort Sumter. He returned without any accomplishment of his reported mission. Another confidential agent of Mr. Lincoln, a Mr. Fox, was permitted to visit Fort Sumter, and was discovered to have acted the part of the spy in carrying concealed dispatches to Major Anderson, in charge of the garrison, and collecting information in reference to a plan for the forcible re-enforcement of the fort. On April 7, 1861, Judge Campbell, uneasy as to the good faith of Mr. Seward’s promise of the evacuation of Sumter, addressed him another note on the subject. To this the emphatic and laconic reply was: ‘*Faith as to Sumter fully kept—wait and see.*’ Six days there-

after a hostile fleet (Lincoln's) was menacing Charleston. The Lincoln government threw down the gauntlet of war, and the battle of Sumter was fought, April 12, 1861."

Thus the war was waged, and April 15, three days after the fall of Fort Sumter, Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteer soldiers to subjugate the seceded States; or, in other words, the Southern Confederacy as it then was, being constituted of South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas.

The Confederate President met this call of Lincoln's by a call for volunteers to repel aggressions. As another effect of this first subjugating proclamation of Lincoln's, four other States seceded from the Union and went into the Southern Confederacy—viz., Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee. It is thought that Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky would have joined the Confederacy if they had not been "pinned in the Union by Federal bayonets." Missouri and Kentucky had representatives in the Confederate Congress, and furnished, as

did Maryland, many brave soldiers to fight for Southern independence.

As the war went on and the contending armies were increased, Lincoln put 2,859,132 soldiers in the field against 600,000 Confederates.

CHAPTER III.

Lincoln—His Journey to Washington—His Assassination—As to His Religion.

“THE Presidential ticket nominated by the Black Republican Convention in 1860 was Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for President, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice President. Governed by the narrow considerations of party expediency, the Convention had adopted as their candidate for President a man of scanty political record—a Western lawyer, with acuteness, slang, and a large stock of jokes, and who had peculiar claims to vulgar and demagogical popularity, in the circumstances that he was once a captain of volunteers in one of the Indian wars, and at some anterior period of his life had been employed, as report differently said, in splitting rails or in rowing a flatboat.”

“The circumstances attending Lincoln’s

journey to Washington to be inaugurated and his advent there were not calculated to inspire confidence in his courage or wisdom, or in the results of his administration. . . .

"In the speeches with which he entertained the crowds that, at different points of the railroad, watched his progress to the capital, he amused the whole country, even in the midst of great public anxiety, with his ignorance, his vulgarity, his flippant conceit, and his Western phraseology. The North discovered that the new President, instead of having nursed a masterly wisdom in the retirement of his home at Springfield, Illinois, and approaching the capital with dignity, had nothing better to offer to an amazed country than the ignorant conceits of a low Western politician and the flimsy jests of a harlequin. His railroad speeches were characterized by a Southern paper as illustrating 'the delightful combination of a Western country lawyer with a Yankee barkeeper.' In his harangues to the crowds which intercepted him in his journey, at a time when the country was in revolutionary chaos, when

commerce and trade were prostrated, and when starving women and idle men were among the very audiences that listened to him, he declared to them in his peculiar phraseology that '*nobody was hurt*,' that there was '*nothing going wrong*,' and that '*all would come right*.' Nor was the rhetoric of the new President his only entertainment of the crowds that assembled to honor the progress of his journey to Washington. He amused them by the spectacle of kissing, on a public platform, a lady admirer who had suggested to him the cultivation of his whiskers; he measured heights with every tall man he encountered in one of his public receptions, and declared that he was not to be '*over-topped*;' and he made public exhibitions of his wife—'*the little woman*,' as he called her—whose chubby figure, motherly face, and fondness for finery and colors attracted much attention.

"These jests and indecencies of the demagogue who was to take control of what remained of the government of the United States belong to history. Whatever their

disgrace, it was surpassed, however, by another display of character on the part of the coming statesman. While at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and intending to proceed from there to Baltimore, Mr. Lincoln was alarmed by a report, which was either silly or jocose, that a band of assassins were awaiting him in the latter city. Frightened beyond all considerations of dignity or decency, the new President of the United States left Harrisburg at night, on a different route than that through Baltimore; and in a motley disguise, composed of a Scotch cap and military cloak, stole to the capital of his government. The distinguished fugitive had left his wife and family to pursue the route on which it was threatened that the cars were to be thrown down a precipice by secessionists; or, if that expedient failed, the work of assassination was to be accomplished in the streets of Baltimore. The city of Washington was taken by surprise by the irregular flight of the President to its shelter and protection. The representatives of his own party there received him with evident signs of disgust at

the cowardice which had hurried his arrival at Washington."

This striking portrait of Abraham, of the house of Lincoln, is by the skillful hand of Mr. E. Pollard, the long-ago editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, and author of the "Southern History of the War," published in 1866. If it should seem rude and cruel to any one who reads this, let him bear in mind that it is not overdrawn as regards the type of character of the atrocious Lincoln, as estimated throughout his administration by Southern people, and the facts stated are true to history. This is "unvarnished truth," which needs to be told over and over again to our children and children's children, that they may know, so far as this record goes, the nature of the man who went to Washington to be installed as President principally for our undoing as a people, as shown by every subsequent act of his, until he was murdered in Ford's Theater, in Washington, Good Friday night, April 14, 1865, while seated with his family and friends in a box in the theater. John Wilkes Booth, the noted theat-

rical actor, much admired by Lincoln, was his murderer by shooting a pistol ball into his head, having rushed up to him from the stage.

Having completed an administration of hate and blood and carnage, he went suddenly from his theater box of intense worldliness to the final settlement of his accounts with his God. At his command rivers of human blood had been made to flow in this country; the industrial, educational, and religious institutions of the South had been demolished to the extent of his power to do hurt; and sufferings untold and without number were visited to a people who had never justly provoked his displeasure.

Concerning the murder of Lincoln, it is credibly recorded that it was his treachery in regard to the hanging of Captain Beall, for whom Booth had interceded with him, that provoked it.

Not a great while since the *Religious Telescope*, of Dayton, Ohio, contained the following editorial statement:

“In this country the assassination of

Abraham Lincoln was the result of American slavery. It was slavery's attempt, in its death struggle, to deal a stunning blow to the head of the nation that was crushing out its life—a blow dealt in a desperate revenge for its having been compelled to submit to the triumph of liberty. It was slavery in its dying throes, administering to itself its own scorpion sting, thereby rendering its own character doubly despicable and its own death more certain and everlasting. Hence the cause [slavery] of Lincoln's assassination being forever annihilated, no such crime can again spring from that source."

Replying to this, the *Christian Observer*, of Louisville, Ky., has the following editorial remarks:

"Such paragraphs as the above have repeatedly appeared in Northern religious papers. They do the Southern people great injustice. No citizen of the Southern Confederacy had anything to do with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln; nor was slavery in any way responsible for it, except in so far as slavery was an occasion of the Civil War.

These writers have evidently forgotten the actual facts that led to the commission of this crime—facts which are not stated in many histories.

“John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Mr. Lincoln, was a citizen of the United States—not of the Confederate States. He was at no time a resident of any of the seceded States. His Southern sympathies did not lead him to come to the South and make common cause with the South. It was not an ardent love of the South or of the Southern cause that prompted Mr. Booth’s crime, but rather a spirit of revenge for the personal wrong that Mr. Lincoln had done in having Capt. John Young Beall, one of Booth’s friends, executed unjustly.

“The editor of the *Christian Observer* was acquainted with Captain Beall. He was a native Virginian, a member of a good family, a college graduate, a brave young man of attractive personality. In Richmond, Va., we boarded at the same house, ate at the same table, and we learned to appreciate his sterling worth. He possessed traits similar

to those which, during the Spanish-American War, made Richmond Pearson Hobson the idol of the American people. And when, in the fall of 1864, a man was wanted to lead a hazardous enterprise and make a diversion on Lake Erie, he promptly responded to the call of his government, the Southern Confederacy. With a handful of brave seamen, he seized a steamboat on Lake Erie, made its crew prisoners, converted it into a war vessel, captured or sank one or more other boats, terrorized the commerce of the Great Lakes, produced a panic in Buffalo and the cities on the lakes, and thoroughly alarmed the Northern people. In process of time he was captured. He was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to death as a pirate.

“John Wilkes Booth interested himself in his behalf, obtained from the Confederate Government at **Richmond, Va.**, the evidence that he was a commissioned officer of the Confederate Navy; he obtained also evidence that his acts were those of legitimate warfare, and that he was acting under specific instructions from the Confederate gov-

ernment. Booth went to Lincoln armed with these documents and secured from him the promise that Captain Beall should not be put to death, but should be treated as a prisoner of war. This promise of Mr. Lincoln gave offense to Secretary Seward, who persuaded him, in the face of it, to sanction Captain Beall's execution. And Captain Beall was hanged at Governor's Island, New York, on February 24, 1865.

"John Wilkes Booth was fearfully wrought up by the death of his friend, in such circumstances. He denounced the killing in cold blood of a prisoner of war, after he had surrendered, as *murder*; and the doing it after the President had given his word that it should not be done as *falsehood* and *treachery*, and vowed vengeance against the authors of this wrong.

"At once he organized a conspiracy for the assassination of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward; and on the night of the 14th of April, 1865, only seven weeks after Captain Beall was hanged, the plot was executed. Booth shot Mr. Lincoln at Ford's

Theater, Washington, exclaiming, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and on the same night Paine, one of his fellow-conspirators, inflicted serious, but not mortal, wounds on William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

"The United States was fearfully aroused by the assassination of the President. At first it was suspected that the crime had been instigated by Confederates. Many prominent citizens of the Confederacy were arrested. The most thorough and searching examination was made. And it was conclusively proved that no representative of the Confederate government and no one in the Southern Confederacy had any part in it. . . .

"During the nineteenth century slavery was abolished by Great Britain, Sweden, France, Holland, Brazil, Spain, Germany, and Egypt. Even Russia abolished serfdom. By all these countries it was peacefully effected. Mr. Lincoln's statesmanship was exhibited in that in this country alone the emancipation of the slaves was made the occasion of the most terrible civil war of the century. His campaign speeches threat-

ened incalculable evil to the slaveholding States, in case he should be elected; and his election was the occasion of the secession of seven slaveholding States soon after, and in quick succession, not speaking of those that seceded when his war measures were put on foot. Then followed the long war to drive them back into the Union. God's hand was in these events. And when Mr. Lincoln had apparently triumphed, and before there was opportunity for exultation, there came the startling, fearful crime which suddenly ended his life. If it be regarded as a judgment, it was from the Lord. The South had no hand in it."

Was Lincoln prepared in a religious sense for this sudden summons to the bar of God? The question is too awful for me to undertake to answer; but it is a fact that he was - not known to have professed in any presence to be a Christian, nor evinced any real interest in religion; on the other hand, he was known to have shown contempt for the whole system of Christianity and its divine Founder, and at one time to have written a

book against them. By profession he had been an infidel and religious scoffer, and this country never knew such a man of blood as he was.

Notwithstanding these facts, his admiring biographers and apologists have written voluminously to show up in a bright light his Christian character, as they would have it. Nothing of this sort was thought of before Booth shot him, but ever since then they have been on the hunt for some sure evidence that he was a Christian. No such evidence has been found, and there is no likelihood that it ever will be. Indeed, if he had been a Christian, the evidence of it, in the position he occupied, would have been before the world, and not to be hunted up, as it has been, without the slightest likelihood of finding it. Was it ever so before, that searchers without number must be sent out in every direction to find the proof that a man was a Christian? "By their fruits ye shall know them," says our Lord. And he also gives this admonition, after saying that his followers are the light of the world: "Let

your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Very obvious is it to my mind that the men who are so eager to canonize Abraham Lincoln would do so on the ground that he, with his overwhelming armies, subdued ours, and "crushed out the rebellion," whether or not there be any evidence that he was a worshiper of the Prince of Peace. These same men also who are so deeply interested in establishing the piety of Lincoln would consign Mr. Jefferson Davis to the pit of destruction forever, for the reason that he was President of the Southern Confederacy. Nor would they scruple to send there, if they could, all of us who fought against Lincoln's invading armies. So it has ever seemed to me.

CHAPTER IV.

Slavery and the War—Abolitionists—The Negro—
Expensiveness of Slavery—Overseers.

JUST how much negro slavery in the Southern States had to do in bringing on the war between the North and the South we may not be able to say to our full satisfaction, but the party of hate in the North, for Southern slave owners, who elected Lincoln, had shown for many years a merciless propensity to accomplish our destruction by whatever means they could. They gloried in the opportunity that was offered them by the election of Lincoln to embark in a campaign against us, with the army and navy of the United States subject to the orders of their chieftain. This was the auspicious time to them to pour the vials of their destructive spite upon us, and they were not reluctant to avail themselves of it. Another such opportunity might never occur for them to

vent their spleen to a purpose upon us, and the war began. They cared nothing for the slaves, but were envious of the owners, and hated them because of their prosperity, and on the same principle that Cain hated Abel.

As to why we fought, we simply did so because Lincoln fought us. If he had not fought us, there would have been no war. Did we fight to hold our slave property—was that the prime motive with us? In the slave States there was not more than one in two dozen white people who owned slaves, and of that number a great many were children and women and feeble old men. The actual percentage of slaveholding soldiers in our armies was exceedingly small compared to those who were not. So that the great bulk of our soldiers had no slaves to fight for, and yet we were all one in sentiment—to cut loose from the meddlesome and vicious abolition citizenship of our country and establish a government of peace and harmony in the South—and, whether slaveholder or not, we were of one mind in resist-

ing Lincoln's unholy and unlawful measures to defeat our purposes.

It has been said of the war that it was "the rich man's war and the poor man's fight." That may have been so in the North, but it was not so in the South. Our poor people were as stout against the Lincoln movement against us as the rich were. Truly it can be said of our people that the rich and the poor met together in withstanding the armed encroachment upon our constitutional liberties.

Nothing would do Abraham, of the house of Lincoln, in his dealings with us, but a fight; and fight him we did, with such energy and courage as to startle him immensely; and we would have driven him and his Yankees to the other side of anywhere if he had not recruited his armies with vast hordes of hired soldiery from across the ocean.

The professed sympathy for, and interest in, our slaves on the part of the Plymouth Rock tribe of Yankees was hypocritical, as has already been intimated. They cared not

to make freedmen of them for their good, but for the hurt of their owners. That they hated us with a perfect hatred had been obvious long before a war was thought of. With the batteries of their mouths and pens they had been bombarding us at long range for an age for our undoing in some sort, and to bring us into discredit in the estimate of the civilized world. In books and periodicals, and on the rostrum, they advertised to the world that we were the veriest devils in human flesh because we were the constitutional owners of slaves who were incapable of self-government, or lived in States where we might own them. They performed the loftiest and most sympathetic feats of lying about our treatment of slaves, about which they actually knew nothing. This is the saintly tribe that Lincoln became the head of, made up mainly of long-haired men and women in *breeches*. The most successful and effectual slanderer of the South among them was a woman, by name Harriet Beecher Stowe, the sister of Henry Ward Beecher, of Northern fame.

When Mrs. Stowe wrote her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she perpetrated the basest of calumnies on the South, and put in motion the most potent factor of hate for our people that had yet been inaugurated. Her book was immediately in demand from every direction, and was soon read, to our prejudice, by thousands of people throughout the North. It crossed the ocean on its mission of harm to us, and was translated into most of the European languages, and read by the people of those countries. The effect was to bring us into contempt, wherever it went, as a heartless set of slave-driving savages, albeit the South was known to be the most fertile field of true statesmanship and exalted piety in America. And it also had the effect of greatly accelerating the abolition movement throughout the Northern States. The pen of that woman was mighty indeed in drawing the line between the North and South with greater distinctness than ever before, and creating antagonisms between the two sections in such intensified forms as to make a sectional war possible.

But people grow old with years, and sometimes live to see that what were once considered great exploits of theirs were their greatest blunders. So it was with Mrs. Stowe: she lived to see the awful mistake she made in writing such a book of slander and hate, deeply lamented having done so, many of the evil results of it having come to her view, and suffered no one to talk to her about it. It came to be a gnawing worm in her conscience, and ultimately her brilliant mind gave down, and she spent several years before her death a mental imbecile.

That same Plymouth Rock tribe did not pause in their venomous pursuit of us when the negroes were freed and the war was ended, but have been gnarling and snapping at us ever since, thus giving additional evidence of the fact that they meant our harm rather than the negro's good by their emancipation schemes. It would be bliss to them unspeakable if they could only get the heel of the negro on our necks—and keep it there.

Taking the facts as they actually existed with the Southern slaveholders, no one can truthfully say that we gave our upcountry brethren any occasion or ground for their spitefulness toward us. They were more responsible, through their forefathers, than we were for the existence of African slavery in America—it was here long before this country ceased to be under the dominion of Great Britain—and we owned our slaves under the same Constitution that our Northern haters did. And, moreover, slavery once existed in the North, and it was dispensed with because it was unprofitable there, the slaves having been parted with for a money consideration.

As to the Yankees improving the condition of the negroes by securing their freedom, that has not yet been demonstrated. Every one who lived in the South before the war knows that negroes were well treated and provided for, as a rule, and that they were contented and orderly. There was also a warm personal attachment, which was mutual, to their owners, which made their rela-

tions always pleasant. How the negroes at large now are, the world can see. Certain it is that the freedom of the negro, with his citizenship thrown in, has not been a benediction to our country, North or South. Their citizenship in this country, when they themselves are incapable of self-government, is an absurdity and an enormity—a curse both to them and to us. What to do with them has long been the biggest problem that we have had to contend with, and the solution of it seems yet far in the distance.

As anxious as Lincoln's Yankees were to do us hurt, did they, after all, do us a real harm by depriving us of our slave property? We have raised no wail of grief about it, which they hoped to hear, and none of us could be induced for any consideration to take part in a movement to re-enslave the negroes, if such a thing was of easy accomplishment, because it would be of no interest to us to do so.

And this reminds me that we often make an erroneous impression on the minds of our young people, who have grown up since the

abolition of slavery, by saying that we are glad of such abolition. They are thus made to believe that slavery was of such a criminal nature that we are relieved to get rid of it, than which nothing can be farther from the real fact of the matter. Domestic slavery in the South was not a crime. Not so, at least, if the scriptural rule were observed by masters in dealing with their slaves. The institution itself was not criminal, the Scriptures being our authority. No; we feel relieved that, in the abolition of slavery, a tremendous responsibility has been lifted from our shoulders, which we are not willing to take upon us again. And, moreover, we who owned slaves are not so sure but that our financial condition in the long run was improved by having them taken from us, without remuneration, by malevolent proclamation and diabolical enginery. As already stated, the great majority of white people owned no slaves, the reason being, with multitudes of these, that they could use the worth of a negro to better advantage than by buying a negro with it.

In truth, it was a very expensive thing to own negroes to any considerable extent, and it took close management, especially on farms, where most of them were, to make slave labor profitable. For them houses had to be provided, food and clothing furnished, the doctor's bills paid, etc. And then there was always a considerable per cent of non-laboring negroes on hand, such as children and superannuated men and women, who were only an expense to the owner. The labor of those who, from sickness or other cause, were disabled was, for the time being, also lost. And the house servants, who were more expensively clad than the "out-hands," brought in no money for their labors. They were useful in their places as cooks, dining room servitors, nurses, etc., but their work put no money into the pockets of their owners. Nor were the field hands equally valuable as laborers. Some of the men were less able to work than others, and the women and children who "worked out" could not do much of the work that had to be done.

The wages of the overseer must also be taken into account as an expense item of considerable importance. To be sure, there were some men with few negroes on small farms who had no need of another man to overlook his negroes and farming concerns, but most men owning negroes found it best to have a judicious overseer to be with the farm hands all the time and direct their work in keeping with the wishes of the master. These overseers were usually men of fine ability as farmers and managers of negroes, and always commanded good wages when they had had experience. Their wages ranged, I will say, from \$500 to \$1,500, or more, according to the extent of the farming operations to be carried on, a man with twenty-five or thirty negroes on his farm paying \$500. Some men had negroes by the hundreds, and even running up into the thousands, when several overseers were needed to take the management of them, always under the direction of the owners.

These overseers have been the worst maligned of all men in the South by the sweet-

toned Yankeedoodlebugs as ferocious and heartless "negro drivers;" but they were, as a rule, men of a high order of intelligence, with no disposition whatever to maltreat those whom they were employed to overlook and direct in their labors. Moreover, if any were so disposed, and indulged that disposition in the slightest, the master would quickly hunt another overseer. Not only was cruelty to negroes not allowable from a humane standpoint; but it disqualifed them from remunerative labor, and lessened their money value, which the owner could not afford. If cruelty were practiced anywhere without being corrected, it was very unusual.

It is a fact that not all slave owners, by far, found slave labor profitable, and many of them became so involved in debt by it that they were compelled to sell off their slaves and embark in some business pursuit for a livelihood, other than relying on slave labor for a support.

To give some idea of the value of negroes to those unacquainted with these matters, it

is pertinent here to reproduce a price list of negroes made out on an Arkansas farm not a great while before the war, the ages included:

Name.	Age.	Value.
Harry	61	\$ 350
Milly Fox.....	50	800
Nathan	23	1,500
Calvin	38	1,300
Stephen.....	17	1,200
Burt.....	11	1,000
Sam.....	7	750
Mary Ann.....	25	800
Amy.....	18	900
Emily	14	800
Sarah.....	9	750
Louisa	6	400
Cena.....	5	350
Felix.....	4	300
Allen	3	350
Margaret.....	1½	150
Isaiah	20	1,100
Anthony	21	1,300
Jim	12	800
Milly Rose	37	700
Maria.....	34	600
Caroline.....	16	1,050
Keziah.....	19	1,200

Name.	Age.	Value.
Amanda.....	10	\$ 750
Pleasant	8	400
Elias	4	300
Dorcas.....	2	200
Epps.....	37	1,100
Harriet.....	30	744
John.....	46	840
Jake.....	16	1,250
Elijah.....	8	800
Jerry	40	800

CHAPTER V.

My Enlistment—Lagrange, Ala.—Go to Corinth, Miss.—All Things Fair in War.

NOTHING was farther from my mind throughout my boyhood and early manhood days than the thought of going to war. My very dreams of the battlefield were of the most oppressive and appalling nature to me. And there is no conceivable probability within the range of my thoughts that any provocation other than such as did occur could have induced me to volunteer for military service. To Abraham Lincoln alone, the man who inaugurated and perpetuated the era of blood in these sovereign American States, over which he proposed to exercise absolute sway, is due the credit of my becoming a soldier on the firing line—a Rebel soldier, please your Honor! His original call for 75,000 volunteers to embark in a murderous assault upon Southern freemen,

unwarranted in every sense by any conduct of theirs or by any governmental prerogative, not only transformed me from a hearty Unionist into an ardent Secessionist, but also imbued me with the warrior spirit toward him and his adherents.

In common with all Southrons, the needless and shocking alternative was thus presented to me of becoming a willing bond-servant to a heartless despot or of resisting his self-constituted authority with gun in hand. The latter I determined to do with whatever of courage and vehemence I could command, and without reference to the possible outcome of such armed resistance. However, my military career in the field did not really begin until the "Fall of Donelson," February 16, 1862.

Before that disaster befell our arms, I, with most others in the South, did not think it needful for men having families to enlist in the Confederate army, except those who, having sufficient military knowledge, were capable of commanding, the general impression among us being that Lincoln's invaders

could be driven back with those who had no such responsibility resting upon them as the care of families. And so, having a family to care for, I did not feel constrained to enlist until that sorrowful event occurred. That disaster convinced me that every man in the South capable of bearing arms should join the Confederate army as an effective fighting soldier, and I at once began to make arrangements to enlist for the war, let that be long or short.

My home at that time was in the Hermitage community, thirteen miles from Nashville, Tenn., where I did not suppose it would be safe for me to leave my family; but thinking they would be forever out of reach of Yankee soldiers in Franklin (now Colbert) County, North Alabama, I took them to the home of my uncle, J. Calvin Goodloe, living in that county.

Upon reaching my uncle's I learned that a regiment of volunteer infantry was being organized at Lagrange, and I enlisted in that as soon as I could get my business affairs arranged, which was not long after.

It was the Thirty-Fifth Alabama Regiment, and I became identified with Company D as a private, the company being named the Mollie Walton Guards for a maiden lady near Mooresville who contributed largely to its outfit in clothing, etc. Some months afterwards I was appointed Fifth Sergeant, and on September 24, 1862, I was elected Third Lieutenant. Shortly afterwards I was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and on December 10, 1862, advanced to First Lieutenant, which position I held to the close of the war. I had met but very few members of the regiment before I joined it; but I did not feel that I had cast my lot among strangers, for the spirit of devotion to our Southland bound us together as comrades in a holy cause.

Having kept a diary during my term of service as a reminder of what was daily transpiring where I was and elsewhere, I have felt inclined since the war to put to record in readable form the incidents and events therein briefly noted and adverted to, together with such observations as might be

deemed proper in connection therewith. Counting myself a soldier of the rank and file, a disposition has also possessed me to write of the war from that standpoint, showing what army life was with us in its various features, and what our feelings and sentiments were as day by day and year by year we met the demands of military duty. I would rescue from oblivion the blessed *Old Reb* with gun in hand, and perpetuate him in the hall of memory just as he was in all the stages and phases of army life, from the time that he left his home to fight for the South until he stacked his faithful gun with those of his comrades, and returned to the bosom of his family, if so fortunate as to live through it all.

Though following in this work the line of march principally of my more immediate command, my observations are not confined to that by any means. And though I often make mention of myself and of others with whom I was closely associated, I do so in a representative way, using these as types of the genuine Confederate soldier. In this

way only, I am sure, can real soldier life be brought to view. It is therefore designed that what I write shall be as readable to the soldiers of one department of the army as another, and by citizens everywhere, friend or foe, who may wish to see us as we were while the fight was on. I may hope to entertain and enliven the old soldier somewhat by what I write, but do not presume to enlighten him, of course; there are those of this generation, however, who have very faint conceptions of our war in its details, and these I feel like I may instruct in these things, and bring them also into closer relations and sympathy with our soldiery and our Confederacy.

The Confederate soldier, be it here said, stands for more, in estimating the nobility of human character and the courage of one's convictions, than any other man of this age, and he represents a cause more sacred than which men never fought for. How imperative it is, then, that we all live up to the full measurement of perfect manhood in all our actions and dealings with others!

When I reported for enlistment at Lagrange, Col. Robertson had command of the regiment, not yet entirely filled out, and it was being drilled from day to day preparatory to active service. It was not contemplated that it would leave Lagrange until its organization was completed and it was equipped for service; but before this was done information reached us that the Yankees, already threatening that section of country, had found out our location and condition and were forming plans for our capture, which made it necessary for us to seek safer quarters as promptly as possible.

Very hurriedly we left Lagrange late Monday evening, April 14, 1862, without equipage of any kind, except that there were a few old guns and cartridges in Company B. We took the Russellville road, and marched till nine o'clock at night, when we reached Spring Creek and went into camp. Here quite a serious accident occurred to Spivey, a member of the regiment. His gun was accidentally discharged, and wounded his arm so badly that Dr. Sanders

had to amputate it. The next day we went on to Cedar Creek, our second encampment for the night.

Having a horse with me, Mike by name, which I rode to Lagrange and expected to send back from there to Uncle Calvin's—but which Col. Robertson preferred for me not to do just then, he being needed for scouting purposes—I was directed to ride a mile or two in the rear of the regiment, so as to give the alarm if pursuing Yankees were seen. This was to be done by making Mike outrun them, which doubtless he would have been fully capable of doing under the circumstances.

Late in the night at Cedar Creek two members of the regiment who were not at Lagrange when we started overtook us and brought information that the Yankee cavalry were in pursuit of us, and were then at Newburg, a few miles beyond Russellville. Four others who could be mounted and myself were hurried off at once (2 A.M., April 16) to find them if we could, and to report promptly the actual state of affairs

to Col. Robertson. One of this scouting party was the Rev. Robert A. Wilson, chaplain of the regiment and member of the Tennessee Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The others besides myself were Thad Felton, Isaac L. Pride, and William Russell. Felton acted as captain. Back to Russellville we went speedily, where one of the party was left to make observations, and then on to Newburg and beyond, but no Yankees could be found.

While this military performance was being enacted with vigor and relish, the regiment was marching on to Burleson, across Big Bear Creek, which was considered a place of security, and which place it reached the same day. Here Col. Robertson decided to hold the regiment until he could get instructions from army headquarters as to the command we were to report to, unless those everlasting Yankees should threaten us again, which indeed they proceeded to do, according to report, quite soon.

Saturday, April 19, a very rainy day, a rumor reached Col. Robertson that the Yan-

kees with their long noses had scented us again, and were marching in pursuit of us by way of Frankfort, and Brother Wilson and I were dispatched to that place to ascertain the facts in the case, while the regiment was put in motion for Corinth, Miss., the seat of war in the Mississippi Department. We then entered upon a really novel experience for a Methodist preacher and class leader. The latter position I held then in the Church. We were to act upon the principle that "all things are fair in war," so far as deceiving the enemy was concerned. Our ride to Frankfort, he on Ball and I on Mike, was interesting indeed. We were instructed by Col. Robertson to spread the report through the citizens along our route, so that the Yankees might hear of it, that the regiment was well armed and heavily re-enforced, and that the combined force was embarked in a campaign to clean out North Alabama of Yankees; and with perfect painstaking we fulfilled our mission. There was intense excitement among the people everywhere we went, everybody expecting the Yankees to

pounce upon them at any moment. We would allay their fears with deceptive statements about the strength and movements of our command, and they would spread the *good news* like wildfire. Under the pretense of wanting water, we called frequently at houses in order to get a favorable opportunity to deliver our message of joy and deception to the startled inmates. We could not but feel sorry for them as we rode off, as we thought of how effectually we had deluded them.

We arrived at Frankfort early in the afternoon, and found a large crowd in the courtyard looking the other way, down the Tuscumbia road, expecting every minute to see the approaching Yankee column. Some of them saw us as we rode onto the square from the opposite direction; and not knowing who we were, but taking us for Yankees, called out to the rest: "Yonder they come from the other way!" Recognizing Judge Trimble on the street, a former acquaintance of mine, I approached him and got such information from him as we needed. I also

loaded him up well with the *glad tidings* that we had ample force and facilities for swabbing the ground with every Yankee in North Alabama. This information delighted him very much; and as he had all confidence in my reliability, he reproduced my statements with the utmost assurance to others. Since then I have often wondered what he thought of me for taking so much pains to tell him what was not so, supposing that he soon afterwards learned that our regiment, neither armed nor re-enforced, was at that time hurrying along the road to Corinth with all possible speed. We had now gone as far as and done all that we were instructed to do, and from here we turned back to overtake our command. Whether we were instrumental in diverting the Yankees from their supposed pursuit of the regiment or not, I never knew positively; but we heard no more of their hanging about us, and we marched on to Corinth without molestation, reaching there Wednesday, April 23, 1862.

As we rode along fulfilling the mission upon which we were sent, Brother Wilson

and I talked it over from the standpoint of the moral law, and settled the question in our minds that it was right to prevent the capture of our men if possible by deceiving the enemy as far as we could, though it be done through the medium of unsuspecting parties; and more especially so, as we were acting under instructions from our commanding officer in time of war. From that time on to the close of the war I never had any hesitancy in deceiving and misleading Yankee soldiers when an opportunity was afforded me to do so.

The day before our regiment reached Corinth we were at Jacinto, Miss., where we had camped the night before, and there elected our field officers, it being thought best by all that we report to army headquarters as a fully organized command, rather than as a number of companies being led in a body by a nominal commanding officer, though recognized by us as our Colonel. We elected as colonel J. W. Robertson; lieutenant colonel, Edward Goodwin; major, Wm. M. Hunt. These were professors

in Lagrange College, and had much to do in having the regiment made up and prepared for service. Hunt soon transferred to the Virginia army; Robertson, after a while, went into another department of service; and later on Goodwin died. As these parted from us others took their places, and we finally had Ives as colonel; Ashford, lieutenant colonel; and Dickson, major.

CHAPTER VI.

Corinth—Our Generals Estimated, Etc.

WE reached Corinth at a time when the army seemed to be undergoing reorganization under Gen. Bragg, and there was much appearance of confusion. We were first broken up as a regiment, and the companies divided out among other regiments, which distressed us very much, and caused universal regret that we did not report to some other commander rather than Gen. Bragg. If talking about people makes their ears burn, we surely set his on fire. There is no telling how many "blessings" he got, nor in what shapes. But April 30, 1862, came, and it was definitely determined that we, having been gathered together again April 26, and assigned temporarily to Gardner's Brigade, be permanently attached to Preston's Brigade, of Breckinridge's Division. Then we had no further fault to find with Bragg. We

were with splendid soldiers, and we were highly pleased with our generals. We had no choice as to commands, however, only wishing to maintain our organization as a regiment.

We were with Preston and Breckinridge, as brigade and division commanders, until after the battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862. Not long after that Rust and Lovell, brigadier and major generals were in command in their stead, and were with us at the battle of Corinth, October 3, 4, 1862. Subsequent to that a short time Gen. Buford was our brigade commander, and Gen. Loring our division commander; but Buford after awhile transferred to the cavalry service, and Col. Scott, of the Twelfth Louisiana Regiment of our brigade, being the ranking colonel, succeeded him. We were longest and best known as Buford's Brigade, and even after Scott's promotion it was difficult for our brigade to change its name. An army dispensation for a lodge of Masons was procured, and this was named "Buford Lodge;" our Christian Association also was

named the "Christian Association of Buford's Brigade;" and these names were never changed. It is worth while to say, however, that after Hood's campaign into Middle Tennessee, in which the magnificent army turned over to him by President Davis was almost destroyed, we could hardly be said to be in the command of any particular officer. What was left of the army was in scattered and shattered fragments; and these, being thrown together in different shapes from time to time, were under the ranking officers at hand. Well, the fragments were turned over to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, from whom the original army had been taken, just before the final battle of Bentonville, and we began to assume some form and comeliness, but then the war was virtually at an end.

We were satisfied in the main with our commanding generals of all ranks, though we did not think Pemberton, the ranking officer at the battle of Baker's Creek, and Hood competent to be department commanders, and I have several notes in my diary of dissatisfaction with Gen. Scott. To be sure

he was our brigade commander during the severe campaigns in Georgia and Tennessee, under Johnston first and then Hood up to the battle of Franklin, but we could not feel that he was such an officer as we were entitled to on such campaigns as those. His connection with an incident with which I also was connected, and of which I will here make mention, was certainly not creditable to him as a comrade in arms with those in his command, not to speak of any other estimate which could legitimately be put upon his conduct not favorable to him. While Hood was on the eve of giving up Atlanta, I was commanding our picket line on the left, Companies C and G of our regiment being at that time under my more immediate command, owing to a recent consolidation of companies. On a ridge beyond our picket line, and separated from us by a narrow valley or bottom, the Yankee column was moving southward to flank Hood on the left. The dark cloud of calamity was fast thickening about us, and eventful scenes were transpiring which were surpassingly momentous.

August 20, 1864, I sent forward from our picket line two "boys" of my immediate command, Rufus Hafley and Milton Gray, to watch the movements of the Yankees and note the size of their column. They were gone but a short while until they came back with a mounted Yankee officer, James Coughlan, first lieutenant, and aid-de-camp to Gen. Cox. They had just managed to secrete themselves from the enemy, and sufficiently near to them to make careful observations, when Coughlan—a Kentucky Yankee, by the way—rode past them to try and get a view of our position. At the opportune moment Hafley and Gray rose up from their hiding place, then in his immediate rear, and, with their guns pointing at him, marched him quickly to where I was. He had the appearance of having been well raised by Christian parents, but was the lonesomest-looking Yankee I ever saw. He thought of his mother at once, who I understood him to say was a widow, and who would be in great grief when she heard of his being lost from his command, thinking that he had been killed.

He said that if he could only get a message to his command, and through it to his mother, that he was only a prisoner, and not slain, it would be great satisfaction to him. In this we gratified him at once, my Rebel boys agreeing to go in speaking distance of his command, and tell them of his whereabouts. This mission they performed as neatly as they did his capture, and him we sent to the rear, disarming him of course.

Coughlan's equipment consisted in part of a pair of field glasses and a sword. His captors were more than pleased for me to have the sword, which was surrendered to me, and they wished to keep the glasses. Upon hearing of this capture, and that we had these articles in possession, Gen. Scott set to work to get possession of them—the glasses for himself, and the sword for his adjutant general. He ordered that they be delivered to his ordnance officer for valuation, that he might take them at the price put upon them, taking advantage of a supposed military law that what is captured in battle belongs to the government, and if disposed of must be done

so through government appraisers. By this device he possessed himself of the glasses, which he carried away with him after the battle of Franklin. These he got from the boys who took them, but I refused to send up the sword to the ordnance department.

This note appears in my diary Tuesday, September 13, 1864: "I received to-day a written 'special order' from Gen. Scott to deliver to his ordnance officer, the bearer of the special order, the sword surrendered to me by Yankee Lieut. Coughlan, A. D. C., etc., August 20, for the purpose of having it valued, and with the intention, on his part, of getting it for his adjutant general. This order I positively refuse to obey until I am assured by the bearer of it that I myself will be allowed to take it at valuation; and then, declining to deliver it to him, I take it up myself. The Board of Appraisers value it, and I agree to pay the valuation, when Ordinance Officer Boring (for this is his name), being posted by Scott, from all appearances, gets it in his hand, and refuses to give it back to me. This is more than I can stand.

My wrath gets the better of me, and I turn upon him such a volume of abuse that he is glad to let me take the sword to secure my departure from his presence." I had no further trouble about the sword, except that I felt the need of repenting before the Lord, which I did, for having given the rein to my temper on this occasion.

The only chance to recover the glasses was through the war department at Richmond. To this I made my complaint and appeal in due form, and confidently believe I would have succeeded after so long a time, had not our military affairs been thrown into inextricable confusion so soon after that.

This is one of the relics of the war which I record with much hesitancy, from the fact that I love every Rebel, so called, who took up arms against the invasion of our Southland, and dislike to say anything to injure the character of any of them; and yet these incidents give an insight into some of the aspects of army life which ought to be brought to view.

As to Gens. Pemberton and Hood, made

mention of as not being so popular with us as other officers of their rank, their names and exploits have long since gone into the history of the "lost cause." They threw away two splendid armies; and their blunders were of such a nature as seemed to result from recklessness rather than reason. The army which Pemberton took into the Vicksburg deadfall, where Loring refused to carry his division, was not a large one, but no braver troops ever went to battle. The army which Hood broke to pieces was the flower of the Confederacy when it was taken from Joseph E. Johnston and given to him. These two generals, Pemberton and Hood, we were accustomed to call, while under them, "Jeff Davis's pets," but possibly we did both them and Davis an injustice in so doing.

There was no mistaking the temper of the Confederate army at Corinth when the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment reached there, April 23, 1862. The great battle of Shiloh had but recently been fought, where so many of our gallant comrades had fallen, but

the survivors here encamped were as brave and defiant as they ever were, and as ready for battle as though they had never known its horrors. Besides various minor engagements, the fight at Farmington Friday, May 9, gave the enemy to understand that they were confronted by foemen whose valor was only intensified by their reverses. At Farmington the invaders were utterly outdone and routed, throwing away knapsacks and other accoutrements as they sought to escape from the yelling Rebels.

On this battle ground, after the fight was over, Dr. I. F. Delony, a very particular friend of mine and member of our regiment, picked up and gave to me a very nice pocket Bible. An inscription on it showed that it belonged to a Yankee soldier from Illinois named Scott, and that it was given to him by his mother. It was excellently bound in red leather, and as it was of more convenient size for carrying in my pocket, I made use of it mainly instead of mine. I read it through several times, and often wished that I had some way of conveying it to the own-

er. When the war was over, I addressed a letter to him to the post office given in the book, receiving no reply. About twenty-two years afterward my oldest son, to whom I had given the Bible, learned by correspondence with the postmaster in Illinois that he was at Lone Oak, Tex., and sent it to him. He wrote letters to my son and myself, expressing his great satisfaction at its return; and I am sure that we were fully as glad that he had received it. He was one of Schofield's soldiers.

It seemed that a general engagement was imminent the whole time we were at Corinth, but up to the time that the army left there, May 29, 1862, no great battle was fought. We were several times in line of battle for a general onset, and there was much skirmishing first and last; but the Farmington fight, which was not an extensive one, was the largest battle that took place during our stay there. We believed then, and I believe now, that had the Yankees been as ready of mind for a fight as we were, we would have joined battle any day;

but they still stood in terror of Rebels, notwithstanding the important advantages they had recently gained over us. They knew also that it took two or three of their soldiers to whip one of ours, and that then it was uncertain on a fair, open field. This is not mere boasting, for on several occasions they were routed with less than half their numbers when the field was open, and never did they drive a Confederate army with fewer men than were in it. How could they fight as the Confederates did, when the highest motives that prompted them in the main were of a mercenary and spiteful sort; when the Confederates were standing for their inalienable rights of property, country, and home? The love of country may have moved some of them to take up arms against us, but who does not know that had this been the only incentive allowed in the formation of a Yankee army to enlist for our subjugation, scarcely a corporal's guard, so to speak, could have been drummed up, and that there would have been no further dream of war?

At Corinth our war experiences in their

varied forms set in with stirring vigor, every feature of which, from messing to fighting, abounded in interest to me. The messing arrangements among soldiers is truly an interesting spectacle—the breaking up of the companies into squads for cooking and eating purposes. The mess need not consist of any particular number of soldiers, and the principles of selection upon which it was formed were largely under the control of existing circumstances. Sometimes it was much larger than at others, as when, from sickness, some members were at the hospital, or some had died, or some were on furlough, etc. Congeniality had much to do with the formation of a mess, in a general way, but the making of arrangements for securing a cook, and the necessities of the situation in regard to tents when there were any, our location, the number of absentees, etc., were controlling factors in their formation. We would organize, after a sort, by having one of our number as a kind of leader to draw rations, superintend the cooking, etc.; that is to say, when we

were in a condition to inaugurate a form and had a cook for the mess. On active campaigns, and as the army became depleted by sickness and death and the various casualties of war, we simply dropped together in messes, few or many, as the exigencies of our surroundings indicated; and oftener cooking our own rations than having a hired cook to do so.

Sometimes we were supplied with cooking utensils, and sometimes we were not. For a long time, in some of the stages of the war, we baked our bread on an old broken piece of flat iron that we had picked up among the rubbish of a town near our encampment, and cooked our meat (beef) by holding it to the fire on a stick or ramrod; and not unfrequently we were put to the necessity of baking our bread in the ashes. We usually had some kind of tin, good or indifferent, to make up the dough in, but we sometimes had to use hickory bark peeled off in large pieces for that purpose, and would right often cut out a tray in the top of a log.

Among our cooking utensils mention must

be made of the frying pans that we made by bursting open Yankee canteens, which we would hold over the fire by slipping the edge of the half canteen into the split end of a stick, which served as a handle. These canteens were made of two concavo-convex tin plates, fastened together around their edges, and which could easily be blown open by putting a little powder in them and igniting it. We would only thus destroy the canteen as such when it began to leak, for we needed all the canteens we could get for carrying water, and then we would use the side that did not leak for a frying pan. This utensil was especially adapted for making cush in out of our bread when it was too old to be good eating otherwise; and our cush was so palatable at times that we would declare that we were going to live on cush altogether when we got home from the war.

My first messmates after reaching Corinth were Dr. Isaac F. Deloney, Richard Coleman, Peter Beasley, Charles O. Shephard, and Thomas Jones. I was taken sick on the eve of leaving Corinth, and when I rejoined the

command at Tupelo shortly afterwards, June 10, I made this note in my diary: "I am quite saddened to find that all of my messmates have gone off sick to the hospital, and I have to fall in with others of my friends." Jones, not being able for duty, was discharged at Corinth. Ed Fletcher and perhaps some one else had been added to our mess before leaving there. At Tupelo W. G. Whitfield and W. P. Cockrill became my permanent messmates, other friends being in with us a great deal of the time. But we three ate and slept together many days and nights. The last named, my brother-in-law, and yet a boy, came to the regiment while in camp at Tupelo, Wednesday, June 18, 1862, and that day was sworn into the service and joined my company.

As to the washing of clothes, which may as well be mentioned in this connection, we were often put to considerable straits for lack of suitable vessels, but usually there were negroes enough along with us as cooks to do the washing at some citizen's house or borrow vessels and wash in camp when we

had none of our own. When there was no other chance, we would take our soiled clothes to the creek and get out what dirt we could with cold water. I made one effort of this kind, but the garment looked worse soiled after it was washed than it did before, and I never repeated the undertaking. With the best facilities for washing that we had in camp and on the march, it was simply impossible for us to have clean clothes as often as needful, and we wore soiled garments a great deal. Remembering that we spread our pallets (blankets) at night on the ground, that we lay down on the ground to rest when on the march, that we often fought lying on the ground, that we marched in mud and dust, that we worked on fortifications and dug rifle pits, etc., the wonder is that we could keep our clothing at all clean.

Owing to recent rains there were many little wet weather branches, affording us a good supply of water when our regiment first reached Corinth; and when the little streams ceased to run, the ground was still saturated with water, so that we could dig little holes

anywhere and have springs, as we called them. After awhile, however, the ground began to dry out, and water became very scarce and very bad. There was much sickness before we left there, many soldiers having to be sent off to the hospitals. We grew weary of the place, and it was without any regret on the part of any of us that we received orders to leave there, taking our departure May 29, 1862.

We knew not then that we would return in the fall to take part in the battle of Corinth October 3, 4. On the second day of that battle the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment was formed on the identical ground upon which it was encamped before leaving there in May. When the army was put in motion for the second day's engagement, an impression came upon me (a mere apprehension perhaps) that I would fall that day in battle, and I thought of wife and my two little boys, one of them having been born soon after my enlistment and the death of our little Loulie, and delivered to Brother Wilson, our chaplain, a message for my wife. I knew that a cloud of gloom

would rest upon her if I were slain, but I knew that I could somewhat comfort her and my older boy, who could then understand such things, with a message from the field ere I fell, the substance of which was that I was perfectly ready to meet my God in peace, and that I expected that she and the children would join me in the better world. I was not slain, but Brother Wilson, who had never seen my family, kept the message in mind until he had an opportunity of delivering it. While I was pastor of the Antioch Circuit, Tennessee Conference, in 1875, he greatly surprised me one summer day by walking into the parsonage. He was a most welcome visitor in our household. Having introduced him to my wife, I asked him to be seated. "I have a message for you, Sister Goodloe, which I will first deliver," said he, "and then I will sit down." In a most feeling manner he spoke of the interview he and I had on the eve of battle, and delivered the message which I had given him for wife in the event I were slain. Of course we wiped the tears from our eyes then.

It was never my misfortune during the war to be an inmate of a hospital, a place for which I had a decided horror, but I would have been sent off to one with many other sick soldiers the day before Corinth was evacuated in May if Dr. Sanders, surgeon of the regiment, had not forgotten that I was sick. I was lying sick in my tent, and knew nothing of what order had been given in reference to the sick until they were all gone and until the tents were being struck for removal and the wagons were being hitched up. The command also had received orders to fall in and march to the front. For a moment a sense of solitude came over me, which was painful indeed. Applying to Col. Robertson, I got permission to get in the surgeon's wagon, which, with the rest of the wagon train, was going to the rear, and which moved southward on the Kossuth road as the command went northward to the front, the Yankees being in that direction, and not far off. Dr. Sanders, seeing that I was too sick to travel in this way, advised me to stop in at a house on the road and take the best care of

myself that I could. Five miles from Corinth, and just across Tuscumbia Creek, I came to a house which had an attractive appearance, and asked of the owner permission to stop with him. He did not hesitate to take me in, but let me know that he was preparing to take his family farther south. Upon forming the acquaintance of the family I found that I was among the near relatives of my wife, and as generous-hearted people as it is possible to be. Capt. Allen, of the Confederate service, whose command was captured at Donelson, was my host, and he was also my wife's first cousin by marriage, his wife being the daughter of William Rose, who lived near Pulaski, Tenn. Mrs. Allen's younger sister was staying with her, and was the wife of Col. Fields, of Maney's old regiment. The family completed arrangements May 30 to move to Col. Buchanan's, in some way related to them, living fourteen miles above Aberdeen, and they took me along with them, making me perfectly comfortable on the trip and carefully looking after my every want. At Col. Buchanan's

the same generous hospitality was shown me that I had received at the hands of the noble family who had brought me there. My improvement was steady, and in a few days I reported to my command. In my heart I praised God for the kind providence which gave me into the care of those who so readily and so heartily ministered to me, and invoked the benedictions of heaven upon them all; which also I inscribed in my diary.

What would have been the result if I had been placed in an ambulance at Corinth and sent off to the hospital, then situated at Okolona, cannot be known, but many who did go there never recovered, because the attention could not be shown them that was necessary in their cases. There was perhaps no intentional neglect of sick soldiers in the hospitals, but there was at times a measure of culpable carelessness, and there were more patients in some of the hospitals than the medical attendants could well look after. This was the only case of sickness with me during the war that took me from my command, except a brief attack of hemorrhoids

while on the Big Black, when I stopped with Col. Love, near Canton, whose wife was the daughter of my uncle, Rev. David S. Goodloe. Here, of course, I was as one of the family, and had every needful attention shown me. I felt that I was taking bilious fever, which was my disease at Corinth, when we were in the act of leaving Port Hudson, and had much fever while on the march, but I determined to keep on foot as long as I could, and did so until I was well. Twice I had severe attacks of the army flux, as it was called, but refused to stop, and cured myself while doing duty. I had about as much horror of a hospital as I had of a Yankee prison, and was determined to keep out of them both if possible; and I never had the bad luck to be in either one. Many a noble Confederate soldier went to the grave from both these institutions who would not have died had he been elsewhere.

An amusing incident occurred with a sick soldier of my company who was sent to the hospital at Okolona. He believed that he was sent there to be cured, but the first

sight which greeted his eyes upon reaching there was a room seemingly full of coffins, and a number of workmen busily engaged in making more. At once he was overcome with the impression that greater preparations were being made to bury soldiers than to cure them, and summoning all the strength that remained in him, he walked away from the hospital instead of into it when taken out of the ambulance. He found a private family not far from town who cared for him in their home until he recovered. It was with him like it is with some people on a lofty elevation, that feel possessed of a kind of suicidal mania to jump off; upon seeing those coffins he felt impelled to die and be buried in one of them, and it frightened him away from the place.

But why were those coffins in sight of the sick and wounded soldiers who were carried to the hospital? This suggests the statement of the humiliating fact that not all those who had the oversight of soldiers needing medical attention were in sympathy with them, and willing to take the pains that were

necessary for their comfort and cure. Just think of exhibiting a coffin factory to a patient upon his entering the hospital! Though strictly in the fighting department, I had much to do with the sick first and last, being myself a graduate in medicine, and was enabled to see with my own eyes that those in authority were often extremely careless of their well-being in any sense. In several instances I have had to withstand very decidedly and defiantly those who were over me in rank, because of their injustice, as I saw it, to the sick, in not allowing them such privileges as were needful for their improvement, and in having them under suspicion as pretending to be sick to get off duty. With some officers, unworthy of course of the position which they held, a sick soldier was about on a par with a sick hog. I had personal knowledge, and noted it in my diary at the time, of a colonel attending the surgeon's call of his regiment as a detective, to find out who were the "play-outs," and to see that the surgeon was not too liberal in excusing men from duty, as though he was

competent for such a self-imposed task as this. His heartlessness and presumption were made apparent, and he brought upon himself the contempt of those who had knowledge of his conduct.

But the well-being of sick soldiers was not always disregarded by those whose business it was to look after them, and often they were taken in hand and tenderly cared for by those who were not connected with the army. There is no telling the number of good women, not to speak of men not in the service, who came into our camps and hospitals, and carried to their homes sick and wounded soldiers, giving them the best possible attention until their recovery or death. And I must believe that as a rule Confederate officers were ready to do all that they could, and with hearts of sympathy, for the good of the disabled of their commands from sickness or wounds. But in the holiest cause unworthy men sometimes wear the insignia of authority, and often to its great hurt. It may as well be stated also that it was not altogether uncommon for some in the ranks to feign sick-

ness in order to get off fatigue duty or keep out of battle. Patriotism did not move all in any position to meet all the demands of duty. Neither is the Church of God composed altogether of loyal members.

CHAPTER VII.

Army Movements after the Evacuation of Corinth
Briefly Stated—Various Reflections.

TO trace the course of that part of the Confederate army with which the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment was connected after the evacuation of Corinth, May 29, 1862, so as to bring its journeyings and encampments as clearly to view as possible in their consecutive order, it must necessarily be done in as few words as possible. Much must be left unsaid, therefore, for the time being, connected with those movements, army life, etc., to be told hereafter, in part at least. To follow up this army is to get a somewhat intelligent idea of the spirit with which the Confederate soldier was possessed when he took up arms against Lincoln's invaders; for who in the world does not know that Lincoln brought on the war between the States?

From Corinth, after its evacuation the date
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above given, the army was marched back to Tupelo, Miss., where it remained until Thursday, June 19. From Tupelo it marched across to Abbeville, on the Mississippi Central railway, where it took the train, June 26, for Vicksburg, via Jackson, reaching there the night of June 28. Sunday, July 27, the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment, as part of the force ordered to Baton Rouge, left on the train for that place, going by way of Jackson, and quitting the railroad at Tangipahoa. Returning from Baton Rouge after the battle there, August 5, the troops marched back to the railroad at Tangipahoa, and there took the train for Jackson August 28, where they arrived at 8 o'clock that evening. The command left Jackson by rail Thursday, September 11, under orders to report to Gen. Villipigue at Holly Springs, or beyond there, if he has gone farther, until Gen. Breckenridge shall arrive, and it goes on to Davis's Mills, a short distance from the Tennessee state line below La Grange, Tenn. Here we remained until September 27, except that we chased the

Yankees pretty much all day September 21, running them into their fortifications at Bolivar, and returning to camp the next evening. The rascals had gone out on a foraging expedition, stealing what they could from citizens, and we were trying to intercept them before they got back into their holes. Leaving Davis's Mills Saturday, September 27, the command marched toward Ripley, and passing there we went on and on until we struck the enemy in their outer works at Cornith, October 3. After the engagement of the next day a second retreat from Cornith was begun in the evening, and the Confederate forces were marched back to Holly Springs, thence to the mouth of Tippah, where we remained until November 30. From the mouth of Tippah we began a hurried retreat Sunday evening, November 30, at 8 o'clock, and continued this movement until we reached Grenada, the Sunday following, having been several times hindered by the pursuing Yankees, whose pursuit we must pause to check. January 31, 1863, we went on the train from Grenada to Jackson, where we remained until February

11, when we began our march to Edwards' Depot, on or near Big Black River, and about fifteen miles west of Vicksburg. From here we started on the train, February 23, for Port Hudson, via Jackson, reaching Osyka the next evening, where we quit the train and marched on to Port Hudson. We arrived at Port Hudson March 3, and left there April 5; and marching back to Osyka, we went from there on the train to Jackson, April 10. April 14 we took the train at Jackson for Tullahoma, Tenn., and reached Chattanooga April 18 at 6 o'clock in the evening, where the order was countermanded, and we were started the next day back to Jackson. Upon reaching Meridian, Miss., the night of April 23, we heard that the Yankees were making demonstrations of some kind in this region, and we remained here a few days to see after them. In the meanwhile a portion of the command, the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment first, was sent down on the train to Enterprise to head off Grierson's Yankee raiders, and returned to Meridian. From here the command resumed its return

trip to Jackson May 3, and reached there the next day. May 5 we went out on the train to Edwards' Depot. Much marching was done, and in many directions, with many stops also, in the Big Black region, so to speak, until the command was engaged in the battle of Baker's Creek, May 16, 1863. Late that evening, Gen. Loring, our division commander, declining to put his command in a trap at Vicksburg with the rest of Pemberton's army, took us in a southeast direction, and around by Crystal Springs, to prevent being captured, up to Jackson, to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was said to be near Canton with two divisions of the Tennessee army. We went up to Canton on the train May 31, and June 5 the entire command, then under Gen. Johnston, started on foot toward Vicksburg, in the hope, it is understood, of making a way of escape for Pemberton's army, now shut in there by Grant's Yankees. Again there was much marching and camping and maneuvering in the Big Black and adjacent regions, until Vicksburg fell, and our army retired to

Jackson. Here there was almost constant fighting, on one part or another of the line, from July 9 to July 16. At 11 o'clock the night of July 16 we were waked up, those who were asleep, in a whisper, and began a noiseless eastward march along the line of the Southern railroad. Very soon, however, we began to make long stops, halting mainly at Forest Station, Newton, and Morton. From Morton, where there were so many flies that we called it "Camp Fly," we started back on foot to Canton at sundown, September 3, making a most disagreeable night march through rain and mud and Egyptian darkness, and reached there October 2. We went on the train to Grenada October 16 to check a Yankee raid, and returned to Canton the next day. The day following we marched down on Big Black to check another raid, and remained over one night, when we again returned to our camp at Canton. February 5, 1864, we left Canton, and after making a zigzag southward and eastward confusing march for a few days, we went forward to Demopolis, Ala.,

not without interruptions now and then by the detestable Yankees, and reached there February 18. From here, March 4, the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiments, having received orders to go to North Alabama for recruiting purposes, took up the line of march for the Tennessee River valley in that section of the state, their route being through Tuscaloosa and other towns along that way. From North Alabama these regiments were ordered to Dalton, Ga., to meet again the army which they left at Demopolis, except some that were there mounted, and to become incorporated into the Army of Tennessee under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. The Sherman-Johnston war here set in, and the Confederates fought and backed, and backed and fought, until Atlanta was lost. Then, having camped awhile at Palmetto Station, and having been reviewed by President Davis, they began their march for Tennessee under Hood September 29, 1864. Crossing the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., after long marches and several minor engagements with Yankee

garrisons, they went on to the slaughter at Franklin and at Nashville. Out of Tennessee retreated the fragments of as grand an army as was ever marshaled on any field of battle, and marching across one corner of North Alabama, they went on to West Point, Miss. Remaining there but a few days, they took the train for Mobile February 1, 1865, reaching there the next morning. The day following they went on a boat to Tensas Depot, where they took the train for Montgomery, and from there onward, until they reached Midway, Ga., near Milledgeville, February 7, where the railroad gave out. Here they began their march at 2 o'clock the afternoon of February 11 for Mayfield, where they again took the train, February 14, for Graniteville, S. C., by way of Augusta. Leaving there February 16, they passed through Newberry, and having gone a day's march beyond this place they return to it and there took the train to Pomara. From there they marched through Union C. H., and on to Chesterville, where they again took the train, and passing through Charlotte, Salisbury,

Greensboro, Raleigh, and Goldsboro, they reached Kinston, on Neuse River, at noon, March 9. Here they quit the train with the utmost promptness and marched forward four miles to the front, where they took their position on the line with the army already there, to engage at once, and until after night, in a heavy skirmish with the Yankees. The next day an assault was made on the enemy's works without carrying them by the Tennessee troops, with considerable suffering on our part, for the purpose, we were told, of diverting their attention from Hoke's Division, which was in danger of being captured by them. It seemed that Gen. Hoke had undertaken to make a flank movement on the enemy, which was about to issue in the loss of his division. March 10 the army retired from the front after dark to one mile above Kinston, and the next morning it was on the march regularly, and fell back through Goldsboro and on to Smithfield. Saturday, March 18, leaving Smithfield, they took a southeast course, and after marching about fifteen miles, went into camp near Bentonville;

and the next day, having gone about two miles forward, they encountered the enemy, and the battle of Bentonville was fought, in which the Confederates were eminently victorious. After this battle, and on the night of March 21, our army fell back a short distance toward Smithfield, and the next day began a leisurely retreat in the same direction. Back and back it slowly moved, taking time along the route to rest, consolidate, etc., until Greensboro was reached, where it was surrendered to Sherman April 26, 1865.

A few days before the army reached Greensboro I procured a transfer to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and started there from Hillsboro; so that I was not surrendered with the others of the command with which I had heretofore been connected. I reached Meridian, Miss., May 9, where I first learned positively of our overthrow, and so determined to turn my face toward home. Yankee officers were there giving paroles, but I went on to North Alabama, and on May 20 I rode from Uncle Robert A. Goodloe's down to East Port, on the Tennessee River, and

just across the line from Alabama into Mississippi, and there got my parole. In making application for admission into the John L. McEwen Bivouac, No. 4, at Franklin, Tenn., in 1890, I stated that I was paroled at Meridian, remembering at the time that the Yankees were there giving paroles when I reached there May 9, and forgetting that I had gone to East Port to procure one. May 25, 1865, I reached my home in Wilson County, Tennessee, my family having returned there after finding that it was as safe to do so as it was to remain in North Alabama.

My route to Meridian, where I expected to find out the best place to cross the Mississippi River, was out of North Carolina into South Carolina, and on to Augusta, Ga. From there I went to Atlanta, and then across Alabama in as direct a line as I could go for safety, and with an eye to as much railroad traveling as possible. Much track was torn up in places by Yankee raiders, and many bridges were burned, but I got a good deal of riding on disconnected pieces of road here and there, sometimes on a hand car and

sometimes on the train; I had, however, 315 miles of walking to do. From Meridian I went up on the train to Luhatten Station, near Rev. Simon Sykes's plantation, where I had a horse, which I rode home, crossing the Tennessee River at Florence and taking the most direct route from there.

That portion of the army surrendered at Greensboro, which had been in the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns, first under Johnston, and then under Hood, was an exceedingly diminutive fragment of that once superb army which had been, while under Johnston in Georgia, the terror and admiration of Yankee Gen. Sherman, who, though gradually pushing it back toward Atlanta by a much larger army, saw but too plainly for his own comfort and that of his government that his forces were being constantly worsted, and that it was only a question of time when Johnston with his gallant Confederates would hurl him hurriedly back over the road of his invasion, or demolish him altogether. In the consolidation which was made a short time before the surrender it

was shown that there were not men enough left in some regiments to make a full company, or indeed half a company in some instances; and there were companies in which scarcely a "corporal's guard" was left, and some had entirely vanished. Of my own company there remained but two or three men besides myself, and indeed part of the time in that last North Carolina campaign I was entirely alone. When the army was consolidated there was quite a number of officers left without commands, and being myself of that number, I thought to transfer to the Trans-Mississippi Department, in the hope that the Western army, by being strengthened, could withstand the invaders until our prospects for freedom would brighten. Indeed, I had an idea then that instead of surrendering the army in North Carolina, it should have been carried westward, if possible; and if not possible, that it should have been disbanded with orders for each soldier to make his way as best he could to one of the Western armies. But "Uncle Joe" (Gen. Johnston) said surrender, and of

course that was the right thing to do under the circumstances as they then were. Any army begins to lessen in the very nature of things from the time almost of its enlistment, unless it is constantly recruited, owing to the unavoidable casualties, from many causes, incident to warfare; but when one has to pass through what ours did under Hood the decrease in numbers cannot but be rapid and immense.

There would, however, have been more men with our army after Hood brought it out of Tennessee had it not been for its speedy removal by railroad from North Mississippi, where it paused awhile, over the long route it had then to take to reach Eastern North Carolina, making it next to impossible for the soldiers that were behind to overtake it soon, the interruptions to transportation being very great in those days. It was unavoidable that many were left behind, and they were as true men as those that went forward. Besides those that were wounded, many were compelled by sickness to drop out of line for the time being, having suffered

great exposure in severe weather while in Tennessee; weariness from unusually hard service on the field and on the march had exhausted the strength of some, so that they were compelled to pause and rest wherever they could; barefooted and ragged were not a few of our best warriors in the winter winds and snows, and they must go out of line to hunt up clothing and shoes, which the quartermasters had not to give them; and finally, there were those whose spirits were just then broken in a measure by the conspicuously reckless and suicidal policy of Gen. Hood, in whom they had lost all confidence, in his methods of conducting campaigns and waging battle, who determined to call a halt until a change in the conduct of army affairs should take place of such a nature as to encourage again their hope, however faint, of success. True men, all of them, I repeat, and worthy to the last of the gray that they wore.

It was indeed the ruin of the Army of Tennessee when President Davis put Gen. Hood in command of it as the successor, and after

the removal without cause, of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the best of all the Confederate generals in our estimation. A gloom came over us when that change of commanders was made, which foretold the ruin that was to follow. At sundown, July 18, 1864, while on the line in front of Atlanta, we received Johnston's farewell note and the announcement that Hood was his successor, and we were like those who had lost their father. "Boys, we are orphans now," was the lamentation that was upon the lips of us all, as we collected in groups around our camp fires that night to talk of the misfortune that had befallen us. Our admiration for Hood was without bounds while in the positions he had formerly occupied, but it was impossible for us to hold him in the honor which may have been his due when he suffered himself to be made a seeming party to the injustice done his predecessor by President Davis, and to be placed in a position, at a most critical moment, which Johnston was the only officer in the army capable of filling. We were in the midst of one of the most

magnificent campaigns ever conducted by any general, the fruits of which we were in the act of grasping, when the strange and depressing tidings reached us that the master spirit who so grandly and effectively conducted it must be removed, and his place be filled by one who, though a good man, could not possibly compass intelligently the situation in all its details and merits at such a juncture as then existed. Not only did we feel like orphans then, but it took much effort to shake loose from the despondency which crowded itself upon us in regard to the final outcome of our struggle for independence. Hood's long battle order issued upon his taking command, in which he aimed to stir us up to unusual exhibitions of courage, and to impress us (so it seemed) that he was the man for the occasion, did not improve our feelings, nor inspire us with hope for the success of his method of warfare therein indicated. All fell into line, however, at his command, and engaged with all their might, in all the departments of duty, in the campaign which he conducted until

its terrible miscarriage at Franklin and Nashville.

Those who are acquainted with army affairs in the days of the Confederacy know perfectly well that the army as it was under Johnston, prior to his being superseded by Hood, was in the most buoyant of spirits, happy, hopeful, and confident of ultimate success; and the troops heartily believed that they could whip Sherman's Yankees in an open field fight. They were falling back by degrees, but they knew that that meant disaster to Sherman sooner or later, and they were whipping him in detail, by corps and divisions, every time they joined battle with him. Instead of our men becoming weary of the campaign, they were more and more interested in it, and an improvement was going on in the army all the time. Soldiers who were absent on account of wounds, sickness, or other cause were hurrying to the front as soon as they were able to do so, thus keeping our ranks well filled up and increasing in numbers.

Johnston was restored to command just

before the battle of Bentonville, but he had then only a few fragments of his old army, and it was too late for him to build it up to any formidable proportions. The troops that remained were rejoiced beyond measure at his return to them, and had the good fortune, under his leadership, to give Sherman's Yankees, whom they had whipped so often in Georgia, one more effectual beating, over in North Carolina, before the curtain fell. Had not the end been so near at hand, Johnston would have built up another formidable army before a great while. But the end had come, alas! alas!

I kept my parole while it served me protection from the victorious and vicious Yankees, and then I burned it to prevent my posterity from having this evidence that I had surrendered to the invaders of our Southland. Indeed, I would not have surrendered if I had been without a family, and if I had been able to have reached some other country. Any government on earth was preferable with me to Yankee rule then. Quite a number of Confederates did go to

other countries rather than surrender; and although most of them, I suppose, returned sooner or later, there were some who remained permanently abroad. The sense of humiliation and disgust that was experienced by the surrendered Confederates cannot be uttered. The thought of laying down our arms, which had enabled us so long to bid defiance to the despicable invaders, with the prospect of hereafter having to submit to their dictation in all governmental affairs, was oppressive in the extreme.

Though passing through such experiences as these as he gave up an undertaking which was dearer to him than life, the Confederate soldier, nevertheless, maintained unflaggingly to the last his self-respect and pride of character. His nobility was never surrendered. Although overcome and disappointed and gloomy, his convictions and manhood remained. This infuriated, and still does, the great mass of our enemies, whose business it was, and is, to stamp out of us every vestige of freedom. Though still in pursuit of us with their hellish anathemas,

the true ex-Confederate, with majestic bearing, goes steadily forward in the persistent maintenance of his unsullied manhood.

As touching our feelings when the necessity of surrender was made known to us, the following composition of a Missouri soldier, which was given me by Miss Mary Cherry just after the war, gives expression, in its allusions to the Yankees and our condition, to the sentiments that obtained in all our breasts:

A MISSOURIAN'S FEELINGS BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

Who can portray the deep disgust
Missourians feel on being told
To trail their banner in the dust,
Lay down their arms, and be paroled.

Yield to the Yankees ! O the thought
Thrills madly through my 'wilder'd brain !
Give up the cause for which we've fought,
And humbly be base slaves again.

March backward through this land of flowers,
All dotted o'er with bloody graves,
Again to seek our Western bowers,
And tell our mothers we are slaves.

Thank God, my father does not live
To witness thus his son's return:
'Twould cause his proud old heart to grieve,
His aged cheeks with shame to burn.

He sleeps within his native state,
Where Stonewall Jackson wrote his name,
Where Robert Lee succumbed to fate,
But kept his honor and his fame.

My mother's locks with grief are gray,
And mine are too with toil and strife;
I go to smooth as best I may
Her pathway down the hill of life.

I know she'll cheer me all she can,
And say now all regrets are vain,
But can I smile while Dixie's land
Groans 'neath the despot's iron chain?

Dear land of sunshine and of flowers,
We yet would gladly die for thee,
If this last bloody act of ours
Could make thy noble people free.

We to our trust have e'er been true,
We've fought on every battlefield,
We've done what brave men ever do,
And now, perforce, we can but yield.

To-morrow's sun that lights the world
And gilds old ocean's rolling waves

Will beam on Yankee flags unfurled
Above surrendered Southern braves.

In this dark hour, when hope's last ray
Has sunk 'neath sorrow's gloomy wave,
Come, comrades, let us kneel and pray
Beside our nation's honored grave.

We'll weep as the survivors weep
Of a wrecked bark that's homeward bound,
Who feel 'tis wrong that they don't sleep
In the same grave their bark has found.

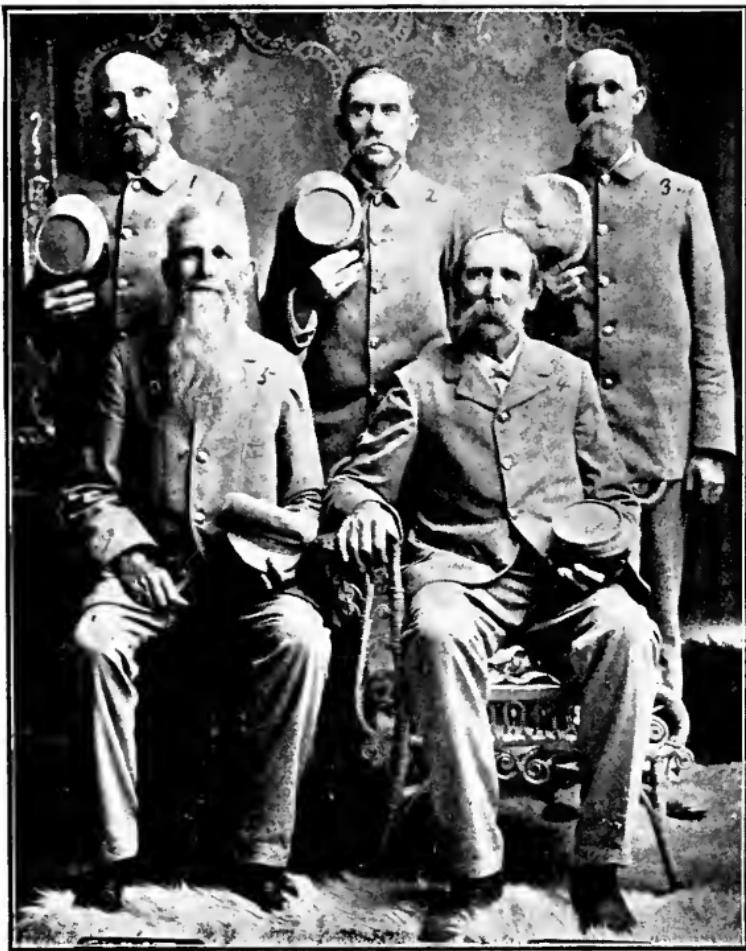
'Tis hard to leave this land of flowers,
For which we've fought for these long years,
How dark appear life's coming hours,
When hearts and hopes are drowned in tears!

I now must yield to Yankee laws,
Yet this shall be my life's proud boast:
I gave my best years to the cause
That I love yet, although 'tis lost.

But was it not best for us and our posterity that we failed in the permanent establishment of our Confederacy? If the Lord willed it thus, it was best, but the divine ordering is not always comprehended by our dull understanding. We buried all hope of a Confederacy when we ceased to fight for it,

knowing full well that our opportunity for its establishment was forever lost, but we did not believe that we had bettered our condition when we turned over our guns to the Lincoln government; and what has transpired since that gloomy day to induce us to undergo a change of mind on that subject? As to the effect that slavery would ultimately have had in weakening the Southern Confederacy need not enter into our contemplations, inasmuch as ours was a land of statesmen, as well as of soldiers, fully capable, in the course of time, of solving that question, perhaps by the gradual emancipation of the slaves by the government, and paying their owners for them. But we accept the situation, and are willing that by-gones shall be bygones, if only the Radicals of the North will let it be thus.





"SQUAD NUMBER ONE," AT MEMPHIS REUNION, 1901.

John W. Crunk. William H. Farmer. H. Clay Murphey.
A. T. Goodloe. John M. Martin.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston—Hood—Davis—“Speeches and Soldiers”—Grierson’s Raid, Etc.

We confidently believed that the death of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston on the field of Shiloh was one of the few potent factors in the loss of our independence as a nation, but we regarded the removal of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston from the command of the department and army of Tennessee, and the appointment of Hood as his successor, as the prime cause of our overthrow. We were sure that if he had been left in command Abe Lincoln would have soon called off his war dogs. And it was understood among the soldiers that President Davis was responsible for his removal. We also believed that he knew perfectly well, and sanctioned, the campaign upon which Hood entered when he came into command upon Johnston’s removal. He came to our army after the re-

moval of Johnston, and reviewed it in connection with Hood as we were about to begin our march toward Tennessee. We easily presumed that he was there at that particular time to assist in planning and otherwise arranging for that campaign; and he got no praise from the soldiers that I heard for being with us on that occasion for such a purpose. His presence inspired no enthusiasm in the army, speaking from my standpoint, and what cheers greeted him as he galloped along the road on the side of which, and fronting it, we stood, were mainly from respect to him as the head of our government. As he passed along many soldiers called out to him: "Take away Hood, and give us back Johnston!"

Mr. Davis may have been greatly wronged by many of the soldiers, but there was a wide-spread impression among them in those days that he was not the man for the place he occupied in the stormy years of our national existence; and, holding him responsible for the removal of Johnston in front of Atlanta, they held him responsible for our

downfall; since we believed that the ruin of our army under Hood destroyed our possibility of freedom. He was, we may say, unanimously elected President by the Southern people of our Confederate States of America; and at the time of the election all confided in him implicitly as a competent leader in the great emergency which was upon us; but it developed to the satisfaction of a great many, long before the war ended, that we had not found the man to head so gigantic and hazardous an enterprise as the one we were then engaged in. We regarded him as a great man in statesmanship and courage, and remembered that he had given to our armies some of the finest military chieftains that the world ever knew; but his war policy we regarded as mistaken, and we were made to believe that at times his prejudices rather than his judgment controlled him in the removal and appointment of army officers. There were a number of officers who were pretty generally denominated "Davis's pets," and some whom, it was understood, he had a personal dislike for. His love for

and devotion to the Southern Confederacy was never called in question by any one, and his readiness to put forth his mightiest energies for its support could not be doubted in any quarter.

Davis could not endure the thought of a Confederate army, however small, retiring before a Yankee army, however large. He believed that a handful of Rebels ought to whip a field full of Yankees whenever a chance to fight was offered. Surrender and retreat were not words to be found in his vocabulary, and it never occurred to him until he was captured that the Southern Confederacy would not endure. That he believed that something would occur, even in the very last moments, to save us from the fall which was then so manifestly imminent to a great many was evidenced by his own statements. His retreat from Richmond, the capital of our Confederacy; the surrender of Lee; and the certainty of Johnston's early capitulation did not destroy his hope of the final triumph of the Confederate arms. I saw him April 17, 1865, as he and his family were crossing

the long bridge over the Yadkin River, North Carolina. I was lying down resting by the side of the railroad near the west end of the bridge as he came walking on the bridge, his horse being led by a private soldier. It was a railroad bridge which had been floored for carrying over horses and wagons; the horses being loosed from the wagons and led over, and the wagons being pulled and pushed over by men. Mr. Davis stopped and received his horse from the soldier who had led him over in a few feet of where I was lying. After thanking the soldier for his kindness in a most hearty and gentlemanly manner, and seeming almost to apologize to him for trying to make his escape from the Yankees, he said: "I expect to be retracing my steps when you see me again, and it will not be long until I do so." Mr. Davis then went on to Charlotte, and made a speech to some of the citizens of that town, in which he said that we could hold out five more years against the Yankees. That was April 19, 1865. I did not hear the speech, but I was in Charlotte when it was

made, and I received my information from perfectly reliable parties who did hear it. I think it was only a hasty speech of a few words made to a rather small company that gathered around him as he rode into town. The gentleman at whose house I had stopped to have my rations cooked was present, and he came back home greatly pleased that our resources were so much more abundant than he had supposed until he heard what Mr. Davis said.

Hopeful to the last, it would seem, was our chieftain of the permanency of our government, and yet hoping without hope in these expiring moments of its existence. But these statements of his have a strange sound taken in connection with the fact that he had but a few days before their utterance authorized Gen. Johnston to make what terms he could for the termination of the war, they having had a meeting at Greensboro, where I saw Mr. Davis April 15 riding along the street in company with Gen. Breckenridge. While as President of our Confederacy and commander in chief of our

armies he was in the best possible position to know our real condition, which he indeed recognized as hopeless, yet he seemed to be possessed of a kind of desperation of hope in the face of inevitable ruin.

For a long time before the war ended Mr. Davis had gotten the credit, though unjustly it may be, among the soldiers for sending abroad messages of hope to encourage them to endurance and courage when there was no sufficient ground always for such messages. "News from Richmond," which was understood to be news from the President, was continually coming into camp to the effect that our disabilities of one sort and another were about to be removed, and our speedy triumph accomplished. As our troubles accumulated and our condition became more embarrassing these blessed tidings came more frequently to us, freighted with hope and cheer to those who believed them. For awhile they were very inspiring to us all, but as disappointment after disappointment came to us on account of not witnessing their realization they became decidedly monotonous and

a subject of jest and ridicule. They most frequently had reference to the interposition in one way or another of foreign powers in our behalf, a great fleet of Confederate gun-boats on the high seas, the breaking of the blockade of our ports, an uprising of Southern sympathizers in the North, etc. Mr. Davis having gotten the credit among us, which seemed to be pretty general, of giving these items of news to the army, it was conjectured that he had acquired the habit of seeing and speaking only of the hopeful indications that presented themselves to his mind, and that this is the explanation of his final utterances of hope.

It is not intended to convey the idea that Mr. Davis, the soul of honor and of undisputed integrity, was a fabricator of rumors for helping forward the patriotism and chivalry of the army, but only to give, as army relics, such facts and impressions as came to us who were at the front. Mr. Davis may have had nothing to do with sending out these helpful reports to the soldiers, but many thought he did, and spoke freely of it. "I

can fight the Yankees just as well, and a little better, without so much rallying in the way of flattering prospects which never materialize, than with it," was a sentiment which often found expression. It is to be taken for granted that those reports that related to our recognition by foreign powers, as well also as that of the blockade being broken, etc., were well founded, as our government was carrying on, all the while, negotiations with other governments, and the indications frequently were that so and so would come to pass which did not; but it was a great mistake to trumpet abroad what had not matured, and what, therefore, ought to have been kept strictly secret by the authorities of our government until the results desired had come to pass. Whatever may have been the real state of the case in regard to these matters, it was a great pity that the soldiers, if in error, were not made acquainted with the facts, if there was any way that it could be done.

Just here I will insert a report which, as chairman of the Historical Committee, I

made to the John L. McEwen Bivouac, No. 4, Franklin, Tenn., in 1891, and which was headed "Speeches and Soldiers:"

April 25, 1863, Gen. Loring's division was at Meridian, Miss., where it had paused a little on the return trip from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Jackson, Miss., Big Black, etc. We had recently been to Port Hudson, La., and were ordered from there to Tullahoma, Tenn.; but on reaching Chattanooga we received orders to return to Mississippi. About 9 o'clock A.M. of the above date we received information that Grierson's Yankee cavalry were approaching Enterprise, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, a short distance below Meridian, where there were government stores, railroad shops, etc. At once the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment was commanded to load guns and board the train for Enterprise, expecting possibly to be attacked on the route, but hoping to get there before Grierson did. We beat him there, and, leaping instantly from the train, we double-quicked down a dirt road to a bridge near the town, which Grierson was also briskly approaching,

but which we reached first. Col. Goodwin then commanded our regiment, and placed it in a good position to do much hurt to the Yankee raiders; but Grierson played off a rascally trick on him, and so made his escape. Grierson did not know we were there until we were just ready to "bag" him; and, seeing his imminent peril, threw up his white handkerchief as a flag of truce and asked for a parley with our colonel. The trick was but too palpable, and ought not to have been submitted to by Col. Goodwin; but the parley was allowed, and while it was going on, Grierson took in the situation more fully, and slipped his men out of the trap into which most of them had come. The trickster put on a bold face and demanded the surrender of the place; to which Col. Goodwin replied, asking two hours for consideration and the removal of women and children. Grierson was only too well pleased to accommodate our colonel, and use those two hours for the furtherance of his own safety. The Twelfth Louisiana and Seventh Kentucky Regiments were expected on the next train

to re-enforce our regiment, but when they arrived the Yankee horsemen, who could gallop heroically (!) through an unprotected country, and call it a "great raid," had put themselves out of our reach.

Having thus lost the opportunity to "bag our game," an army expression frequently used, we were put in chase after it, only to wear us down with fatigue and sore feet, for the Yankees were mounted and we were on foot; albeit they were pretending to make a stand every now and then, which we were exceedingly anxious for them to do. We slept on our guns that night, not knowing but that we might need them before day; and all through the next day and until midnight following we were receiving information that Grierson was still hanging around, bent on capturing Enterprise, which made it necessary for us to be in motion and on the lookout all the time. It was indeed a very tiresome expedition in which we were engaged, and not until the night of April 28 did we quiet down and retire to our pallets for an undisturbed sleep. But just as the command

were all soundly asleep, we were suddenly called up and ordered to "fall in." By thus being aroused at night and put in readiness for marching, we had no other thought than that the enemy were near at hand, and in a moment we were in line; but to our utter amazement and displeasure our colonel informed us that we were called up to hear a speech from Gen. Reuben Davis, a near kinsman of the President, who was at the hotel in Enterprise.

Col. Goodwin was a brave, good soldier, but his tastes were more literary than military. He was a polished gentleman and highly educated, and had made considerable character as a writer. He expected a rare treat in hearing the speech of Gen. Davis, and supposed that we would thank him for affording us the opportunity of hearing so distinguished a speaker.

Before leaving camp for the hotel where Davis was, which was not more than half a mile, Col. Goodwin posted us in all the points of good manners on such occasions, when and how we should call for Davis,

etc. He admonished us very carefully that everything must be done decently and in order, so that Reuben, of the house of Davis, would not only recognize us as soldiers, but as gentlemen also. He let us know what orders he would give and what would be our position on the open space in front of the hotel, indicating also the maneuvers through which we would be carried before the final "Halt!" Upon halting he would give the command "Order arms!" whereupon he would call out immediately, "Davis! Davis!" and we were to take up the call at once, "Davis! Davis! Davis!" with a full chorus of voices.

All went well with the Colonel until our time came to call for Davis. Some of us did as we were instructed, but others began to yell: "Come out of there, Reuben; I know you are in there!" "Get through as quick as you can," said others; "we are all mighty sleepy." This seemed to annoy our colonel, but Davis appeared on one of the hotel balconies, and made his speech, which was mainly made up of compliments to us

and good news from Richmond. This "good news from Richmond" business in regard to our recognition by foreign powers, breaking the blockade, etc., had become quite monotonous to the soldiers, and excited but little interest among them; and when Davis touched on those things a voice from the regiment cried out: "Tell us something new, General." He told us, if I remember right, that France had certainly espoused our cause, and that a large fleet of French gunboats was nearing our shores to open every port of ours and demolish Yankee vessels. "Those are awful slow boats, General; they have been on the way here ever since the war began, to my certain knowledge," shouted a voice from the regiment. It seemed evident that Col. Goodwin and Gen. Davis became weary of the performance; the speech soon came to an end, and we were marched back to our camp to do what sleeping we could till morning, to our unspeakable relief.

While near Demopolis, Ala., March 3, 1864, our (Buford's) brigade was marched out into an old field to hear a speech of wel-

come from Gov. Watts, of Alabama, into whose state we had just come. We were formally introduced to him by Gen. Buford as he was ready to begin his speech. "Howdy, Governor; how are all your folks?" was the greeting which a number of voices gave him. It was indeed an eloquent speech that he gave us, and well suited to the occasion. He poured forth great torrents of eloquence, heroism and chivalry, as he tiptoed in his stirrups, for he spoke on horseback; having, however, at first extended to us a beautiful welcome into his state. The more he spoke, the braver he seemed to become; and it was only too plain that his speech was moving himself more than his audience. In order to incite us to transcendent feats of desperation on the field of battle, he spoke of an incident which occurred in another department of the Confederate army. A daring and dashing color bearer was shot down in a furious charge; but the flag was instantly caught up by another soldier and waved in defiance of the Yankees, when he too received a death shot; then another

and another and another did the same thing and met the same fate in quick succession, until there was no telling how many color bearers there were who fell thus in that charge, the heroism of whom the Governor would have us emulate. "What a set of fools those fellows were!" rang out from the mouths of several listening privates. And "We don't believe in putting our heads in Yankee cannons for the fun of having them shot out." This, at least, made it appear that the Governor's speech, though having much merit, was not the thing needed just then. These men whom he addressed, injured to hardships and dangers, had no ear for the civilian's bugle note. They were then performing a long march, having just walked from Canton, Miss., and were weary and foot-sore, and they felt that rest was a better nervine than a speech, though it be from a Governor. Had the enemy been near at hand and a battle imminent, a word or two from their commander might have been appreciated; but no amount of eloquence on general principles from one not in arms him-

self did them any good. They felt that they were already better patriots in the most important sense than those, unarmed, who would fire their patriotism, endurance, and courage. Be it said, however, that Gov. Watts made a very fine impression upon the brigade, and possibly he did not hear the unappreciative voices that spoke out during the delivery of his speech; still there was a prevalent idea that rest was preferable to listening to a speech, and that it was out of taste for the speaker to undertake to stir up the bravery of men whose courage had already been abundantly tested.

At the opening of the war there was much and necessary speech making, but when men had fully learned war by hard experience, about the only speaking necessary were the orders from the officers in command to go forward in whatever was necessary in the defeat of the enemy. And even at the beginning of hostilities, though there were many soul-inspiring and patriotic appeals in the way of orations to bestir men into action against the invading foe, there were many

harangues which were too enthusiastic, if possible, and calculated to make us believe that war was but a pleasant pastime, a kind of holiday recreation, when carried on with the Yankees. Numbers of men, under the sudden impulse of daring inspired by these speeches of fiery and flighty zealots, and believing that it was a mere "breakfast spell" to crush out our Yankee haters, rushed hurriedly to the front, only to realize that our war was not only not a merry holiday frolic, but a most serious and terrific encounter, involving hardness of service and untold suffering and slaughter, who, being overwhelmed presently with consternation, they had not the heart to endure. Not having had a proper conception of what war was before engaging in it, there were many who were driven away by its horrors. The speech makers of the effervescent kind had told them that hunting Yankees was better fun than hunting squirrels, and they suddenly found, to their uncontrollable dismay, that they themselves were being hunted to the death.

I recall a speech that I heard at McWhirtersville, six miles from Nashville on the Lebanon pike, in 1861, while the "Hermitage Guards," a company of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, was being formed, in which we were told that the whites of the Yankees' eyes would be fine targets for Tennessee marksmen, and that their squirrel rifles were as good army guns as they needed. It was at a time that the state government was calling upon the citizens to furnish such guns as they had that could be used for army purposes, we having gone to war without anything like a supply of guns. I had already furnished a large-bore Sharp's rifle and a double-barrel shot gun, which were capable of doing good service in good hands, but on hearing of the fun there would be in drawing a bead on the whites of Yankees' eyes, and having a long, small-bore rifle, formerly the property of my father, and which he had had made for hunting squirrels with, I carried that into Nashville at the earliest opportunity and turned it over to the government as an army gun, although I prized it

very much as a kind of heirloom. Of course I threw away my rifle, it being altogether unsuited for the battlefield. I really suspected as much at the time, but felt then like I wanted to be on the safe side, so far as shooting Lincoln's invading Yankees was to be carried on, and determined to keep back no gun of mine that could possibly be used for that purpose; and I did not actually know but what this squirrel rifle could be of some service in that direction.

CHAPTER IX.

Transporting Troops—Some Phases of Army Life
—Pies for Sale.

OURS being an infantry command, our movements, when not on foot, were by such means of transportation as the government would furnish for special emergencies; and with the exception of a small amount of steamboat travel, we were transported on railroads, the approximate extent of which has already been indicated. The government would charter for the time being the trains and boats that we would travel on. Our boat travel was almost altogether between Selma and Montgomery, on the Alabama River; going first up the river from Selma to Montgomery, April 16 and 17, 1863, on the steamer "Le Grande," and then down the river from Montgomery to Selma, April 21 and 22, on the steamer "St. Charles." This was on our trip from Jackson to Chat-

tanooga, and we returned over the same route. Only the lower decks of the boats were chartered for the soldiers, and they, as at all other times, carried with them their own rations drawn from the army commissaries. Only the officers were allowed to take passage in the cabin, and they had to pay the steamboat clerk as other passengers do. Luckily, and for a rarity, I had the money to take cabin passage, which comprehended such luxuries as soldiers were not wont to enjoy: sitting on a chair, eating at a table, and lying on a berth. The noncommissioned officers and privates, called the "men," were commanded to stay on the lower deck, but they soon gave no heed to the order, and made themselves free and easy in all parts of the boat, and those who had the money to pay for meals would do so, and sit with the regular passengers at the dinner table. The officers and men were too intimately associated in the hardships of army life, and too much identified in their feelings, for an order like this to have permanent force, which, indeed, meant no more than that the govern-

ment had only contracted for our transportation on deck.

These two steamboat rides on the Alabama River were quite refreshing to most of us, although the men were too much crowded for lying down comfortably; altogether, however, it was a merry recreation that they enjoyed, owing largely to the mode of travel varying from what they had been accustomed to, and but for the night time spent on the river the rides would have been exceedingly exhilarating.

On the same "round trip," so to speak, between Jackson and Chattanooga, we were transported from McDowell's Station to Demopolis, on the Tombigbee River, and returned from the latter to the former place on the steamer "Marengo;" but that was only a ferrying arrangement of four miles distance. Also, on our final trip, when we were going from Mississippi to North Carolina, we were taken in a steamer across Mobile Bay and up Tensas Bayou to Tensas Station to take the train.

The traveling of soldiers on railroad trains

was in some respects better than the marches we had to make, but in others it was not, and in no sense was it a luxury only insomuch as it afforded temporary relief to our feet, and an opportunity for seeing the towns and people along the route. It was impossible to find on any of the roads sufficient transportation in passenger coaches for a command of any considerable size, and so we were put to the necessity of taking box and open cars, and it was even then needful that as many of us get on them as they could possibly hold, loading the tops of the box cars as well as their inside. We generally had but little sitting room on the floors of the cars, and never, that I recall, could we all lie down at once. As to seats being furnished, that was out of the question. If many soldiers were to be transported at one time, a number of long trains were loaded, and started off in quick succession, one after another, just far enough apart to avoid running into each other. Frequently in making curves in an open country the tortuous movements of the whole line of trains, as seen from any

one of the cars, presented a most picturesque appearance, as they wended their way in many directions thickly packed with soldiers without and within on the box cars, intermingled with flats on which almost all the standing room was occupied. The trains were generally in sight of each other whether the road was straight or not, except where timber obstructed the view, and their movements were always interesting to look upon.

By whatever mode of travel our armies moved we were always cheered by the citizens as we passed by residences or through towns, but when traveling on the railroads, we were enabled, our movements being rapid, to see more people and houses and towns, than we otherwise could, and we were therefore more frequently greeted with the applause of citizens than could be the case when we were marching through the country. The enthusiasm of Southern women for the glorious cause for which we fought was made conspicuously manifest as we passed along, by their bright smiles, the waving of their handkerchiefs, and throwing flowers

into our midst, and not unfrequently would they have ready and hand out to us articles of clothing and other comforts. No such women ever lived as those of our Southern Confederacy; and there was nothing left undone by them, in their sphere, to help forward our hoped for freedom from the despotism which threatened us. On the part of the soldiers applause answered applause with the waving of hats on our part and such ringing yells as only a Confederate soldier was capable of. Those indeed were glad occasions; and every cheer we received, especially from the women, put new purpose into our being to drive back the invading hordes if possible.

Many accidents, necessarily, it might be said, occurred with these soldiers' trains; but it was sometimes the case, as we then believed, that trains were intentionally disabled or wrecked by parties running them, or in some other way connected with them, who were in sympathy with the enemy. Still it was only occasionally that there was loss of life by railroad accidents. On the long

trip from West Point, Miss., to Kinston, N. C., we several times seemed barely to escape much destruction of life, but we got through without being overtaken by any such calamity. Possibly the engineers and other train men were all true men, but we felt it necessary a time or two to keep very close watch on some of them. It was as much in order then to wreck a train of soldiers, and thus destroy their lives, as it was to kill them in battle, and we knew not but that some Yankee emissary might be at hand ready to deal out wholesale destruction to us in that way, if possible, by bribing trainmen or by any other method that he could. Yankee hate, Yankee ingenuity, and Yankee money were ever lavish in the accomplishment of our ruin, and there were masked traitors among us in various places, who were the cheap tools of our venomous foes to compass our overthrow by clandestine and diabolical means. To these the wrecking of a train of Southern soldiers would be a veritable luxury, if only they could escape detection. These "home-made Yankees," as

they were generally called, abounded in some places more than in others, and there was a contempt for them on the part of the Southern patriot which transcended that which was felt for the most odious of puritanical "Down Easters." A typical New England Yankee was the supreme object of Southern detestation until the "home-made Yankee" came into being, and made himself worthy of our intenser odium by his capacity for lower forms of mischief among us than even the abolition intruder from the delectable land of wooden nutmegs. Had an engineer of one of our soldiers' trains been of this complexion it would certainly have been wrecked had not the fear of detection deterred him from the adventure.

"Forward, march!" After the order "Fall in!" this was the command oftenest received, and on foot was our normal method of locomotion. This involved weariness extreme, and sore feet and corns without limit or stint. It had not impressed me until I was in the service that I would experience excessive weariness. Seeing companies of

soldiers on the march before my enlistment, and before they had learned much of the drudgery of that part of warfare, they all seemed to step together as one man; and, without thinking particularly of the matter, the idea was in my mind that such was the mutual support which they rendered one another that no individual soldier would become much tired. But weariness of every grade, even to the utter breakdown of exhaustion, was the individual experience of almost every soldier among us at some time or other. I marvel to this day that as many kept on their feet as did, as the vivid recollection of so many hard marches by day and by night comes to mind.

As in all other particulars of army life, there was a great deal of difference among soldiers in regard to marching, so that after we had been on a march a few days some would straggle, while others would maintain their places steadily in the ranks; some would yield to weariness with much readiness, while others would with much determination resist it; some would continue to keep their guns

in proper position, while others would carry them with such looseness as to inconvenience or strike those nearest them; some would give attention to their feet and keep them in good condition as long as possible, while others would neglect them from the start and soon have them smarting with sores—these, and other differences there were among infantry soldiers as they went trudging along on an extended march. Ordinarily we would march an hour and rest fifteen minutes, and when the command “Rest!” was given many would drop down on the ground instantly to get the full benefit of the rest time allowed us; some would remain on their feet most of the time, propping themselves with their guns or not as they were inclined; and some would go on a short “foraging” expedition if there were any houses in sight. There were expert “foragers” (provision hunters) in our regiment, and possibly in every other regiment in the army—soldiers who could always find willing-hearted citizens to replenish their haversacks with something good to eat.

The money-making faculty belongs to some men in a pre-eminent sense, so that it is said of them that they could make money if they were placed on a rock without any apparent facilities for doing so, and this same trait conspicuously characterized a number of our soldiers during the war. They would manage to get hold of something to trade on or sell to the other soldiers. Some of them would hunt up whisky, with which they would fill their canteens, and sell it to those of their comrades who drank; some would find materials to make pies of, which they would get a good price for from their hungry comrades; and in a number of other ways money was made by those who had the faculty for so doing.

I sometimes bought pies from the pie makers, who would carry them through the command on boards, crying out as they passed along, "Come up and draw your pies!" But I am not prepared to praise those pies to this day. Some of them were tolerably good if I ate them when I was very hungry, but generally they were tough and tasteless

in the extreme. "Fruit pies" they were generally called, and usually they did have a limited supply of dried fruit of some kind, or sweet potatoes, or pumpkin, unmixed with sugar, however, between the folds of unshortened pastry which constituted the top and bottom crusts of the pies. Sometimes the pie was called a *pone*; and the following receipt for making a *potato pone* was made out by a soldier and given to a young lady in North Alabama during the war:

"One haversack full of flour, worked up with water alone into a stiff dough; one pot full of potatoes boiled about half done, and mashed up skin and all; roll out the dough in different pieces about the size of a tin plate, and put a wad of the potato on each piece, which is then to be folded over the potato. Bake with all possible speed, burning the bottoms of the pones considerably, and barely drying the upper crusts. Let them get cold before eating. These are elegant, and sell readily in camp for fifty cents apiece."

On the march I made it an invariable rule

to take all the rest that I could, and care for my feet in the best way possible to me; and but for this established purpose and undeviating habit of mine it would have been impossible for me to have kept in my place as I did, which was almost constantly. A few times when the exhaustion of weariness was about to overwhelm me some horseman would be at hand and allow me the use of his horse until my strength returned. The surgeon and chaplain had horses, and with these officers I was always intimate, from the fact that I frequently assisted the former with the sick when we were in camp, and labored constantly with the latter in the religious meetings. They would readily accommodate me at any time and in any way that they could, but I preferred not to embarrass them by asking favors of them which they could not grant to all, and so I would stay on my feet as long as strength remained to me to do so, and even then would not ask to ride, but only do so after a horse was earnestly tendered me. It was a very short distance—say two or three miles—that I

rode either of the exceedingly few times that I enjoyed this luxury, having been able, by carefulness of my strength and feet, and in the good providence of God, to hold on my way with a constancy which seemed indeed to be beyond my powers of endurance. As soon as my feet gave me the slightest hint that a sore was going to be rubbed on them, I would begin to grease them with mutton tallow, always having them as free from dirt as it was possible for an infantry soldier on the march to do. The mutton tallow I found to be an admirable remedy when sores were threatened or after they were rubbed, and I managed to keep a small tin box of it with me all the time, which was furnished me from time to time by accommodating housekeepers on our line of march or adjacent to our camp. I would use it very liberally, both greasing thoroughly the inflamed places on my feet, and putting a thick coating of the suet on the inside of my socks where they touched the sores. This was done over and over again on some of our prolonged marches, and saved me from falling out by the way.

Corns were formed on the bottoms of my feet which remain to this day, but I managed to keep them softened on the march, so that they did not hurt nor hinder me to amount to much. There were many soldiers who had the flesh of their feet in places scoured off to the bone by their coarse, hard shoes, and yet onward they marched day after day to find the enemy, or to accomplish some important campaign for their defeat in some other way.

It was with much difficulty that all the men could, even when perfectly able to march, be made to keep well up in their respective and proper places, and hence the command "Close up!" was heard with monotonous frequency. It was not always strictly necessary nor required that the men march in compact column, but there were many times that it was all important. Very often the enemy were near at hand, and an engagement was momentarily imminent, as when we were pursuing them or they us, when to have marched disorderly would have exposed our army to defeat. On such occa-

sions our position in the march must be such that we can form instantly into line of battle, and by every man being in his proper place this could be done with all ease. If there was no enemy threatening us, and especially if the roads were bad, we were only required to observe approximately our proper relations to each other. There were some soldiers, however, who never seemed, under any circumstances, to recognize the importance of the command being well closed up, with all the men in their proper places; and it was on account of these that the order to close up was so often given. Well, there were also those who were forgetful, and those who were constitutionally careless, who also made the order necessary. Some knew nothing of drilling and marching, and, like some people are about music, it seemed that they could never learn. They thought war meant simply fighting with all of one's might, and that the other requirements laid upon them, of keeping step, marching in order, and the various forms of drilling, were superfluous appendages. As one of the lieu-

tenants, whose business it was to see that the men marched orderly, it sometimes became an exceedingly unpleasant duty to perform. Men with whom I was intimately associated when not on duty would seem to forget that they were on duty when on the march, and stepping out of ranks, would essay a familiar conversation with me as we marched along, and at a time when I was under orders to keep every man in his place. To promptly require such a one to get back to his place was very trying to my feelings, and likely to hurt his, but had to be done. A presumptuous private was always an annoyance when the company officers were under special orders to see that the men conformed strictly to the requirements contained therein. In order to keep one of the men of my company, who was inclined to have his own way, in his place, one day when we were marching in close proximity to the enemy, I had, after reminding him several times of his duty, to threaten him with arrest. This irritated him very much, and he blurted out: "You can command me now, but I will see you after

the war is over." And, sure enough, he did see me after the war, and there never was one friend more delighted to see another than he was to see me. His remark gave me no offense, and he was soon ashamed of it; and especially was it impossible for him to carry over any spitefulness to the close of the war toward an officer who, he knew, was but discharging his duty in keeping him in place.

The "forced marches," of which we had not a few, were exceedingly hard on us, as we had to walk more briskly than usual, and had fewer and shorter resting spells. Often, also, we would have heavy night marches to perform, and we had the bad luck frequently to have to be in motion when the nights were dark and rainy. Hardly half the men generally could be carried through these forced and night marches without more or less straggling, not to say an utter breakdown on the part of many. Wearied with walking, and from the loss of sleep, and yet being hurried along at a quick step, exhaustion would impel them to drop out of ranks and rest. The hurried night march that we

had on our retreat from Mouth of Tippah through rain and mud, and wading swollen streams of various sizes, followed by a rapid march throughout the next day, will be remembered by the soldiers of our command as one of those special break down marches. There were a number of others of a similar character, but this was the severest we had had up to that time. We were kept on our feet so much on such occasions that we frequently went to sleep standing up, and sometimes when we were in motion. At night the head of the column would sometimes be hindered by the wagons or something else, and make our movements very slow for the time being, and yet we would be required to keep on our feet, and move forward whenever it could be done. Those were the times that weariness was most oppressive to me, and I counted it a luxury beyond estimate to lie down but for a moment in the mud.

Carrying luggage on the march was one of our troubles, there being certain things which it was needful for every soldier to have at hand all the time. The wagon trains

went along with the commands to haul our camp equipage, such as tents, when we had any, cooking utensils, axes, etc., but the soldiers, except the commissioned officers, were required to carry their guns and cartridge boxes, and usually their knapsacks of clothing, when they had any. We all carried our rations in our haversacks, and canteens for water. Our bedding—blankets and oil cloths—when we had any, might be thrown in the wagons, though it was usual for those who had oil cloths to carry them for protection when it rained, and some of the soldiers who had no oil cloths would carry their blankets for this purpose instead of putting them in the wagons. In the early part of the war we had more baggage of one sort and another than we had afterward, and would try to carry more, but as the war advanced we had less and were less inclined to make pack horses of ourselves. Our plunder was lessened by throwing away some things, by losses on the marches, and by the general wear and tear of things. Long before the war ended we would do without all that we

possibly could, and make our burdens as light as possible; and to this day I have an abhorrence of surplus luggage, often preferring, even in the winter, to take the risk of bad weather to being burdened with an over-coat, and will put off as long as possible carrying one on my "rounds" from home at the approach of winter. A few of the soldiers preferred to have nothing except what clothing they then had on, and took the chances of getting more when this wore out, and when we stopped to camp at night they would either nod around the camp fires or crowd themselves under the blankets of others.

Much depended on the care we took of ourselves at all times, but especially on the marches, as to our health, as well as to our maintaining our strength—fortifying ourselves against fatigue. After the weariness of a day's march many would cast themselves full length on the ground, wet or dry, for rest, and would often make themselves sick thereby. The oil cloth (rubber blanket) was very important, not only as a protection

against the rain when we were marching, but by putting it under us at night it protected us against the moisture of the ground, which was a prolific cause of sickness. Our mess, in making our pallet, when without a tent, would have an oil cloth or two next to the ground, on which we would spread our blankets, the top spread also being an oil cloth. It was a rare thing that I ever lay on the ground if it was at all damp without my oil cloth under me if I had one, though there were times, on some of the hard marches, that I was without one, and so had to drop down on the naked ground for rest.

I do not recall that the government furnished us oil cloths to any extent, but we had to supply ourselves with them as we did with guns, in a large measure, by capturing them from the Yankees. They were taken in various ways from the enemy: sometimes by capturing their quartermaster stores, sometimes by gathering them up after the Yankees were routed and had thrown them away on the battlefield, and quite a number were taken from prisoners and off dead Yankees.

I never took but one off a dead Yankee, and that one did me no good, although it seemed to be a new and excellent one. It was at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, after we had driven the enemy from before us, and were passing over their dead. In my way was one of them who had on him an oil cloth, which was rolled up lengthways and fastened on his body with the belt of his cartridge box after it was passed over his shoulder and across his chest before and behind. Quickly stooping down and cutting the belt, I jerked the oil cloth loose from the dead man, and went on, not taking time to examine it until the battle was over, when I found that a Rebel's bullet had gone through the roll, making many holes in the cloth, when spread out, before it did its deadly work.

CHAPTER X.

On the March—In Camp—Foraging—Sam and the Geese—Prices of Things in General.

BUILDING camp fires when on the march we stopped for the night was a stirring procedure, especially if the weather was cold or rainy; and indeed we had to have fires for cooking purposes, however pleasant the weather might be. If there were fences near, and no other wood at hand, rails became our fuel; and there was generally a rush for them, that those nearest the encampment might be gathered up first to prevent carrying them a greater distance. And if we stopped where we could get wood otherwise, that which could be easiest got was hurriedly procured first, carrying our fuel always at such times on our shoulders. It was ever with great regret to us all that we were put to the necessity of burning fence rails at times,

thus destroying the property of our own friends; but we often camped without tents, even in very bad, cold weather, when to have done without fires would have produced much suffering and sickness, and rails were our only chance to have fires.

We were hindered much in getting wood by not having a sufficient supply of good axes. The government undertook to furnish all that were needed, and had them hauled in the wagons for our use, but they were used by so many that were not careful with them that the supply was reduced very rapidly by losses and being damaged in one way or another, and those that we managed to keep for use became so dull as to be almost useless except for splitting purposes, and were too few in number to meet the demand. We had no grindstones among our army stores, and so the only chance to sharpen our axes when they became dull was to go to the house of some citizen who could accommodate us. Those of us who could buy began to supply ourselves with axes whenever we could, and get the wagoners to take

care of them for us when we were not regularly in camp. Buying an ax was often a right difficult thing to do, partly because of their scarcity after the war had gone on some time, and partly because they sometimes cost more than we were able to pay for them. I noted in my diary that on February 2, 1863, while we were in camp near Jackson, Miss., I went into that town to buy an ax. The price was \$15, and that being more money than I had, I did not, of course, purchase it. On my way back to camp I bought one that had been in use a good while from an old negro man for \$6. The price of axes went far beyond what it was then before the final catastrophe of 1865. Everything became more and more costly as the war went on, until nothing scarcely that a private soldier wanted besides what the government furnished could be bought by him, his wages being about the only thing that continued low. I remember to have received a pair of "Yankee boots," as we called them, February 15, 1863, which were procured through the lines for me by Uncle Calvin Goodloe,

and brought to me by Joe Thompson, a member of our regiment, who had been at home on furlough. I noted in my diary that they came in the nick of time, and that such boots were selling within our lines for \$65. What they were worth afterward I cannot recall. At the Gate City Hotel, in Atlanta, a cup of coffee without sugar came to be worth \$5, a bed for one night \$15, and full meals \$20 each.

When we started on a march it was seldom that we knew where we were going; or rather the object of the movement was not usually made known to us—the company officers and the privates. In how much the commanding general communicated his designs to the field officers I took not the pains to inquire. It was our business to obey orders, to march, to camp, to do fatigue duty, to fight, or what not, as we were ordered by those in whose commands we were, and it was not worth our while to concern ourselves or be inquisitive as to what the meaning of our movements was; still we interested ourselves very much to find out all that we

could as to where we were going when we were put on the march, and the significance of all our movements. Being free men in the highest sense, and fighting for our own independence, it was impossible that we be not concerned to know all that might possibly be found out about every campaign with which we were connected, and yet we knew full well that for the generals to have communicated their plans to us would have been almost equivalent to have told them to the enemy; for there were many who would have been so free to speak of these matters that some Yankee emissary or spy, near at hand, would have soon learned all that we knew.

It was wonderful that the spirit of subordination to army authorities pervaded our soldiery to the extent that it did, for the freest people in the world in the days of the "Old South" were the citizens of our Southland, the material which constituted our volunteer armies. Insubordination cropped out now and then on some hard march which seemed to have no important end, or in doing

some heavy work which was not needful, or when having to fight under disadvantages which might be obviated; but taking the war throughout, we were too intent on beating the Yankees back to allow such things to hinder us in our purpose to gain, if possible, our independence. The conduct of the campaigns and their results determined, in our minds, the competency or incompetency of those who directed them, and we were more or less encouraged or discouraged thereby, but the one common sentiment of bitter hatred for the ever encroaching foe dominated us all and determined our minds to resist them under whatever circumstances we might be placed.

Camp life, when we were encamped for any length of time, was sometimes somewhat monotonous, but there were almost always duties of one kind and another to be performed, which, though not particularly attractive, were valuable to us for exercise and to prevent tediousness. The inevitable drill had to be gone through with every day that the weather would permit, and this was kept

up to the very close of the war. Time and again we were carried through the various evolutions of military tactics, and frequently drilled in the manual of arms, with a sham battle fought now and then. There were also fatigue duties that were required to be done, such as cleaning off the encampment, digging sinks, handling army stores, fortifying, etc. These were done by reliefs, some men working awhile and then others taking their places while they rested. Guards must also be on duty day and night, and especially at night, and there must be details of men from day to day for that purpose.

After the various camp duties had all been duly attended to, there was still a good deal of time left to us to be employed in such way as we might like, provided we violated no military order; and herein the differences of temperaments, etc., among the soldiers were seen, as in all other conditions in which they were placed. Some enjoyed one kind of recreation and some another, while there were some who cared not to do anything but loll idly about the encampment. Gaming of dif-

ferent kinds, and sometimes gambling with cards and *chuckerluck* boxes, was resorted to by a good many; there was, however, but little gambling carried on in the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment that I ever knew of. Many there were who, caring for their religious interests and the spiritual well-being of their comrades, gave much attention to meetings for those purposes. Of the religious work in the army I propose to speak specially and separately after awhile. For myself I found my recreation in the *interim* of military duties mainly in religious labors, reading, and writing to the loved ones at home, and other relations. I always kept a long letter on hand to my wife, when I had time to write one, so that I could send it whenever a possible opportunity for doing so presented itself. I loved the game of chess very much, which I had learned when a student in Virginia at B. F. Minor's preparatory school to the University of Virginia, and while at Grenada, Miss., a part of the winter of 1862-63, our chaplain (Rev. Robert A. Wilson) and I played it a good deal.

We both, however, came simultaneously to the conclusion one night while we were playing, that, though there was possibly no harm in the game itself, still we were consuming time that could be better employed, and so we gave it up altogether. To be sure the social intercourse among the soldiers, aside from any other form of recreation, was a very agreeable manner of spending our time. Members of different messes would visit each other in an informal way, and we would often cluster about in camp, as we fell in with each other by accident or otherwise, and talk over the affairs of the day.

Ours was not a hired soldiery in the remotest sense, as the Yankee army was in a large measure, but it was a citizen soldiery, made up of the very best type of citizenship and accustomed to the best phases of social life, so that our mingling together in the camp was the intercourse of intelligent and cultured manhood, altogether capable of the highest appreciation of those things which affected the interests of the army, the people, and the country at large. Many in-

deed were the pleasant moments in which we dwelt together in this way, and which both served to draw us nearer together and to counteract the longings for home, which might otherwise oppress us. There was no scarcity of subjects for conversation, of course, as the whole country, so to speak, was in arms, and there was no movement in any department of the Confederate or Yankee armies but that was of interest to us. Through the secular papers—the *Memphis Appeal* particularly, whose printing presses went from place to place in the South for safety from the Yankees—we kept well up with what was transpiring in every direction, and with the rumors, I may also say, which were ever floating in the air only to vanish into nothing. The multitude and variety of these flying rumors, called “grapevine dispatches,” cannot be numbered. As a rule they were in our favor, though now and then they were not. The fact is, our soldiers and citizens were intensely hopeful of success almost throughout the entire war, and we were ever ready to enlarge upon whatever pleas-

ant tidings for a long while that came to our ears, and at once stamp out as false whatever had a discouraging aspect.

Our camp employment consisted, in a measure, also in supplementing our army rations by supplies purchased from citizens in the country surrounding our encampment, even at remote distances from it, and in reaping all the benefit that we could from our culinary department. We could generally get permission, a few at a time, to "go foraging;" as we called our visits to the country for purchasing such things—vegetables, fowls, etc.—as the government could not supply us with to any extent, or we could send our cooks, always negroes, at any time that we pleased. A great many messes—most of them, I judge—preferred to do their own cooking, mainly I suppose because of the expense of hiring cooks. At Canton, Miss., the winter of 1863–64, where we were longer in camp than at any other place, our mess had a negro cook who did our foraging. His name was Sam, and he was the property of Scip Cross, one of the soldiers, from

whom we hired him. He was a good cook, and as a *forager* he was eminently successful; albeit, he was more attentive to the wants of the mess and of himself than he was to the interests of the citizens whose premises he visited. He reported one day that he had found a flock of geese which he could get at the low price of thirty cents apiece if we were willing to eat them. Of course we wanted them, and furnished him the money from day to day to get one until the flock, I presume, was consumed, or until the supply, at least, was exhausted. We ate them with very great relish, and they were so fat that we tried up lard from them, of a delightful quality at that, to shorten our corn bread and biscuit. Sam, who was always good-natured, was unusually merry while the goose business was going on; and I could notice a jolly twinkle of his eyes, now and then, as he would cut them around at one of my mess-mates—Pike Cockrill, my brother-in-law. He had communicated his secret to Pike, and bound him over to keep it strictly from me until the geese were all gone, and we had

left Canton, fearing that I, who was at the head of the mess, would make matters unpleasant for him. The fact was that he was taking the geese on the sly, and selling them to the mess at peace prices. He did not call that stealing, however, for he claimed that if he did not get them some one else would; moreover, he declared that he tried to buy the geese, but that the owner put a higher price on them than he thought ought to be asked.

The army negro, as we had him among us, I will here say, gave every evidence of being pleased with the life that he then lived. We only kept him as a servant, in which capacity he was well satisfied to abide; and he performed the duties that we put upon him with a decided relish. Of course he was always in the rear when a fight was on hand, and his big mouth would smile to its utmost capacity whenever we whipped the Yankees. On the march he usually went along with the wagon trains, and always rendered important service if any of the wagons were disabled or otherwise obstructed in their movements.

When upon going into camp in cold weather it was understood that we would remain some length of time, many of the messes would set to work at once to improve their quarters, though there were others who seemed indifferent to comforts of any kind, and were content with such accommodations as the government furnished. The field officers were usually supplied with wall tents, in which they could use cots and stools, and walk about in with little inconvenience, but the companies had the "A" tents when they had tents of any kind, except that in a few cases and for a short while there were round conical tents. The "A" tent was nothing more than the roof of a tent stretched over a pole and pinned to the ground, the only standing room in it being under the pole. One end was closed, and at the other end the door of the tent, and by building a fire just outside the open end, and pinning back the lower corners of the door, so to speak, it was made very comfortable within as we lay on our ground pallets. In order to make such tents more roomy and high enough to

stand up in without inconvenience, we would sometimes build pens of poles several feet high, and then stretching the tents above them as roofs. The cracks in these pens we would daub with mud or stop with moss or straw. We would also build small stick-and-mud chimneys to these structures, which served for warming and cooking purposes, a much better arrangement, especially in bad weather, than having to warm and cook by fires without the tent. We constructed our bunks above ground with forks and poles or slabs, upon which we would place straw or moss to spread our blankets on, and arranged such seats as best we could. Having thus improved our temporary abiding places, we were ready to engage in housekeeping with a merry relish. Many thought it worth their while to take this much pains to make themselves comfortable without the assurance that they would get the benefit of their improvement longer than a week, it really being a pleasant pastime to them to do such work.

We remained longer in winter quarters

near Canton, Miss., the winter of 1863-64 than at any other place, and there many of us built cabins out and out, using split logs for the walls, there being a great many small straight red oak trees at hand, and covering them with boards which we also made from timber that was convenient to the encampment. To these cabins we built pretty good chimneys of the stick-and-mud kind, and in them we arranged our sleeping bunks, one above the other like the berths in steamboats. There was a great deal of long moss on the trees in that section, and this we used for stopping the cracks in our cabins and spreading on our rude bunks to make them as soft as possible. Such was the kind of cabin that the mess to which I then belonged built and occupied. There were others that were similarly or better constructed, but some of the soldiers made themselves only very indifferent shanties, while others remained in the tents which they had; the encampment therefore presented a strikingly variegated aspect, and was really an interesting scene to look upon, albeit we were not sufficient-

ly poetical in those days to give attention to scenery.

When not on duty we were kept quite close in our quarters by severely cold or rainy weather, and then it was that we enjoyed in an especial manner the improvements that we had made, those of us who had taken the pains to make any. I call to mind how those of us who used tobacco relished our pipes when thus confined to our camp tenements by inclement weather. I have long been opposed to the use of the "weed" in any way, but in those days I esteemed such indulgence next to a necessity, and an inexpressible delight. January 20, 1863, while in camp at Grenada, Miss., I wrote in my diary, expecting thereafter to make it more full: "Here I must insert an essay when I have leisure on the luxury of the pipe in camp in cold weather." This was while we were having some very cold, disagreeable weather. We had a great deal of rain while in camp on Big Black in February, 1863, and in my diary of the 13th of that month occurs this utterance: "O the luxury of a

pipe in camp! Would that the Muses would inspire me to write a poetical essay on that subject!" It is too late for such a performance as that now, were I ever so poetical, which I am not, there being no poetry to me in the pipe in these times of peace. Several of us had joined in a smoke together that day, and at the conclusion of it resolutions were passed requesting whoever could to write of the value of the pipe under such circumstances, but none of us felt competent to do the subject justice.

My recollection is that most of the soldiers with whom I was thrown from time to time both chewed and smoked tobacco as a constant habit, whether in camp or on the march, but one of them, not of our immediate command, whom I met in North Alabama in the winter of 1864, gave me this hint on the tobacco habit, which I here record as a *Rebel relic*:

Tobacco is a noxious weed.

Davy Crockett sowed the seed.

It robs your pocket and soils your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose.

We always undertook, when in camp for any length of time, to get up the best meals that we could, but when kept in our homely abodes by bad weather we took special pains to prepare something very nice to eat, if we had been so fortunate as to get in any good "forage." We occasionally had sugar; and would make sweet cakes, pies, etc., when we had the other articles necessary for making such things. These we ate in the midst of comments and merriment, and would sometimes send a portion to the field officers. I recall an unusually bad day at Jackson, Miss., February 4, 1863, and a pleasant incident in connection with it. That day it commenced sleetting just after breakfast, which was soon followed by a pouring rain, which lasted till bedtime. Our mess, at the head of which then was Lieut. Martin, was occupying a pole pen with a tent cloth stretched over it, into the side of which we had made a fireplace. We had the good luck to have in store some dried peaches, and H. E. Kellogg, a member of our mess, tried his skill in making peach pies, which indeed were very

fine. We selected the nicest-looking one of the pies and sent it around to Col. Goodwin, then commanding our regiment. On a slip of paper accompanying the pie was written: "Compliments of Lieut. Martin and mess." A written reply came back from Col. Goodwin in these words: "Lieut. Martin and mess will please accept a soldier's gratitude."

Our encampment on Big Black was greatly saddened the morning of February 18, 1863, by a shocking accident which occurred. Some men in Company C cut down a tree in a street of the camp while it was raining, and most of the men were in their tents. Fearing when it began to fall that it would strike one of the tents, they hallooed to the men in it to run out; and one of them (Hamilton, of the same company) jumped into the street just in time for the tree to strike him and kill him. He was mashed to death into the soft ground by the large limbs of the tree in a most horrid manner.

There were a number of accidents that occurred, from first to last, on the march and in camp, resulting in the death or maim-

ing of soldiers; and in all such cases we were more shocked than when our comrades fell in battle. When on the battlefield we were in the midst of carnage, and so were prepared for whatever might befall any with whom we fought; but when off the field we were not expecting sudden calamities to overtake them to the destruction of life or loss of limb.

CHAPTER XI.

The Army Ox—The Army Louse.

DURING much of the war—most of it, I suppose—we had the almost constant companionship of the army ox and the army louse, upon both of which I prepared reports for the John L McEwen Bivouac, in 1891, and these reports I shall here incorporate into this record, that war may be seen also in the light which they present.

THE ARMY OX.

It was not necessary to be a herdsman nor a butcher nor a commissary, during the war in which we were engaged for freedom from Yankee rule, to learn that oxen and Confederate soldiers were closely identified with each other, and that but for the abiding presence of the oxen the Confederate in arms would have often fared much worse than he did. Every soldier knew that. The

oxen are therefore worthy of our most affectionate remembrance; nor do we think that we belittle the functions of the Historical Committee, nor the dignity of the Bivouac, by reporting on the army ox. Whatever, indeed, was connected with the expedition of ours to rid our Southland of Yankee invaders is of perpetual interest, we take it. Unfortunately for us, be it said, the Yankee soldier came to stay; but fortunately for us, the army ox also came to stay.

There were seasons, especially in the earlier period of the struggle, when richer diet than the typical army ox, and more abundant, was provided; but it, like other sub-lunary things, soon passed away. Nor need we to have repined, as so many did, because of this revolution of rations, for, after all, we were gainers in health and strength and endurance by the change. It might have been a physiological necessity that Moses kept his Israelites from swine and put them on beef *ad infinitum*; and so Jeff Davis might have reasoned that his Confederates could whip more Yankees and do more running with

beef rations than they could on hog flesh. Nay, it was dire necessity which drove us to fall back on beef rations, just as necessity, *alias* Yankees, compelled us to fall back from position to position until we fell a prey to Lincoln's hired legions.

"Come up and draw your beef!" Thus yelled the fifth sergeant from day to day, and to this day the delectable sound still rings in our ears, though more than a quarter of a century has passed since we last heard it. "Come up and draw your beef!" It mattered not how much or how little, how good or how bad, how it was as to quality or quantity, it was nevertheless drawn, and some mirth-provoking response was always made by some soldier to the call of the company commissary. Indeed, if there ever was a condition of things that existed in our army, however straitened it might have been, when there was not some soldier ready with a humorous remark, my memory is at fault. In the dreariest of bivouacs, under the sorest of privations, on the hardest of marches, and even in the lulls of battle, the ludicrous

would pop out of some one, not necessarily a wag, and often to the unspeakable relief of his comrades who were enduring next to intolerable tension. Blessings upon the head of the old Reb who could give us something to laugh at when our agonies would have almost overcome us without it! Call him a wag, if you will, but he was an army benefactor for all that, and will always be remembered most lovingly by his old companions in suffering and peril. Blessings upon him!

But did I say we always drew the beef, whether it was good or whether it was bad? Not always. Once at least the beef was blue and slimy and sticky, not affording the slightest hint that there was even marrow in the bones of the ox that furnished it, not to speak of kidney fat. We were near Edwards Depot, in Mississippi, about fifteen miles east of Vicksburg, and it was February 14, 1863, when we went back this one time on beef, not blaming the ox, however, for what the butcher and chief commissary did. Insubordination is no part of a good soldier,

but here our contracted abdomens drove us to it, in a measure. It proved to be the proper course for us, for the beef immediately improved to the extent that it was possible for us to eat it. And, after all, how could we much blame the butcher and the commissary? We were doing a good deal of campaigning at that time, with but little to feed our cattle on, so that every day found them weaker and poorer. Some could stand marching and starving better than others, and so they must be kept on foot as long as possible. But what was to be done with those which, from weariness and hunger, could go no farther? Why, eat them, of course. And it was said, and the saying obtained general credence, that as we stopped to camp after a day's march, a fence rail was laid across the road in front of the beeves, and that those were slaughtered for our next day's rations that could not step over the rail.

Be it remembered that in those *halcyon* days we generally prepared our beef for eating by jerking it; and being thus prepared, the difference was not so marked between

good and bad beef as it would have been if prepared some other way. The jerking process may have been interesting to most of us when we first had to resort to it, but it became decidedly monotonous to us before we were through with it. It was done by holding the meat to the fire, having first "strung" it on a ramrod or stick, and turning it around from time to time until it was toasted through, more or less. The ration of beef for the day we cut into three pieces before we jerked it, to answer for our three meals, and that with three small corn "dodgers" made the ration in full for the day. It could have all been easily eaten at one sitting without any sense of heaviness on the stomach, but it was for the entire day, and so we went through three motions to consume it. Some, however, would cook and eat their day's ration at one time, and then make the best shift they could the remainder of the day for something else to eat. To be sure it was not always beef and corn dodgers, as above remarked, but such was our diet much of the time, and especially when

we were in motion; and it was oftener that we fared much worse than this than that we fared better. Some of the soldiers were wont to say that they never wanted to see another ox after the war ended, but "more beef and better beef" was what others longed for when they should come to command the situation. To the latter class I belonged, and so remain to this day. *Give me beef.*

Passing over into Georgia, a "bull meeting" comes to mind that was held in our encampment at sundown September 27, 1864, the day after President Davis reviewed the army, while we were lying a few miles from Palmetto Station, just before entering upon Hood's famous "Tennessee Campaign." Here we were shut in by a chain of sentinels to prevent us from "foraging," and our rations were so slight as to furnish no check to our hunger. A fine herd of beeves had been collected, we understood, but it was presumed that Hood was saving them for the long march that was before us. The cattle, it is known, were traveled along with the army from day to day, when it was in motion. It was re-

ally a very distressing condition of things, as we were more and more hunger-bitten each succeeding day, and by degrees the spirit of mutiny crept in among the men. They made complaints to the proper authorities, but to no purpose, until finally notices of a "bull meeting" were stuck on the trees throughout the encampment, to be held at sundown, the place of gathering to be designated by "bellowing." At the appointed time bellowing began near division headquarters, and grew louder and louder as the crowd increased. When the bellowing ceased, the crowd having congregated, speaking began on the subject of short rations when it was possible for the army to be better provisioned. Among the speakers was S— P—, a lawyer in my company, six feet five inches high. This speaker and the occasion were well suited. He loved to eat, and we accused him of never having had a good filling since his enlistment in the army. Abdominally he was not large "in the girth," but he was unusually long. That evening he was exceedingly hungry. No

platform had been erected for the speakers, and this particular speaker was lifted up on the limb of a tree by several soldiers when he was called on to speak. He certainly "loomed." At the close of the meeting notice was given that unless larger rations were furnished by the commissary right away, the men would provide themselves with beef from the army pens. The beef, plus cornfield peas, came through the proper channel, and the day following S—P—, being full (peas will swell), entertained the encampment, division headquarters and all, with a magnificent speech, aglow with patriotism, subordination, chivalry, etc.

While the flesh of the ox was a success (let us admit) as army diet, his hide, untanned, at least, was a failure as foot covering, called at the time "moccasins." This was tested while on the march northward through Georgia on our way to Tennessee. The night of October 11, 1864, we camped some twelve miles northeast of Rome. Just after we had eaten our supper and jerked our beef for the next day, orders came for

all the shoe makers to report at army headquarters. The presumption was that they would be sent to the rear to make shoes for the soldiers, many of whom were barefooted and many poorly shod; and never before was it known that the shoe maker's trade was so largely represented in the army. And those that were not shoe makers that night seemed to regret that they had not learned the trade. "Anything for a change" was the idea which sometimes pervaded the ranks; and so shoe making just then was thought to be much better than marching, with those who professed to be qualified for such work. But late in the night came the shoe makers back to their respective companies in droves, disgusted with themselves and with Gen. Hood and with ox hides. Instead of going to the rear to make shoes out of leather, as the order was very naturally interpreted to mean, they were required to make rawhide moccasins that night in camp, and report back to their commands for duty at daybreak the next morning. The returning ones vowed, when they learned the real

meaning of the order, that they knew nothing about making moccasins, and furthermore that they had never before heard of such things. That we enjoyed their discomfiture when they returned from their shoe-making expedition need not be stated.

But some of the shoe makers—how many I could never learn—toughed it out and made moccasins of the hides of the beeves that were slaughtered that day. They were made with the flesh sides out and the hair next to the bare feet of the soldiers who wore them. Before being put on the feet they looked like hideous pouches of some kind, but no man could have conjectured for what purpose they were made. However, there was much bragging on them the next day by those to whom they had been issued. But the next night and day following it rained, rained, rained, and alas for the moccasins and the men who wore them! Just such shapes as those moccasins assumed, and such positions as they occupied on the feet, as the men went trudging along through the mud and water, can never be told; nor

can any imagination, however refined, justly depict them. The pioneer corps were ahead of us putting poles and rails across the numerous little branches that the rain had made, for us to walk over on; and whenever a moccasin-footed soldier would step on one of these poles or rails into the branch the moccasin would instantly conduct him. Ludicrous remarks and ludicrous scenes without number characterized that day's march, which were as cordial to us in our weariness, and long before night the moccasins and their wearers forever parted company. It is due to the army ox, however, to say that it was a great injustice to him to work up his untanned hide in this way; and that if proper measures had been taken with it in advance the soldiers could have been well and comfortably shod, and the reputation of the army ox would not have suffered among those to whose support and cheer he so faithfully and constantly contributed. But more reflection, indeed, was cast upon Hood than upon the ox for the moccasin undertaking and the moccasin failure.

Precious with the Confederate soldier is the memory of the *army ox*.

THE ARMY LOUSE.

The army louse, or grayback, was an army appendage of which honorable mention need not particularly be made, as in the case of the Confederate ox, but which fidelity to the facts of army life demands that record, at least, be made. Where he came from when the war broke out, and where he went when it closed, is not in the scope of this committeeman's knowledge. The grayback was never here until Lincoln's soldiers came, and the easy presumption is that they brought him along with them, and turned him loose on us. But why they carried him back with them after the war was over is a puzzle, since the pests generally which they brought with them remained. Did not the Yankees bring the chicken cholera, and the hog cholera, and women-in-breeches, and various other pests and plagues? and are they not all still here? And yet when the Yankees marched back home the graybacks

did likewise. But the solution of problems is not one of the functions of an historical committee, which has only to gather and record facts. The fact, then, is that there were no graybacks in the Southern Confederacy until the tramp of Yankee soldiery was heard in our land; and that is about all that we know about their origin. May we never see their like again!

For size, the army louse was a success, he being, among the rest of the tribe to which he is supposed to belong, when he had reached his majority, as the elephant is to the *quadrupedal* beasts of a majestic sort among which he roams in the jungles of Africa. As to locomotion he seemed not to be brisk, but moved from place to place with leisurely dignity, always, however, coming to time in locating himself in such quarters as suited his comfort and convenience. He was a quiet, easy bloodsucker, and so took up his lodging where his business would be convenient to him. Unlike the flea and the seed tick and the chigoe, he did not mean to worry you when his suction pump for blood

was put in operation; and really he would sometimes be nearly through with the performance before you knew he had begun, and then you would only experience a slight local warmth and itching sensation, making it a veritable luxury to scratch. Any soldier would at any time have traded off a flea or a chigoe for a grayback. I can vividly recall an occasion when our command, in stopping to rest where there were very many rotten logs, were liberally supplied with chigoes from the logs, upon which they seated themselves; and there was a universal desire to trade off chigoes for graybacks, some of the soldiers offering as many as ten chigoes for one grayback, if the other party would catch the chigoes.

My first palpable personal experience with the grayback was Monday morning, April 27, 1863. From what I then perceived, it was obvious that they were old settlers in my clothing; but they had made their settlement, and carried on their incursions so adroitly and tenderly as to make me suspect that the itching sensation I had been experi-

encing from time to time was but the effect of a slight "humor in the blood," or only the product of weariness and dirt. I had slept in a covered bridge near Enterprise, Miss., the night before with a number of our regiment, to protect us against rain, and all night I was troubled with unusual heat of the surface at large, and an inordinate propensity to scratch. Before breakfast I went up the river a short distance above the bridge for a bath, and to cool off my feverish skin. Having made the necessary preparations to go into the river, it occurred to me to examine the inside of my under garments, and upon turning them inside out I found them literally specked with graybacks. To the inevitable I most reluctantly surrendered; and from that day to this I have held that no soldier is to be accredited with perfect fidelity to all his duties who did not have the companionship, in liberal measure, of the grayback.

The habitation, by preference, of the grayback, was the inner seams of the garments next the skin, whether they were drawers or

pants, shirts or jackets; for sometimes the veteran of the stars and bars could afford no undergarments, his only wearing apparel being breeches and jacket, wearing them therefore, of course, next to his skin. To be sure the grayback would not stay in the seams all the time; for he must needs live by foraging, and so would travel about over the body and limbs of the one who carried him, in quest of a tender place in the skin into which to introduce his suction pump. He often had the honorable title of "Body Guard" bestowed upon him, so vigilant was he in his attentions to the person of the soldier, over which he quietly and watchfully glided.

Capturing graybacks, when one was so cruel as to do so, was a careful and systematic procedure. This was the only method by which the soldier could get rid of them to any extent, for boiling water is no exterminator of them, as many witnesses who have tried it most emphatically declare. It is said of the flea that "when you put your finger on him he is not there," but of the grayback it may be said that when you

put your finger on him he is there; so that capturing them was an easy undertaking, not to say an interesting pastime rather than otherwise. When embarking seriously in an expedition against graybacks the soldier would take his seat on a log some distance from camp, and proceed about as follows: First he removes his jacket and carefully inspects it within and without, and then hangs it on a bush in the sun. This sunning process is to allure any grayback from his hiding place, by its genial warmth, that may have been overlooked. The shoes are then taken off and thoroughly jarred, with the open side downward, and put to one side. The socks are removed, one at a time, slowly and cautiously, with the eyes intently fixed on every interstice within and without; they are then well shaken, and hung in the sun, wrong side out. Next the pants are slipped off easily, and the outside carefully examined; then, by degrees, the inside of each leg is turned out, until the pants, as a whole, are turned, while with increasing eagerness the wearer examines every seam and wrinkle. This garment

is also hung in the sun, inside out. Now for the shirt. A like inspection and sunning is undergone with that, while the soldier is no less watchful, but much more busy than he had heretofore been. It was a kind of skirmish before this, but now the battle is joined, so far as the soldier is concerned, with death-dealing vigor, and scores of graybacks are slain, together with those in embryo, for within the shirt many nits are found. Lastly the drawers come off as the pants did, and are likewise inspected and hung in the sun. The removal of these is done with greater care and closer inspection, if possible, than was the case heretofore with the other garment, and the graybacks and nits that are popped between the nails of the thumbs need not be guessed at. A corporeal inspection is then undergone, a bunch of pennyroyal is rubbed on the surface, if any is at hand, and the soldier puts on his clothes again. He dresses slowly, carefully reinspecting each garment before putting it on; and then goes, whistling "Dixie," back to camp.

Just when the grayback got into the Con-

federate camp the army statisticians have not shown, but an exploit similar to the one just described, though not so elaborate, was not enacted in my sight until the opening of the summer of 1862.

As to the general contour of the grayback, the number of his legs, the mechanism of the proboscis which he employed as a suction pump, the dimensions of his posterior department, and the capacity of his blood reservoir my memory does not serve me sufficiently to state, more than to say what has already been said: that the grayback was, as a louse, an undisputed success.

And now it is due the author of this report to say that he is not writing for the mere amusement of the Bivouac, but to put on record, in as pleasant a way as he can, what is necessary to a full statement and understanding of army life, and to show, in part, through what humiliation we had to pass in contending for our inalienable rights. To do full duty in the ranks, especially in the infantry, it was simply impossible for us to be altogether free from dirt and vermin, with

the best of pains that we could take. To be sure there were some soldiers who were not as careful of cleanliness, in person and clothing, as they might have been; and yet, when we consider that there were thousands, after awhile, who were without a change of garments, and remember that we constantly marched through dust and mud, or were transported in dirty cars, and slept almost constantly on the ground, the utter futility of their undertaking to be free from dirt and vermin, in any effectual sense, is but too obvious. With all the washing that could be done (and we were frequently where we could scarcely get a sufficient supply of drinking water) and all the care that could otherwise be taken of garments and person, there was the barest possibility oftentimes of an approach to cleanliness. As to those who were not as careful as they might have been in such matters, it can nevertheless be said of them that they were often foremost in the fight, and ready for all kinds of fatigue duty. Some soldiers seemed to give themselves over to a don't-care manner of life in these and

other matters, and were only careful to do what they could to beat the Yankees. Honored be their memories!

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!

In Dixie's Land we'll take our stand,

To lib and die for Dixie.

Away, away, away down South in Dixie;

Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

CHAPTER XII.

Slaughter in War—Yankee Enlistments and Ours Compared—Motives of Each—Various Other Matters.

THE chief significance of war is the wholesale slaughter of man by man, as army is arrayed against army, with weapons of destruction in hand and in use against each other with the utmost vigor on the field of battle; and here it is that all army movements and strategems of commanders, in the main, converge. An enemy is sometimes defeated without a battle being fought, by adroit stratagem, one army getting such advantage of another as to render it powerless for resistance; but the rule is to fight, and to do so with all fury, that the slain may be as multitudinous as possible. The greater the number that fall in battle on one side the more gratifying it is to the other. It certainly was so with us during the war in which we were engaged, and it is not yet an unpleas-

ant recollection that we killed in battle more Yankees by far than the aggregate of our armies amounted to, besides wounding thrice as many more; so that it takes millions on top of millions of dollars annually of government money to pension those that our bullets struck, but did not kill.

Whenever a battle was fought the number of the slain was the first information sought; and if a great many had fallen on either side, the tidings thrilled the other side with delight all over the land, both in the army and among the citizens. Possibly we loved to hear of Yankees being killed in great numbers more than we ought to have done, but they took great pains to incur our hate and compel us to rejoice in their destruction. We were interested, to be sure, in the numbers of wounded and prisoners, but the best results to us of a battle was when the greatest number of Yankees "bit the dust," as we were wont to speak. The Yankees were the same way toward us, of course, their vindictive hate for Southerners inciting them to kill as many of us as they

could; nor did they confine their murderous operations to the battlefield, but many helpless citizens were persecuted and imprisoned and killed by them and their conscienceless emissaries. What martyrdom of Southern citizens was suffered at the hands of our inveterate haters who wore the blue can never be told. War against the South with them meant war against unarmed men and helpless women as well as against our armed soldiery. They hated us all and our institutions with a perfect hatred.

Going into battle was always to me a trying ordeal, nor can I say that I liked it any better after it was fully joined. There is no scene through which man is called to pass that is comparable to those which characterize the field of battle. It exhibits the mightiest possible tumult of rage among men, a very pandemonium on earth. The close and constant thunderous outbursts of artillery, and explosions of shells thrown from it into the ranks of men, the interminable flash and rattle of musketry, and the whistling, whizzing tones of the missiles of death which issue

momentarily from it; the long, loud yells of irate men striving with their best manhood for the mastery, and nerving each other to the utmost feats of valor; opposing lines of soldiery rushing recklessly against each other until the earth seems to moan and shudder under their feet; the constantly toppling to the ground of the slain and wounded men—this much and more attaches to the surging billows of discordant men as they come together in the battle's front. The yell raised by our men as they advanced against the Yankees was, and is, known as the "Rebel yell," and was as loud and prolonged as the "sound of many waters." No such noise of human voices was ever heard on earth before. It was the voice of hope and valor combined, and was a perpetual inspiration to our lines while the conflict raged, helping us in the achievement of many, many victories. No such sound could emanate from the throats of the Yankees, who fought not as freemen, but as hirelings.

While such scenes as these were being enacted in the front by those who bore the

brunt of the battle, close behind were the infirmary corps, with litters in hand and gathering up and bearing off to the field hospital in the rear the wounded as they fell, that the surgeons might give them such immediate and sufficient attention as was possible under the circumstances. And there, of all other places belonging to warfare, is where battle horrors reach their climax, the touches of sympathy for the suffering are most keenly felt, and the bitterest of hate is contracted for those who thus disabled our comrades.

And here I will pause to say that it was most difficult oftentimes to tell how a wound would result, and to tell of an incident that occurred in connection with a wounded soldier when we were in line in front of Atlanta.

As soon as the field hospital was established and the litter bearers began bringing in the wounded, the surgeons would give the first attention to those in most danger of dying, if they had any hope of saving them, and those considered as not being dangerously wounded would be attended to last. Of course where there were more wounded than

the surgeons could look after carefully and promptly, some were left unserved until it was too late to do them any good, who might have been saved from dying if attended to at once. It came to be a notable fact that a very slight wound, remote from any vital organ, often proved fatal, and that a most severe wound, which seemed to make recovery impossible, would get well. In every conceivable way, I might say, were men wounded by shot and shell from the enemy; and many died of their wounds who it seemed ought to have recovered, while many recovered whose wounds seemed inevitably fatal.

Of the incident to which I alluded I will now speak. July 22, 1864, the day that Hardee's corps whipped the Yankee's in the afternoon on our right, our division was in the trenches in front of Atlanta, and so constantly under fire from the enemy, who, however, were not disposed to move against us, that we were in danger of being shot if we exposed ourselves but for a moment. Yankee shells were also passing over our heads

into Atlanta, though frequently they would burst above us, sending many of their fragments down among us. Just over a bare hill to our rear were some surgeons and a portion of our infirmary corps, with arrangements provided to care for and protect any that might be wounded on the main line. Lieut. James H., of the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment, at that time, as I now recall, a supernumerary officer, on account of the consolidation of the remnant of his company with another, was that day with those beyond the hill, lying on the ground not far from our surgeon's quarters. Sometime in the forenoon a messenger came hurriedly from him to me, bearing the information that he was mortally wounded and in a dying condition, and the request that I go instantly to him and pray for him. The request was promptly complied with, though the danger was very great of being struck by a shot from the enemy's guns in passing to and fro over the untimbered hill. I took with me Lieuts. B. M. Faris and A. F. Evans, my ever faithful coworkers in the religious meetings in our command, and who felt

the same interest in Lieut. H. then that I did. While lying down a bombshell had burst over him, and sent one of its large rugged fragments down through his right side just under his ribs, opening a great gash into the cavity, and severely wounding his liver. The surgeon, having examined the wound, had told him that he could do nothing for him, and that he could live but a short while. He felt that he was not prepared for death and the judgment, and wanted to make such preparation as he could, with our assistance, the few moments that he had to live. He was in great distress of mind and anguish of soul, as he contemplated and spoke of his lost spiritual condition. He declared that he could easily bear his wound and the thought of going so soon into eternity if he was only at peace with God. He expressed great fears that, having sinned so long, his case was now as hopeless in a religious sense as it was certain that he would soon be dead; and he reproached himself bitterly for not having given his heart and life to God before he came to the extremity he was then

in. With regrets and grief he was absolutely overwhelmed, and was fast yielding to despair. The gloominess in his case exceeded any experience of the kind that ever came under my observation. By prayer and song and counsel Faris and Evans and I eagerly and tearfully did all that we could to help him to Jesus the short while that we could remain with him. We knew not at what moment the enemy would advance upon our lines, an event that was hourly and hopefully looked for, and so we must return to our regiment as quickly as we could. A pause thus in the midst of "war's alarms" to encourage a dying comrade to trust for salvation in the compassionate Saviour of fallen humanity, who would not that any should perish, but that all should come unto him and live, was to Faris and Evans and me most touching and profitable, and we rejoiced in the opportunity that we had to do him all the good that we could. We had often talked with and prayed for mourners in our religious meetings in camp, but we were never before so situated that we could render such assistance to one supposed

to be in a dying condition. We thought we saw some indication of hope come to him before we left him. As we were in the act of returning to the front the thought occurred to me to make a close examination of his wound, and I did so. My impression was that it would kill him very soon, but that there was a possibility of his recovery if he could get the attention that he needed, and I candidly told him what I thought of his case. "O no," said he, "I cannot get well under any circumstances with this great hole in my side, but if the good Lord will but spare my life now he shall have every moment of my service hereafter." Such was the pledge he made voluntarily to God as he in almost utter hopelessness confronted eternity.

After we left him he was quietly borne away to the hospital, and to the unutterable astonishment of most of those who saw his wound, in course of time recovered. Did he give his heart and life then to God, in keeping with the vow that he made in the day of his calamity? I have never seen him since the day that he was wounded, but I have oft-

ten heard from others since his recovery, and since the war ended, that his vow was forgotten when the danger period passed. Alas! how often is it thus that man forgets the pledges that he makes to God when death is imminent, after there is no longer any special fear of dying!

Returning to the battle scenes and experiences, I have mentioned that going into battle was always a fearful thing to me, and that it was none the less so while it continued to rage. Life was always dear to me, while about death—physical death—there ever hung a cloud of gloom. My peace was made with God before the war was begun, and was maintained throughout it, and hope, even in the day of battle, was ever to me as “an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entered into that within the vail,” but the shock of battle and the imminent peril in which it involved me brought to my mind apprehensions of being slain and the thought of separation from my family which were altogether uncomfortable. Whatever might have been the case with any oth-

ers, it is a fact in mine that the sternest demands of duty impelled me to take up arms against Lincoln's invaders. I fought from principle, and subjected myself to all the dangers of warfare rather than be a willing bond servant of the bloodthirsty and lawless tyrant that we believed Abraham Lincoln to be. Such was the prompting, no doubt, of the great body of soldiers who fought on the side of the South, but in the hour of battle they went forward with a variety of impulses and emotions. There were some with whom the sense of danger was so oppressive that they had to be literally pushed along as we advanced upon the enemy, being overcome by a dread of death, which to them was very humiliating; patriots they were, nevertheless, and often fought like tigers when the battle was fully joined. There were those who moved steadily onward from the opening to the close of the engagement, who, though fully recognizing their danger almost every moment, were held in their places by a sense of self-respect, preferring rather to die on the front line than

dishonor themselves by evading duty of so important a kind—the highest duty of the soldier. Some despised Yankees with such a perfect hatred, and had such a relish for shooting them, that they seemed to regard the battlefield as but a grand opportunity for slaughtering them, seeming actually to forget that they themselves were also being shot at. Some were constitutionally intrepid, and had every appearance of being strangers to fear, however furious and bloody the battle might rage about them. The spirit of patriotism and principle possessed others, and supported them throughout all the phases of the field of carnage. It soon came to be a notable fact that the fighting men at home, commonly known as “bullies,” made the poorest show of courage on the battlefield, and that those who shrank from personal combat at home fought most heroically amidst the storm of bullets in war.

There were those among us, not a great many, whose valor was chiefly instigated by a desire for promotion, and who often rushed heedlessly and recklessly into danger in or-

der to attract attention and come into repute as being extraordinarily courageous. To what extent their ambitious longings were gratified I have no means of knowing, but there is reason to believe that some who were thus actuated to expose their lives unnecessarily who would not have been killed if they had not undertaken to outdo their comrades in the mere exhibitions of gallantry, and placed themselves in exposed positions when there was no need for them to have done so. A lieutenant in the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment had this morbid longing for promotion, and was wont to say that he intended to secure promotion for gallantry on the field or be slain in the undertaking. He was indeed a gallant young officer, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of patriotism and chivalry, but he would throw himself forward, and out of his proper place in the line, as though to urge on his men, when no such demonstration was in demand, and finally fell in the battle of Franklin, without having reached the high goal of his ambition.

Surely battle is horrible to contemplate,

and the wonder is that men in any considerable numbers can become nerved for such raging conflict and remorseless butchery. With all the patriotism, ambition, courage, or what not, that men may possess, it is doubtless a fact that most of them shudder from apprehensions of being slain as they move forward into this terrible arena of carnage. Some commanders bethought themselves of what might be called the universal dread of the horrors of the battlefield, and took advantage of it in throwing their columns with the utmost precipitancy and fury against the enemy. Such was unquestionably the policy of Gen. N. B. Forrest, our most renowned and most successful cavalry chieftain, whenever he struck the Yankees. Not long after the close of the war, while he was having built a portion of the eastern section of the Memphis and Little Rock railroad, I traveled with him on a Memphis and St. Francis River steamboat from Memphis to Madison, a few miles from where his construction camp was, and had a number of interesting conversations with him about his

modes of warfare. I asked him, among various other questions, how it was that he had such uniform success in beating the Yankees, notwithstanding he fought continually against such great odds. He said he considered that men, as a rule, regarded with horror and consternation the field of battle, and that his aim was at the first onset to make it appear as shocking to the enemy as he possibly could, by throwing his entire force against them at once in the fiercest and most warlike manner possible. He would thus overawe and demoralize the Yankees at the very start, and then by a constant repetition of blows, with unabated fury, to prevent them from recovering from their consternation, he would soon have them within his power—killing, capturing, and driving them with but little difficulty.

Many of our soldiers were not Christians, but there were the fewest number of them, if any, who were willing to give any exhibitions of wickedness during the fight, or to have with them any evidences of dissipation. If they had whisky in their canteens, it would

be poured out or left in the rear; and if they had cards in their pockets, they would be thrown away. They may not have often read the Bibles their mothers and fathers and sisters gave them when they enlisted in the army, but when an engagement was imminent these blessed books were slipped into the breast pockets of their jackets, often replacing decks of cards, which they carried on the march and played with in camp. If they should be slain in the fight, it was their preference to have God's word in their keeping when they fell, rather than that they should be found dead with cards in their possession. And quite often did the Bible become a life preserver to the soldier that had it in his pocket; the bullet striking that, and being arrested or glancing off, which would otherwise have buried itself in his body.

It was exceedingly seldom that the command to which I belonged fought behind breastworks, but we built miles and miles of them in the expectation of being attacked by the Yankees in them, and it was remarkable with what facility some of our soldiers

could do this kind of work. We would dig long trenches to get into, throwing the dirt on the side next the enemy, using also rails and other timber against which to mound the dirt when it was so that we could. These were often exceedingly important for protection against the shots of the enemy, though the battle be not fully joined, and had to be made very hurriedly; and it was then particularly that the competency of some of our men for such work was displayed. These were not noted for timidity in battle particularly, but they were somewhat famous for finding and making hiding places from bullets. I see before me a tall, athletic man of my company who belonged to this class carrying a cart load of rails on his shoulders and back to make a quick protection against Yankee bullets. The digging we did with spades and shovels furnished by the government, and with these our specially safety-seeking men could "bury" themselves out of reach of immediate danger with astonishing rapidity. Other soldiers there were who seemed to have no

talent or energy or care for the work of fortifying, and would only go at it like some citizens work roads, because they were ordered to do so.

After all our trench digging and fortifying otherwise, we had mainly to do our fighting on the open field, or assault the Yankees in their fortifications. Had they been as ready to move against us as we were to advance upon them, our hastily constructed breast-works would not have deterred them to the extent that they did, with their outnumbering forces, from bringing on the attack. It was nothing to their credit that they were constantly shying around us in our slight earthworks; nor that they were four years in doing, with their vast armies and resources, what they set about to do with one stroke. There is certainly no room for boasting to the enemies of the South for what they achieved, with their nearly 3,000,000 of men to our 600,000.

The poisoning of some of our soldiers by Grant's doctors or druggists may as well be mentioned in this connection. He captured

Jackson, Miss., in May, 1863, and some of the druggists there procured a lot of quinine for us from his medical department before he left, which was in a very short while after the capture. When we got back to Jackson after he left there we procured for the sick of our command some of the quinine, which was heavily mixed with morphine. This note of May 23, 1863, while we were at Jackson, was made at the time in my diary: "Hec. Thompson, of our regiment, and several other men in our brigade are poisoned by taking quinine which was left in the drug stores here by the Yankees, and which contains a large amount of morphine. Two have already died, and Hec. looks like he cannot possibly live. It is horrible to think that any human beings will adopt such a mode of warfare. That, combined with the purposes of our enemies, otherwise made manifest, constitutes them the most barbarous and wicked people on the face of the earth." It was understood that arsenic was also found in some of the quinine which others of our surgeons got hold of.

CHAPTER XIII.

Vicksburg—Some Big Shooting—In Charge of Sick Camp—Baton Rouge Fight—Corinth Fight, Etc.

THE line and extent of the movements of that portion of the Confederate army with which the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment was connected have already been hurriedly indicated, without pausing at each of the several stages of our various campaigns to note everything that transpired in connection with our movements. A number of relics of our war experience, observation, etc., have been gathered up here and there as we went along; that seemed worthy of preservation. I now wish to drop back on our track again, and gather up others that I have purposely left till this time.

After the evacuation of Corinth, May 29, 1862, the first important stage that we reached, so far as we knew, was Vicksburg.

Here the command remained from the time of its arrival, the night of June 28, until July 27. The place selected for our encampment was two miles back from Vicksburg, in a beautiful cove, covered over with a dense carpeting of Bermuda grass, upon which we loved to loll and sleep whenever we were in camp. Col. Robertson, then commanding our regiment, had his tent stretched under an enormous cottonwood tree, which, when the sun was in a certain position, would shade almost our entire encampment. The boughs were very large and long, and some of them, we were told, served as a gallows upon which a number of John A. Murrell's murdering and thieving gang were hung in other days.

Vicksburg was then being bombarded ever and anon by the Yankee gunboats on the Mississippi River, and our business was to picket the river above and below the city, but principally above. Our encampment was out of reach of their shells, but most of our time we were on the river, and in easy range of them. We had heavy batteries planted at

Vicksburg, and sometimes our picket post was between them and the enemy's gunboats, the huge shells from both ways passing over us, and sometimes bursting above us. The falling to the ground of the fragments of these exploded shells made a most hideous noise as they rushed down through the atmosphere and beat their way into the ground about us. Whenever the Yankees would detect our whereabouts they would be sure to treat us to a shelling. This we had to endure without any chance, with our small arms, to return the compliment, or else to take another position unknown to them. It is a most uncomfortable experience, that of enduring a cannonading without any chance to move against the battery; and this was what was meant by being at Vicksburg when we were there, so far as military operations were concerned.

It was also a place of flux and mosquitoes. A great many of our soldiers had the flux, which was generally very severe, and a considerable number of them died with it. When on picket, the mosquitoes were as in-

tolerable as it is possible for them to be. We could not have fires in the daytime to smoke them off, lest the enemy would see the smoke, and thus learn our position, nor at night lest they would see the light; and so, having located us, begin to shell us. A few got pieces of mosquito bar to put over their faces and hands, but there was but little of that material to be found. We could fight them off in a measure when we were awake and on duty, but when we were off duty, and an opportunity afforded us to sleep, then it was that they became our diligent and inveterate tormentors. They were not so bad back at camp, and there we could smoke them off with our fires, but the greater portion of the time we were out on picket.

Our gunboat "Arkansas" came out of the Yazoo River, where it had been constructed, into the Mississippi, and down through the enemy's fleet to Vicksburg, Tuesday, July 15. The Yankee commodore, knowing that it was coming, put his boats in position to sink or capture it, as he supposed; but he was sorry enough before the job was over

with that he had engaged in any such undertaking, for two of his boats, we learned, were sunk in the conflict and others badly disabled by the "Arkansas," while the rest of the fleet sought safety in flight. We were not in a position to see the conflict, though it was no great distance from us, but the sound of this naval battle of one Confederate against many (about twenty, we heard) Yankee boats was exceedingly interesting to listen to, the thunder of the heavy guns exceeding any artillery firing that we had heard up to that time; and as soon as we learned the result of the engagement we persuaded ourselves that the cannonading was musical in a most charming sense.

The "Arkansas" suffered but little, and landed for slight repairs at our picket post. It was a strange-looking water monster, apparently made out of railroad iron, and most of it beneath the edge of the water. While lying here, the second day after its arrival, the Yankee fleet began a fierce bombardment of it and us, which lasted some time; until, indeed, the "Arkansas" got up steam and start-

ed up the river, when the Yankees immediately ceased firing and hurried away with their fleet to safer waters. It was an amusing scene to look upon, it having been enacted in full view of us. Those Yankees were not yet ready for another encounter with the "Arkansas." And they were very skittish and watchful of their safety the rest of the time that we were there.

A very serious accident occurred in the regiment while on picket July 23. A Yankee bombshell had fallen, without bursting, near Company G, the fuse having gone out. It was a very large mortar shell. Several of the men of that company got hold of it, and undertook to empty it, which they thought they did. Strangely enough, to be sure, they then put fire into the shell, which produced an explosion, by which one of the men was killed and several others wounded.

July 24, we move our camp to "four-mile bridge," south of Vicksburg, on the Warren-ton road. Here we were in a beautiful grass meadow, but were without our tents, and exposed to the heaviest dews I ever saw. We

only remained here a short while, however. A sick camp was temporarily established here, and put in my charge for the time being. About 12 o'clock, July 26, two ladies in a barouche drove up near the encampment with some provisions for the sick. Attached to the large basket containing the provisions was a card upon which was inscribed the name of "Miss Mollie DeFrance." It devolved upon me to meet the ladies, take the basket in hand, and thank Miss DeFrance for it. It seemed to me that it had been an age since I had been in the company of ladies, and it really embarrassed me no little to undertake to express to them our gratitude for their thoughtful generosity. A nicer prepared and more ample supply of delicacies I have never seen in one basket, and they came at the most appropriate time possible. They were divided out with much care among the sick soldiers, and refreshed both their bodies and spirits very much. As I remember, Miss DeFrance furnished the provisions, and had the other young lady, whose name I cannot recall, to come along with her as company.

Both were quite intelligent and modest, and thoroughly Southern in sentiment. The former I mention in my diary as the "curly-haired Rebel," her hair being arranged in very tasty ringlets. That was July 26, 1862. We cannot but hope that only good fortune has befallen this fair benefactress of those sick soldiers, and her companion, all these years since then.

Breckenridge's Division, to which the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment still belonged, was sent from Vicksburg to Baton Rouge to whip some Yankees at that place, which it did very effectually August 5. The full purpose of that movement and what was gained by that victory were only conjectural to those of no higher rank than I was. By very hard fighting in this battle the Thirty-fifth Alabama saved the gallant Third and Seventh Kentucky Regiments from being flanked by the enemy, and ever after there was a specially strong attachment between our regiment and the Kentuckians of our brigade. But all the regiments of our brigade were strongly attached to each other, and

there was perfect mutual confidence among them whenever they moved together in line of battle against the enemy.

Other movements and events than those heretofore mentioned need not be noted from here on until after the battle of Corinth, October 3, 4. The evening of the last day of the fight, our brigade, Gen. Rust commanding, dropped back eight miles and camped for the night. The next day, Sunday, October 5, and until late at night, we were harassed by the Yankees, who seemed bent on cutting off our retreat or capturing our wagon trains. It was the first hurried retreat that we had yet been subjected to, and a day of excessive weariness to us. It was at times a kind of running fight, but the Yankees accomplished nothing that they undertook. Gen. Price, in front, gave them a setback at Tuscumbia Creek, where they were trying to intercept us, and also at Hatchie River, farther on. We hurried forward to reënforce him at both these places, but the Yankees retired before we could reach him. Gen. Bowen was in the rear on the march, and succeeded

in ambushing the pursuing Yankees and cutting them badly to pieces. The probability is that they intended heading us off at one of the bridges across the above-named streams, and then crush us with their main army, which, having been largely reënforced two days (or nights rather) previous, was then very much larger than ours, and following close upon our heels. Our commanders were determined not to risk a general engagement if they could avoid it, but managed to do the Yankees no little hurt before the day was over and they had called off their war dogs. There were, however, various reports Monday and Tuesday of the approaches of the enemy, and as we neared Ripley, a town on our route, we formed in line of battle for a fight, but no "blue coats" were to be seen. Our retreat continued to be rapid until Wednesday, and we at last concluded that Van Dorn was managing things badly. In my diary of Tuesday I said: "We are of the opinion that Van Dorn is running us very unnecessarily, and that if even the Yankees are trying to overtake us, which we doubt, we

can whip them." Wednesday we made a pushing march of over twenty miles, and camped on the Holly Springs road within eighteen miles of that place. This day we were almost destitute of rations, and our provision wagons did not come up at night, so that we were indeed in a very bad fix for something to eat. It was the time of the year for sweet potatoes, and Col. Robertson sent out a detail of men to procure some of them from the citizens. We got in a good supply, and having roasted and eaten them, we lay down on our pallets for the night with full stomachs, the first time we had had a filling of anything for several days. We had a habit of giving names to our camping places generally, and having remained here and eaten potatoes until 4 o'clock the next evening, we called this place "Camp Potato."

Friday we went into Holly Springs through mud and rain, arriving there a short while before dark, and taking quarters in the arsenal, where a number of large fires had already been built for us to warm and dry by, for it was a very cold rain which had fallen upon

us. Upon the builders of those fires we showered many blessings.

Our retreat from the "Mouth of Tippah," Miss., was an occasion which impressed itself very forcibly upon us, as one of special weariness and disagreeableness. A battle was thought to be imminent several days before we left there, owing to certain demonstrations of the enemy and the instructions that we received from time to time from our commanders. We left there Sunday, November 30, 1862, at 8 o'clock at night. Just before leaving we were ordered to build up our camp fires, making them larger than usual. The object of this was to deceive the enemy as to our plans, making them believe, "if so be," that we had no thought of retiring from our position. We were not suspecting any such movement, but rather that preparations for a fight were being made, and were amazed when Col. Goodwin told the company officers to be very careful to keep the men in ranks; that we were on a retreat. We wondered why this was, and concluded that the enemy were in much greater force

than we were, or that we had been outgeneraled by them, the latter opinion being the prevailing one among the soldiers.

We had gone but a short distance from camp when it commenced raining in torrents, and continued to do so far into the night. The moon was nearly full, and made light enough through the clouds to enable us to see the general outline of the command and the route over which we marched, but we could not see the bad places in the road, which, it seemed to us, were legion. We were constantly stepping into holes, wagon ruts perhaps, and stumbling against one another, or falling down in the mud and water. Early in the night we had to wade a deep, muddy creek, which had been much swollen by the heavy rain, and which really presented a very frightful appearance. The moon went down just before day, and not till then did our night march end. We then built up fence rail fires, there being no other chance for fire, and took a short nap on the wet ground, which was a very sweet rest to us. As to keeping the men in ranks on such a

march as that, it was altogether out of the question. They could not but fall out, and pick their own way to get along with any degree of facility.

After our brief rest we resumed our march and went nine miles below Oxford on the Coffeeville road. In my diary I say: "Last night and to-day is the severest march we have ever had." I say furthermore: "Now I know that rest is sweet." The general salutation of the men to each other next day was: "How many times did you fall down last night?" The frequency with which they fell, and the manner in which they staggered along and tumbled down through the night was a source of merry conversation and jesting among the men, which supported us no little on our march during the day.

Onward we went, without particular hurry, halting more or less each day and camping every night, until we reached Grenada Sunday, December 7. We formed into line of battle several times on the route, with the expectation of engaging the enemy; and we were required to keep our men in ranks from day

to day, so that we could be ready for battle in a moment at any time. On December 3 Gen. Lovell notified our immediate command that we might be ordered some distance back to check the advance of the Yankees, which did not become necessary, however, and that day Gen. Price beat them back in the vicinity of Coffeeville, capturing six pieces of their artillery. We went regularly into camp near Grenada December 8, 1862, and remained there till January 31, 1863, when we went to Jackson, from which place we started on our fall campaign September 11, 1862.

We went from Tangipahoa to Jackson August 28, and on the next day I noted in my diary: "Arrangments are being made while at this place to clothe and pay the soldiers, preliminary, as is believed, to a general northern movement." Such was the impression that got out among the soldiers, and when we left there September 11 we went northward, but our operations did not extend beyond Northern Mississippi, except that one day we chased the Yankees to Bolivar, Tenn., and at Grenada we rounded up.

As has heretofore been stated, we were at Port Hudson, La., from March 3 to April 5, 1863. This place, on the Mississippi River, was strongly fortified, and commanded the mouth of Red River, out of which our supplies were largely brought. As our batteries at Vicksburg were keeping the enemy's gun-boats above there, so were our batteries at this place keeping them below here, so that we had control of the river between these two points, thought to be of considerable advantage to us. The Yankees were anxious to command the whole river, all of which they had except this portion of it, and there was reason to believe that they were arranging to move in force against Port Hudson when we were ordered there to reënforce the troops already there. Yankee Gen. Banks was collecting a large land force at Baton Rouge, below here, to coöperate with the naval force, which was being constantly strengthened, and our business was to withstand the land force when it came.

As we approached Amite River, February 27, on our way to Port Hudson, the tedium

of the march was much relieved by a wading frolic that we had across a broad slough, much swollen by the heavy rains of the day before, just before reaching the river bridge. The water was too deep for the wagons to pass through without coming high up in their beds; and the men were ordered to take out of the wagons, and carry over on their shoulders, such things as would be damaged by getting wet. Back and forth they yellingly went from bank to bank of the slough, until the wagons were sufficiently unloaded to pass over; a number of men, however, thoughtlessly carrying over first their pots and ovens, which were really needed in the wagon beds to keep them from floating, and which of course would not be damaged by water, instead of their bedding, clothing, etc. This performance of theirs caused much merriment among their wading comrades, and so made the labor less tiresome to them.

Then came the fun of getting the wagons over, which were then for the first time being pulled by oxen; and fun it was, as soldiers went on either side of them to keep their

heads in the right direction, and of the wagons to keep the beds from floating off, propelling the unwilling teams forward into the deep water, which they must needs swim in part, until they had crossed them to the other bank. Such "gee-haws" and "wo-comes" never rang out on that atmosphere before, and no alternative was left to those oxen but to go forward, however incomprehensible to them may have been the commands of the numerous and boisterous teamsters. The oxen may not have enjoyed this procedure, but the men did; and onward we took our march with more elastic step because of its occurrence.

During our stay at Port Hudson the Yankees made their biggest effort to capture it Saturday night, March 14, the bombardment from their navy beginning about 11 o'clock. The Third Kentucky and Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiments were formed in line of battle, one to support the other alternately as necessity required, some distance in front of the fortifications, to hold in check and harass the approaching land force under

Gen. Banks until the time came for us to fall back to our places in the trenches. The co-operative plans of the Yankees did not work well for several reasons, one of which was that Banks did not come to time to accomplish his part of the joint undertaking.

I say in my diary of that day: "The enemy's land force are said to be close at hand, and it is thought that there will certainly be a general fight to-morrow." Possibly Banks was waiting for daylight to come, and until the fleet did what it was to do, but failed in the undertaking. To the Confederates the occasion was a most interesting and memorable one, though the enemy's shot and shell fell thickly about us for some time. It was the purpose of the Yankee Commodore to overcome our batteries with those on his boats, so that he could pass a portion of his fleet by them and above Port Hudson, so as to gain an important advantage of us. With this undertaking accomplished, he could co-operate beautifully with Banks when the day broke.

It was the heaviest artillery thunder that

we ever heard, transcending by far the naval engagement between the "Arkansas" and the Yankee fleet above Vicksburg. Being as much exposed to it as we were made it decidedly terrific, though our admiration of its grandeur raised us above the fear of danger. We could track the shells by their burning fuses, and the atmosphere was crowded with them, going to and fro, and flying high and low. A glare of light would accompany every shell explosion, many of which often occurred at the same time, and in every conceivable position these explosions occurred. Frequently the shell would not explode until it had sunk itself deep down in the soft, sandy earth; then out of the ground would come its boom and blaze, as though it had been shot from below. In attempting to pass our batteries one of their boats was captured and one was set on fire. The latter floated back down the river, affording us a degree of delightful entertainment, until day began to dawn, which cannot be told. It had on it a magazine and many piles of shells, and of course the men on it forsook it as soon as

they could. The light of the fire was plainly seen as the current carried the burning boat leisurely downstream, and when it reached one of the piles of shells the light and thunder of the combined explosions would excite our unmeasured admiration. The length of time between these explosions was exactly enough to keep up and enhance more and more our interest in the charming pyrotechnic procedure. It effectually cleared the river of all other Yankee boats, which, under a full head of steam, sought safety in precipitate flight. The whole performance looked as though the Yankees had gotten up an entertainment for us of the most pleasing character, and were doing their utmost to make it as much so as possible. Finally, the fire reached the magazine on the boat, and produced an explosion which made the ground tremble where we were, and gave us almost the light of noon-day just as day was on the eve of breaking. Then the curtain dropped, and that charming nocturnal naval entertainment came to a close.

What became of Yankee Doodle Banks, with his coöperating land force? In my di-

ary of Tuesday following this record is made: "Gen. Rust, commanding our brigade, sent for his regimental commanders to-day to go with him down on the Baton Rouge road, over which Banks came and went, and they went within eleven miles of that place. Col. Goodwin, of our regiment, says the Yankees had a real Bull Run stampede. They thought their burning boat, as it floated down stream, was our fleet in pursuit of theirs. They also heard that Stonewall Jackson was at Tangipahoa with sixty thousand troops, with which to reënforce us. The whole Yankee army had started up here with everything needful for a big fight. Consternation took hold of them, and they made a most precipitate retreat back to Baton Rouge, destroying many ambulances and wagons in their haste lest they fall into our hands, as they feared, and tearing up the bridges behind them to retard our supposed pursuit of them. The road was strewn with numberless fragments of broken army vehicles of various sorts and sizes, together with many knapsacks, blankets, and guns that had been thrown down to facilitate

speed. Such was the farce being enacted by Banks while we were wondering why he was so slow to press upon our lines with his devouring hosts.

Madam Rumor, the only female who went along with our army, came to our camp March 25, as was her daily wont, and informed us that Abe Lincoln, the King of Northerndom, having become disgusted with the feebleness of Banks and his army as warriors, had signified his intention to remove the entire Yankee force from Baton Rouge, and replace it by 15,000 Yankee women, with which to take Port Hudson. Mrs. Rumor did not tell us who would lead these feminine warriors, of masculine persuasions, against us, but the presumption was that *Old Abe* purposed commanding them in person, for the gratification that he would experience in making Banks feel as diminutive as possible for not being able to do with a large army of men what he could do with a comparatively small army of women.

There were plenty of female hyenas in human form north of the Ohio River in those

days, as we all believed, whose hatred for the South was more than Satanic, if possible, and doubtless Lincoln could have gathered together his 15,000 of them in a moment or two after notice was given that he wanted them for military service in Louisiana. That they would also have exploded the Confederate garrison at Port Hudson, in one way or another, we stood not in doubt at the time.

The evening after the bombardment, as we started out to camp, which was then in a magnolia forest, there began to fall a tremendous rain, which soon came down upon us like a waterspout, and presently the "heavenly artillery" began all about us in such rapid and terrific volleys "as to put to shame" as I say in my diary, "the bombardment of last night." The wind was very strong also, breaking to pieces the magnolia trees in every direction and blowing one down now and then, causing us to feel that we were in a very insecure position, though out of range of Yankee bullets. We generally looked for a "thunder storm" after a heavy battle, especially when there was

much artillery firing, but this was the most complete success in that line that we had at any time.

Quite a number of Yankee deserters came into our lines at Port Hudson during our stay there, and gave as their excuse for leaving their army that they would not salute negro officers. They said they loved the Union as well as ever, but that they did not enlist in the interest of negroes. They were out and out against negro equality, and much more so against negro supremacy. There were doubtless many such soldiers in the Northern army, so far as their feelings toward the negroes were concerned, and who, though they would not desert, regretted that they had ever enlisted.

The Yankee authorities expected to strengthen their armies very greatly by arming our negroes against us; but, although they enlisted a large number into their service, they proved to be very poor fighters, and became a source of weakness rather than of strength. The whole negro population would have been armed and turned loose upon the

unarmed citizens and women of the Southern Confederacy, if the negroes had been willing to rise up against them, and the Yankees could have had an opportunity of supplying them with arms. Such was the disposition of our enemies toward our Southland, as was made evident in too many ways to leave a doubt of it in the mind of any intelligent Southerner; and it was doubtless expected by them that Lincoln's emancipation proclamation would be the occasion of a general negro insurrection, and the wholesale butchery of unprotected Southern whites.

While at Port Hudson our sugar rations were unusually large, we being in, or adjacent to, a sugar-producing region. We had more, indeed, than we could well use for eating purposes. To get as much benefit of it as we could, having made so-called coffee out of one thing and another for a long time, we finally made coffee out of sugar. It was extremely seldom that genuine coffee was seen in the South anywhere at that time, and the housekeepers in every direction had fallen upon various expedients to furnish themselves

with coffee substitutes, which went by the name of coffee. Parched rye, ground and boiled, came into more general use than any other substitute. Parched wheat was also used a good deal, and had a much more pleasant odor than the rye "coffee" had. Sweet potato "coffee" came into use after the others did, and became quite popular. They were cut up into little pieces about the size of a grain of corn and dried in the sun. These pieces were then parched and ground, and otherwise prepared as coffee is. This was a very pleasant beverage, and had rather more the appearance of good coffee than the others did. In the army we made our coffee out of parched meal mainly. At Port Hudson we tried parched sugar, which was the best of all substitutes that I had ever seen; the color and odor and flavor resembling coffee in a surprising manner. Of course we dropped this substitute when we left the sugar region.

CHAPTER XIV.

Baker's Creek Fight, Etc.—Other Movements of the Army—Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiments Recruit—Off for Georgia.

WE did not know what was contemplated by our chief commanders when we were marched away from Port Hudson April 5, 1863; but the next time we felt the Yankees on the field was at the battle of Baker's Creek, Miss., the 16th of the next month. When we did not have positive information as to where we were going, and the object of our movement, when we were ordered away from a place we would do a great deal of conjecturing on the subject, and dig up, one way and another, a good many facts upon which to base our conclusions. Sometimes we would hit upon the plans of the generals, and sometimes we would miss them, but we would be sure to develop a campaign of some sort in our minds.

and I think we oftener hit than missed, as I now recall, what was aimed at by our commanders. We also had a way of passing judgment upon, to us, unsatisfactory movements, and crediting ourselves right often with better generalship than those under whose orders we were acting. And to this day I am clearly of the belief that there were privates not a few in our army who could have done better as leaders than some who, at times, were in the lead; albeit, as a rule, our officers were the best that the world ever produced.

After we had entered upon the march from Port Hudson we soon learned that we were going as far, at least, as Jackson, Miss., but we attached no particular importance to that fact, as that place was generally on our way to somewhere else; the important question with us was, Where will we go when we get to Jackson? Somehow, I cannot now remember, the impression got into our minds that we were on our way to Tennessee; and sure enough that was where we were going. As has been heretofore

stated, we were ordered back when we reached Chattanooga, and were soon at Jackson and in the Big Black region again.

The battle of Baker's Creek was fought very soon after the first visit of the Yankees to Jackson. Grant had managed to get his army on the east side of the Mississippi River below Vicksburg, and made his way to Jackson with but little difficulty, only being slightly hindered by a comparatively very small force, under Gen. Bowen, at one point on his march. It seemed that Gen. Pemberton, then in command of that department, could not divine what Grant's designs were, and so did not undertake to intercept him on his way to Jackson.

I presume that Grant had then no particular use for Jackson, only for the enhancement of his own greatness, the *hallelujah* effect it would certainly produce in the military and civil domains of Abe Lincoln, and the possibly depressing impression it would make upon our armies and the people of the South generally. In some ears it would sound like a very big thing for a Yankee army to occu-

py the capital of the great secession state of Mississippi, and home of the President of the Southern Confederacy. "The backbone of the rebellion is now broken," would be the ringing proclamation that would be made throughout the whole extent of Lincolndom, and the recruiting of the Northern armies would set in afresh, that the spoils might not all be gathered up before they, the new recruits, could get a grab at our possessions.

Having marched into Jackson, Grant then set his face toward Vicksburg, and at Baker's Creek we disputed his way as best we could with an insufficient force of three divisions under Pemberton; the division commanders being Stephenson, Bowen, and Loring. After a pretty much all day fight, of greater or less severity, and more or less general from time to time, we were ordered late in the evening to fall back in the direction of Vicksburg.

Among those who fell that day was Adjutant George Hubbard, of our regiment, a very particular friend of mine. He was shot through the head and borne by the litter

bearers from the field just as we were about to change our position for the last time before retiring. They continued to bear him along, dividing themselves into two reliefs, in the hope of getting his remains where they could be shipped to his family in North Alabama; but soon night came on as the retreating march continued, with the enemy pressing close upon us; and the litter bearers, becoming too much fatigued to carry their precious burden farther, laid the lifeless form of George Hubbard in a hole which the torn-up roots of a fallen tree had made, just as he had fallen in battle, and pulled the dirt over him with their hands and knives and sticks. This I learned from John Hndgins, one of the litter bearers and a member of my company. Did ever a soldier have a more honorable burial?

It was understood among us just before the battle was begun that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had arrived at Canton with two divisions of the Army of Tennessee, and that he had sent a courier through the previous night to Pemberton with instructions not

to make a fight with Grant with his inadequate force, and to join armies as quickly as possible with him at Canton. It was also understood that the division commanders, and especially Gen. Loring, urged Gen. Pemberton to give heed to Gen. Johnston's instructions, but that Pemberton "took the bit between his teeth," and determined to make the fight upon his own judgment and at all hazards. To have drawn off his army just then from Grant's front, in keeping with Johnston's plans, would have been to have given away Vicksburg, to be sure; but following his own counsels, he gave away on the 4th of July following both Vicksburg and his army, Loring's Division excepted.

Loring, having determined not to regard Pemberton's order to fall back to Big Black bridge and Vicksburg, determined when the Baker's Creek fight was over to take his division to Jackson, if possible, and report to Johnston, who was not far above there and near Canton. We had been on our feet pretty much all day, and had made a very rapid movement for some distance from right

to left on the line but a short while before the day was lost, and so were very weary when night came on; but, for all that, we begun our march to Jackson as night came on, and continued in motion until nearly 6 o'clock the next evening, resting only a moment or two at a time, with unusually long intervals between the rests. It was very severe on us —being thirty-six consecutive hours on our feet—but the movement was necessary for our safety. The enemy harassed us for a time, and tried to head us off, but failed to do us any hurt. On such a march as this was there were always many stragglers, as we called them—men who dropped out of the ranks to rest, and so fell behind the moving column. In one instance the Yankee cavalry rushed upon our rear, doubtless to throw the column into confusion that they might overcome us, but our stragglers threw themselves into line of battle and beat them at their own game, killing several and taking a number of prisoners. Loring said he had the best stragglers in the world, and that he wanted no better rear guard than they were.

After the first day of our march we had no further trouble with the Yankees.

When starting on this retreat we were taken across fields and through the woods in a southeastern direction, aiming for Crystal Springs, below Jackson, taking this circuitous route because there was no direct way open to us. We carried our artillery as far as we could; but when darkness had fully come on, and we were marching through roadless woods, it had to be left. The wagons were with the rest of Pemberton's army, and were soon shut up in Vicksburg, to become the property of Grant before long. To be without our wagons was to be without our supplies of every sort, except what we ourselves carried; but in our case at this time we were unusually destitute, having thrown pretty much all of our luggage in the wagons in anticipation of the fight, many of the men putting their coats and jackets in the wagons also. Besides the guns and cartridge boxes, with only the cartridges that were left over after the fight, the men had nothing but their haversacks, which con-

tained but a small remnant of their rations for the day of the fight, and their canteens. In a very little while every crumb of our provisions was consumed, and there was no chance to supply ourselves with anything from the surrounding country until the danger line of our march had been passed; and after that it required much time for the commissary to hunt up supplies of food and issue it out in rations. We necessarily did long fasting, but the men were not demoralized in any sense; for they had all confidence in the leadership of Gen. Loring, to whom they were also very strongly attached.

When we began to gather in supplies we were put to some trouble about cooking them, especially the bread, as our cooking utensils, such as they were, were in our wagons. In making our meal into dough, with water and salt, our mess used hickory bark as a tray, but some of the men used their hats. Of course we either had to make "ash cakes," or spread the dough on a piece of bark, or plank when it could be got, and hold it to the fire until it was baked.

We reached Jackson shortly after noon May 20, and marched on through to our camp, five miles above there on the Canton road. As we marched along the street, buckets of water were brought us by the citizens, who also handed us large quantities of the best quality of chewing tobacco.

The Yankees, ever faithful to their spiteful and unscrupulous methods of warfare, had destroyed much property by fire and otherwise, and insulted the citizens of Jackson without stint. The Jacksonians never loved Rebel soldiers so well before, as they did after they had had some experience with blue-coated Yankees.

From the time that Loring's Division reported to Johnston after the battle of Baker's Creek until the fall of Vicksburg it was understood among the rank and file of our command, as has already been indicated, that our movements in the Big Black region had reference to the release, if possible, of Gen. Pemberton from the web which Grant was gradually weaving about him in the Vicksburg trap. Quickly following the surrender

of Pemberton were the battles and skirmishes at Jackson, and then the quiet retreat of our army along the line of the Southern railroad as far as Morton. In winter quarters at Canton next, and from there to Demopolis, Ala., from which point the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiments were sent to North Alabama on a recruiting expedition before becoming incorporated into the Army of Tennessee, under Gen. Johnston, in Georgia. These two regiments were raised in the section of the State to which they were ordered, and gathered up quite a number of recruits before leaving there for Georgia.

During the time that we were on this recruiting expedition in North Alabama there occurred a military incident, in which we were "party of the first part," and some Yankees "party of the second part," and which was exceedingly pleasing to us, though altogether uncomfortable to them. We got information, while in the vicinity of Tuscum-bia, that some Yankees were camping on Mr. Jack Peters's premises, north of the Tennessee River, and not a great way from the

river, though I forget the exact distance, and Cols. Jackson and Ives determined to bag them, if they could, with the portions of their regiments that were then in camp, less than 100 men. Jackson commanded the Twenty-seventh and Ives the Thirty-fifth Regiment, and the former was senior colonel. The evening of April 12, 1864, we marched to Tuscumbia Landing, opposite an island in the river, and at sundown we began crossing in two ferryboats, one of which was small and indifferent, over to the island. The boats then had to go around to the other side of the island, and take us to the north bank of the river, and it took them till midnight to do so. They were so long in going around that we feared some accident had befallen them, and that our expedition would explode in its incipiency; indeed, having seen some rockets go up from where we supposed the Yankee pickets were, we became afraid that our movement was known to them, and that they were signaling their main force to cut us off. Finally, however, we were over the river, and after climbing up a high, steep, rugged bluff bank, we

went as quietly as we could across the open fields to where Mr. Peters lived, and in whose barn lot the Yankees were camped. A short distance from where they were, we formed in line of battle, and rushed upon them, capturing them with the utmost ease, only two or three rounds being fired, occasioned by the Yankee sentinel shooting off his gun. They were on their pallets in the lot, except some that were in the barn and in the family residence, and their horses were haltered in the fence corners, stables, etc. It was but the work of a moment, and we had the whole "lay out" bulked together, and under guard. It was Company G, of the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, and known as the "White Horse Company," all the men being mounted on white or gray horses. It was a decidedly healthy-looking lot of Yankees and horses. There were also some very good beef cattle and mules along. It was nearly day when we made this capture, and it was very important for our safety that we get to the south side of the river again as soon as possible. This we did without molestation from the enemy from any oth-

er quarter, carrying with us a good supply of Yankees, horses, mules, cattle, guns, sabers, saddles, etc. I relieved the bugler of his bugle, which is still kept in the family as an army relic. A fine carbine and accouterments and pair of spurs I also took, but have since lost.

It seemed that in our hurry to get back across the river we were about to go away without the captain, when Col. Ives learned that he and one or two other officers were quartered in the family residence. Taking a small guard with him, Col. Ives, lantern in hand, rushed into the room where they were, finding them still asleep, notwithstanding what had just transpired in the barn lot. He aroused them from their slumbers and dreams of conquest and Rebel scalps to the wakeful consciousness of the fact that they were in the gentle grasp of chivalrous Southrons. The captain made the Masonic sign of distress, thinking that his life was in immediate peril. Col. Ives answered him that he was in no danger of personal violence, but that his presence was needed *instanter* within the Rebel lines.

While in North Alabama, quite a number of us who were members of the Buford Lodge of Masons, for which a special army dispensation had been granted, took the Chapter and several side degrees at Courtland, where the Chapter was of which Mr. Baker was High Priest. We regarded this as a rare opportunity of advancing in Masonry, and Mr. Baker, a very thorough Mason, in assisting us in our preparation for the several degrees, which had to be taken in unusually quick succession, as we were not long in Courtland. Besides taking the Chapter degrees myself, I also took the following side degrees, conferred by Mr. Baker: Monitor, Knight of Constantine and Holy Virgin. These last were taken April 19. The Chapter degrees—Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and Royal Arch—were taken April 21 and 22.

We enjoyed our army Masonry very much, and frequently had meetings of our Lodge. Capt. Martin was our Worshipful Master, and could conduct the work of the Lodge as well as any one I ever saw. We could always

get the use of a Masonic Hall when we were camped near where one was, and the local members took special delight in meeting with us; the war, however, had scattered most of the Lodge members.

It was a very frequent occurrence with wounded soldiers on both sides, who were Masons, to give the signal of distress, and doubtless it often secured help when it could not have been otherwise obtained. Yankees and Rebels were on common ground when they met as Masons. Of the Yankees, we learned that a great many of them joined the Masons upon their enlistment in the army, for the protection and attention it might afford them when taken prisoners by us, or when left wounded on the battlefield after their line had been driven back. If there were Southern soldiers who were thus moved to become Masons, it never came to my knowledge.

Before leaving North Alabama for Georgia a short leave of absence was granted to these regiments to visit their homes, which were near at hand, and procure a much-needed

ed supply of clothing, shoes, etc. This would have been done when we first reached there but for the threatening attitude of the Yankees beyond the Tennessee River from us, which made it necessary for us to keep together, and be ready for whatever movement might become necessary, to fight or to retire. It looked indeed for awhile as if we were going to have a considerable *interview* with the Yankees, and Col. Jackson received orders from military headquarters to gather up and take command of all the soldiers in North Alabama for that purpose, but we had no collision with them, except that we rescued the "White Horse Cavalry" at Peters's barn from the arms of Morpheus into our own embrace. They hindered us, however, in the ready accomplishment of our purposes of recruiting and furnishing the regiments; so that when we reached Georgia active hostilities had already set in there, and our main army had fallen back from Dalton.

To the military events that transpired in our command after our incorporation into the Army of Tennessee I have already briefly

alluded. On the Kennesaw line, June 20, 1864, the Twenty-seventh, Thirty-fifth, and Forty-ninth Alabama Regiments were consolidated into one, on account of the losses that had been sustained in each of these, and I was assigned to duty in Companies C and G, consolidated, of the Thirty-fifth Alabama.

Whatever fell to these noble men, in their turn to do, on the field or elsewhere, they did with all promptness and zest; and they were always looked to by the commanding generals to bring up their part of the line with as much confidence as they did to any other troops; nor were these expectations ever disappointed.

Our northward movement through Georgia and into North Alabama after the evacuation of Atlanta was characterized by a number of interesting incidents, a few of which I will name.

There were quite a number of Yankee garrisons captured by our troops, and among them the one at Dalton, composed mostly of negro soldiers, about one thousand in number, who had been recently armed and reën-

forced by the Yankees. Of course they were commanded by white officers. These negroes declared with great earnestness and feeling when captured that the Yankees forced them into service, and when our troops charged them in their fortifications they offered no resistance whatever. They were but too glad to surrender to Southern soldiers, and thus be relieved of Yankee domination, of which they had already had too much. They turned their guns over to us as quickly as they could, eagerly calling our attention to the fact that they were perfectly clean inside, as evidence that they had not been fired off. And indeed there was the complete absence of the smut of burnt powder in their new and beautiful Springfield rifles. Only one negro's gun had been fired off, which was accidental and did no harm.

In what we supposed was a feint on Decatur, Ala., October 26-28, our regiment suffered a great deal. As we approached this place, which was strongly fortified, our regiment was the advance guard of the army, and Companies B and D the advance guard of

the regiment. These two companies waded Flint River early on the morning of October 26, after we had had a dark, rainy, muddy before-day march, and stood picket beyond it until the pontoons could be put down for the balance of the troops to pass over, and then we were thrown forward to skirmish with the Yankees. They were cavalry and they soon came to view, but scarcely offered us any resistance. By a little strategem we drew them into an ambush which we had formed, and would have effectually ruined them had not about half our guns failed to fire from having been rained on so much after they were loaded. As it was, a number of saddles were emptied, and the coat tails of the Yankess not shot spread straight out behind them, as they beat about the hastiest retreat that I had ever witnessed. The scene was actually ludicrous, and we could not but yell them on with hearty bursts of laughter, albeit we felt disappointed that we had not brought down the last one of them.

At this juncture our entire regiment was formed into a skirmish line for the brigade,

and approaching very close to the fortifications around Decatur, we were ordered to lie down and await further orders. A battery of our field artillery was planted in our immediate rear, and a duel engaged in with the Yankee heavy guns until night set in, there being no little sprinkling of musketry in the meanwhile. Our position was an exceedingly exposed one, and we suffered the loss, in killed and wounded, of some of our best men. In my diary I make special mention of "William Pettus, of my company, as brave a boy as ever fought for freedom," who had his leg fractured by a musket ball; and of "poor Marion Harlan, a Christian man and gallant soldier of Company C," who was instantly killed while in a recumbent position by a solid cannon shot entering his shoulder and passing lengthwise through his body.

Other casualties occurred at other times and in other commands, though not generally of a very serious nature for war times, until we drew off from Decatur, October 29, and went to Tuscumbia to make arrangements for crossing the Tennessee River, and going forward to Nashville.

CHAPTER XV.

My First Furlough.

THROUGHOUT the war, when the situation of our army favored it, a system of furloughing the soldiers was to a limited extent employed by the military authorities, whereby a few men at a time and in turn, from the several companies or regiments, were permitted to visit their homes now and then for a brief period. These furloughs were usually for ten, twenty, or thirty days, and sometimes longer, according as the homes of the men were near to or remote from the army, it being designed that there should be equality among them as to the number of days they could actually be with their families, aside from the length of time required on the route going and coming.

It was necessarily more difficult for a soldier to procure a furlough on some occasions than on others, owing to the great-



REV. AND MRS. A. T. GOODLOE.

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er or less importance for the men to be at their places for military service. It of course would not do to permit them to leave their posts of duty in the midst of a vigorous and important campaign, or on the eve of a battle, but there were times when hostilities were not very active, and when nothing would be lost to the efficiency of the army by the absence of a few men at a time, and for a short while.

To procure a furlough, except when it was given by merely drawing for it under certain orders, as was sometimes the case, a very systematic procedure was necessary. Such military regulations as this, which involved a great deal of form, we were accustomed to call "red tape" of the West Point variety. Some soldiers were very harsh in their criticisms of this feature of army management, but they were such generally as were averse to disciplinary restraints in any particular. Application for furlough in due form had to be made in writing, and, when by an inferior officer or private, put into the hands of

the captain of the company to which he belonged. This officer would indorse the application over his own official signature, and forward it to the colonel commanding the regiment, who in like manner would indorse it and send it to the brigade commander; and thus onward and upward it would go, passing from one commanding officer to the next one above him until it reached the headquarters of the ranking general of the particular army with which the applicant was connected. Having been passed on in an upward direction by this process until it reached its final destination, the application was returned to the applicant through the same channel of communication, inversely, along which it had been carried up, thus conforming to the venerable mandate that "what goes up must come down." If it came back to the anxious soldier duly approved, his heart was made most happy thereby; but if disapproved, the disappointment was often very depressing.

Many of those applications for furloughs

were curious productions, and some of them were very pathetic. In them the soldiers would take much pains, and with studied effort, to show the commanding general precisely why they ought to go home for a season, and often plead their cases from the standpoint of their family necessities in a most touching manner. A short time in the army seemed a long time, and so they would sometimes base their application upon the length of time they had been from home. I asked a leave of absence at the expiration of the first six months that I was in service, and it seemed to me then that I had been a soldier the most of my life. Not to have seen my wife and two living children in six months was a tremendous self-sacrifice, thought I; and surely that fact made known to the commanding officers would move them to suffer me to go home for a short while!

It was occasionally the case, when a furlough proper could not be obtained, that some of the men could have an opportunity of making their way home by being de-

tailed to collect up clothing for the command in the section of country from which they enlisted.

Usually they would make application to be thus detailed, and in the way that they would for furlough; so that it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. And it was not always the case in making such application that they were moved to do so by a desire altogether to procure clothing for their comrades and themselves, but their home longings were the main incentive that prompted them to do so.

Just before leaving camp to go home on furlough, those who were thus favored would gather up all the letters written by their comrades to their home folks that they would likely have an opportunity of delivering; and when they returned to the army at the expiration af their leave of absence they would bring back with them letters and such other things as they could to the soldiers in camp, from their loved ones at home. And what treasures those letters and other things were! In this way communica-

tion was kept up to a considerable extent between some sections of the country and the army.

Although it was not always probable that soldiers having furloughs could reach their homes (especially those from the border States, largely occupied after a time by the Yankees), still a permit to go home seemed to them to open the way to get there, however difficult and dangerous the effort to do so might be. The soldier bethought himself that his life was one of continued exposure to death anyway, and so he felt that he had as soon take risks in going to see those whom he loved better than life as in any other way, and go he would oftentimes when it seemed well-nigh certain that he would be captured or shot by the enemy in the undertaking. Many were, indeed, first and last, in one way and another, lost to the army who undertook to go to their homes through the Yankee lines. Some were captured and sent to prison, some were killed, and some were so headed off by the Yankees that it seemed impossible to them for them to re-

port again to their commands, and they remained at home permanently.

This disposition of the Southern soldiers to take any risk to get home is not surprising when we remember how intensely attached to home and the loved ones there was our citizen soldiery. Indeed, there is no country in this wide world where home endearments are so tender or so strong as in our own Southland; and to be away from our own precious and helpless ones as warriors in their defense, and in ours, intensified the longing to be with them to an incalculable extent. And especially was this the case when our homes and loved ones were in sections of the country overrun by the Yankees; for then to our ardent longings merely to see them was added the most painful solicitude possible for their well-being and safety.

Many of our soldiers also, let me say, were poor, and left their families with but little means of support when they joined the army. They had promises, it may be, from their neighbors in better circumstances that their families would be cared for in their ab-

sence, but the war lasted longer than was expected, and was so waged by our adversaries as to impoverish Southerners generally; and so many poor families were left without help after a while in the way of supplies, so far as their neighbors were concerned. The soldiers themselves would send home all that they could of their wages when it was possible to do so, but that was a small amount at most, and in a currency that was depreciating continually. In such a state of things as this, of course the soldier availed himself of every opportunity that presented itself, that he might see after the welfare of those dependent upon him.

Being then a married man myself, I have been writing with reference to such, mainly; but the heart of the "soldier boy" looked homeward also, and especially if he had a widowed mother and sisters dependent upon him for a livelihood, and he, too, procured a furlough when the opportunity was afforded him to do so—not to speak of the boy who was pining to see his sweetheart back yonder.

From first to last, as the weary war went on, a great many soldiers, both married and single, were privileged to visit their homes a time or two, and these visits were very comforting to their loved ones and to themselves; and yet, upon returning to their commands, many soldiers would express regret that they had gone home, as it made them feel, they would say, so much worse after they got back to the army than they did before they went home. The comparative number of those who procured furloughs and those who did not I have no means of knowing, but there were doubtless very many who did not visit their homes during the entire war.

The longings of some of our soldiers to visit their families and homes grew upon them until they developed into an intolerable agony of grief; and actually degenerated finally into a form of malady, from which not a few died. So oppressive and uncontrollable to them was the gloom of homesickness, or "nostalgia," as called by the army surgeons, that the very throbings of the heart were

overcome thereby and death ensued. These soldiers loved their homes no better than their comrades did; but they lacked the disposition to accept the situation as it was, and to overcome the inner promptings of depression and heartache. There was manifestly with them the lack of the spirit of genuine manhood; and so they got not much sympathy from their more determined fellow-soldiers, who believed that we ought to brave it out in any privation and danger, and keep ourselves on our feet to the last limit of possible endurance, for the sake of the sacred cause in the defense of which we had taken up arms. And yet, how could it be otherwise than excruciatingly depressing to those soldiers, for instance, whose families were in want, while they themselves were prevented from going to see after their welfare by the pressure of military duties in the face of a most formidable invading and bloodthirsty foe?

These were not the only men, however, whose anxieties to get home became a torture to them; there were numbers of others

who could be spared from home very well, considering the necessities of self-defense that were upon us, who simply could not endure the thought of being from home always, the war, to them, seeming as though it would never end.

Twice during my term of service I had the opportunity of visiting my family for a short while. The first time, while I had to be very careful a part of the way home to avoid Yankee pickets and scouts, I made the round trip with but little trouble for war times, but my second visit was made with much risk and difficulty. A few items of personal experience gathered from these two expeditions, so to speak, coupled with such observations as were suggested by them, may serve the purpose of bringing to view certain important aspects of the war, which can perhaps best be presented from the standpoint of a Confederate soldier on furlough.

While our army was in camp on Cold Water Creek, not far from Holly Springs, Miss., October 15, 1862, Lieut. Rather

and I received an order from Gen. Rust, then commanding our brigade, to go to North Alabama for clothing for the regiment. We had made application to be detailed for that purpose, as there was just then no other way to get leave of absence; and we had in mind a visit to our families, as well as a desire to procure clothing for ourselves and others. We were allowed an absence of thirty days, and we both returned to the command before our time was quite out.

Early on the morning after receiving the order we went to Holly Springs from our camp in a wagon. Here we expected to find a conveyance of some kind across to the Mobile and Ohio railroad, but in this we were disappointed; we learned, however, that by going down on the freight train to Oxford that evening we could get a stage the next morning to Okolona, and this we did. Owing to the number of passengers registered ahead of us, it was with much difficulty that we could get permission from the proprietor and the other passengers to crowd ourselves

into the stage, which was a very indifferent old hack—a “shackly shebang,” as one of the passengers dubbed it. A mule and a gray mare of venerable appearance, with weary and hungry looks, were the team. We reached Pontotoc at supper time, and left the next morning at three o’clock, arriving at Okolona, on the M. & O. R. R., after six hours’ drive, Saturday, October 18.

We had not traveled far after leaving Pontotoc so early in the morning until we became quite cold, and, coming to a camp fire on the roadside, the stage stopped for the passengers to warm. A gentleman had camped here for the night with some negroes (slaves) whom he was moving from Crittenden County, Arkansas, to some point in Middle Alabama to get them out of reach of Lincoln’s Yankees. This was, in those days, called “running the negroes,” and was frequently done by those owning slaves for security against the Yankees. So also would men “run” their horses and other stock when Yankees were about, to hide them from these hideous upcountry thieves.

It so happened that this gentleman who was moving his negroes to a place of safety, as he supposed, lived near my mother-in-law, who had moved from North Alabama to Arkansas just before the war, and acquainted me with the sad fact that she had recently died. I never knew her superior as a woman of intelligence, refinement, and consecration to the service of God. I loved her with a perfect devotion, and the sudden and unexpected information of her death grieved me immeasurably. And, added to this, the thought of carrying such distressing news to my wife saddened me all the more. To me it seemed providential that we stopped at the fire before day that morning to warm.

At Okolona Lieut. Rather and I had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Dr. Thompson, a most excellent gentleman and resident of that place, who had two horses in his keeping which he was anxious to send to a relative of his, Mr. Lawrence Thompson, in North Alabama. The horses had been run from the Yankees. Providing

ourselves with saddles and bridles, Lieut. Rather and I were soon on them and journeying sweetly homeward. No horses ever rode so well as these did on that trip, from Saturday afternoon to Monday night.

Arriving at Frankfort, Ala., Lieut. Rather and I separated, he going to Tuscumbia, and I to Uncle Calvin Goodloe's, thirteen miles west of Tuscumbia, with whom I had left my family, reaching his house at eight o'clock that night—October 20, 1862. This was the first time I had seen the "Valley," in which was Uncle Calvin's home, after it was overrun by Yankee soldiers. They had come in from the direction of Corinth, and passed on eastward toward Tuscumbia, Courtland, etc., going as far, I think, as Huntsville. As was their custom, they despoiled that magnificent region of country, peopled with the highest type of citizenship, and put a blight of poverty on the very soil, as it has ever seemed to me.

Nightfall was fast coming on as I neared the long, gradual descent of the mountain road that I had been traveling for some time

into the Valley, about opposite Barton's Station, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad; but the sky was clear, and a big, red moon gave me the comfortable assurance that it was ready to light up my way as daylight disappeared. It also enabled me to overlook the Valley for many miles as I was riding down the mountain road into it. A melancholy haziness hung over it everywhere; and as I entered it and rode on to Uncle Calvin's, amidst desolation, a gloominess of a most depressing nature possessed me, relieved only by the thought that I would presently embrace my precious wife and children.

About a mile before I started down the mountain slope, as I now recall, I passed the chalybeate springs which had been improved before the war by a number of Valley people (Uncle Calvin being one of the number) as a summer resort for their families. In the summer of 1855 I came from St. Francis County, Ark., where I had been living some eighteen months, to visit my Alabama relatives, and spent much of my time at these

springs. An event of the supremest moment to me, as related to my subsequent course of life, transpired while I was there. Miss Sallie Louise Cockrill was there! And she was my loftiest ideal of the perfection of womanhood! Over and over again I tried to tell her of my admiration for her—to tell her that I loved her, indeed—but my courage would fail me, and fail me, and fail me. Moreover, when I would frame in my mind a love speech for her ears, I would forget it at the opportune moment to speak it. I made frequent vows to myself to address her on a specified occasion or at a set time, but a loss of breath would prevent me from fulfilling my vows. Talk about fighting Yankees! that was fun compared to the struggle I was then engaged in within myself in order to accomplish what I so ardently desired. I grew desperate finally, as the time was nearing for me to leave the springs, and on the evening of August 11, 1855, at fifteen minutes before seven o'clock, unchoked myself enough by the force of a mighty purpose to give her a clumsy hint that I thought she

would understand. But she failed to take the hint! Just then, in the midst of uncertainty, my courage was aroused, and I talked no longer in parables. The victory was mine! We were married the 29th of the following November, and together we have now fought the battles of life for over fifty years. In those days of early love and courtship, my exalted estimate of her character was not exaggerated, as has long since been demonstrated, and continues to be. No dream then had she of what there was in store for her of sore and varied trials, as the wife of a Confederate soldier through years of warfare all about us, and as an itinerant Methodist preacher's wife since 1868; but she has endured them all with unfaltering heroism, and she has constantly met all the requirements of duty in the several relations of life which she has occupied. Nothing could have been farther from my mind then than that I would after a while be a soldier and a preacher, but so it came to pass.

In the side yard at Uncle Calvin's home, a few steps from the end of his residence in

which was his family room, there was a perfectly comfortable office building, of attractive appearance, and supplied with all needed furniture and other conveniences as a sitting and bed room, which was more suitable for my wife to occupy while there with her children and nurse than a room in the commodious family residence, and it was arranged for her to occupy that during her stay there. She could not have been better provided for in every particular anywhere, nor in better hands than where she was. Uncle Calvin's wife, formerly Miss Harriet Turner, of Huntsville, Ala., was her aunt. Never was there a more open and hospitable home than these generous relatives of ours had, and they were always like home folks to my wife and to me, both before and after our marriage. In the condition that she then was (of pregnancy), together with a sorrowful heart from the death on our way there, at Athens, of our precious little Loulie and on account of my departure for the army, they were especially kindly toward her and interested in her welfare.

Here she gave birth to her fourth child, a son, soon after my enlistment for the war. We then had two living children, our oldest and our youngest. The other two were in heaven. In the course of time my wife became the "joyful mother" of twelve children—six boys and six girls.

When I reached Uncle Calvin's on the night already mentioned, having hitched my horse, I went first, of course, to the building occupied, or supposed to be, by my wife and little boys—my treasures, of priceless value to me; "a peculiar treasure unto me above all people"—but they were not there! The thought then came into my mind that she had gone with her little ones to stay awhile with my former guardian, Uncle Robert Goodloe, seven miles farther on, as was contemplated by us. However, I thought it not improbable that she was sitting in Aunt Harriet's room, which was much used as a family sitting room, there being a light in it; for it was hardly yet bedtime. Quickly I put in my appearance there, to the great surprise of

the family, but my treasures were not there! Nor had they gone to Uncle Robert's! They had gone home not long before, which I considered very judicious on my wife's part, under existing circumstances; but there I was, "down in Alabam'," and my wife and children away up in Tennessee, my native State, with a little more than four days of horseback travel between us, considering the roundabout way I had to go after passing Franklin to avoid the Yankees, who then occupied Nashville. Wife wrote to me of her plans to return home before she went, but the letter did not reach me. She was moved to do so because the Yankees seemed to be as accessible to Alabama as they were to Tennessee, and she felt that she might be able to take care of our home by being at it better than any other occupant would be likely to do.

We came from home to Alabama with a few servants in a carriage and wagon, two horses to each, and she went back in the same way, Willie Goodloe going with her to Columbia, as far as was needful for her

protection. Before she started Uncle Calvin got the information from Confederate scouts that she could reach her home without risk of any kind, as the route she could go was cleared of Yankees by our cavalry. She had no trouble in going through without hindrance of any kind, or any interruption whatever.

One of the carriage horses, Mike, was lame when she arranged to go, and had been for a long while, on account of bad shoeing; but Uncle Calvin loaned her one of his, thinking that at some time or other, and in some way, his horse could be returned and Mike sent home. Nothing was more foreign from their thoughts than that I would soon be there to ride Mike home, and to ride his horse back.

After spending the night at Uncle Calvin's, I took Mike in hand the next morning with some degree of uncertainty as to whether he was ready for the journey that was before us. He had to be shod all around, and I attended to that matter during the forenoon. Very soon after dinner I mounted

him and started for home. I felt sorry for him as I rode off, for I expected to make all the haste I could to see my loved ones, and I did not want to consume any more of my leave of absence on the road than was strictly necessary; but he did not seem to get much weary at any time. Soon after I passed Franklin I began to describe a semi-circle to the right around Nashville, with a view to striking the Nashville and Lebanon Turnpike at Tulip Grove, close to the Hermitage, and a little over a mile from home. This was the insecure part of the route, but the people as I passed along were glad to give me such information for my safety as they could about the location of the Yankee pickets and the movements of their scouting parties.

I reached Tulip Grove, formerly the property of Andrew J. Donelson, about three o'clock in the afternoon of October 25, having spent three nights on the road. This was then the residence of J. R. Cockrill, whose wife, then living, was my wife's only sister and two years younger. She died some

years afterwards. A more sweet-toned, lovely character than she was could not be found. Wishing to spend a few moments with her family before going over home, I rode up to the house and hitched my horse at the back gate. Steve, a negro house boy, was at the wood pile getting some wood for the fire in the family room, and from him I learned that my wife and children had not yet gone home, but were then in the house there. He instantly made a rush to go in ahead of me and let my wife know that I had come, but I called him to a halt and made him stay behind me. He followed close to me to see what was going to happen, and was the completest Fidgety Philip that I ever saw. I walked across the back porch and into the room where my wife and her sister (Mary) were sitting looking in the fire, with their backs toward the door that I entered, and neither one saying a word. Wife had sent Amanda, the servant girl, into another room for some writing paper to write to me, and was arranging in her mind what she would write, not knowing whether

I was dead or alive, as she had not heard from me since the bloody battle of Corinth, in which I was engaged. Granville, our firstborn, was playing on the floor, and intent on the playthings that were entertaining him. I was well into the room before I was observed, as they thought I was Amanda coming with the writing paper or Steve with the wood that he was sent for, and did not turn their heads for a moment or two to see which one it was or who it was that had come in. All three turned their eyes upon me at once, and we had a miniature heaven in that room. Did not the angels smile with moistened eyes as they beheld the rapturous commotion that then occurred with us? Aunt Milly, the honored "Black Mammy" of our household (an "institution" peculiar to the "Old South") came bounding in from an adjacent room with a joyful heart, bringing our baby boy (my namesake, that I had never seen) in her loving arms for my especial caresses. Others about the house, white and black, were soon in the room also to give me a smile and hand shake of welcome.

In due time the greeting gave place to a family conversation, and at once, and simultaneously, wife and Sister Mary asked: "When did you hear from mother?" Ah, me! The sad information of her death must of course be given, and then we all wept. Their father had been long dead, and now they are orphans. And so it is that in this life there is often the blending in our hearts of joy and sorrow, but after a while it will be all joy to us, we trust, in our Father's house above.

We called our home Millbrook, because of the modest mill that we had on a small creek running through our land. It was a grist and saw mill, and there was water in the creek most of the time for running it. The creek was really a "spring branch" from Mr. James Carter's never-failing big spring just across our boundary line.

After a while the insufferable Yankees found that mill and branch, and established a camp there until they could use up all the building timber that I and my neighbors had. Being close to the Cumberland River,

on which the back of my land rested, it was a very convenient location for these Lincoln warriors to carry on their trade of appropriating what did not belong to them. They took possession there not long after the return of my family from Alabama.

When we were arranging to leave Millbrook for Alabama, we felt the need of some reliable person to occupy our residence during our absence and take the best care he could of the entire place. A Mr. Cookendoffer, of Nashville, came well recommended to me, and I turned everything over to him and his sister. He could not tell how long he would stay there, but promised to get the best occupant of the house that he could, should he find it to his interest to leave. He did leave before a great while, but not until he had found a Mr. Drake and family, of Kentucky, to occupy the house just as he had done, no charge having been made from first to last for the use of the house. Mr. Drake was still there when my wife returned from Alabama, and she therefore stopped with her sister until he could

conveniently move to another place, which he soon secured. The third day after I reached Tulip Grove he moved his family elsewhere, and on the day following we re-entered our beloved Millbrook home with glad hearts, and with becoming gratitude to God, I trust, for bringing us safely to that day of sunshine in our souls, not forgetting that troubles and dangers of many kinds could but await us while the war went on. We made use of the few days that I could be at home in fond companionship one with another, to be sure, but also in devising measures for the safety and maintenance of my home treasures while I was away. We strengthened each other in the Lord also, as best we could, to bear up bravely under every trial that might fall to our lot.

The day before I left home was Sunday, November 2, and in our home circle we made it a day of special devotion and mutual strengthening, preparatory mainly to the separation that was again so soon to take place, the anguish of which was already being realized by us, and the great trials and

perils through which we were sure yet to pass in the dark days of gloom and insecurity which the war had thrust upon us. This soldier and his wife were not so heroic in the midst of such surroundings and experiences as we were then passing through as to feel a degree of self-sufficiency adequate for the dreadful necessities to which we had been driven by a remorseless despotism; our insufficiency was, indeed, most sensibly realized and frankly admitted. "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth," was our heart-thrilling confession, and in that hallowed Name we constantly trusted for solace and support and safety—for all things, indeed, that we stood in need of.

To our minds it was a distinct gracious Providence that took me home just at the time that I was there. The entire management of home affairs for a livelihood to all on the place was soon to devolve on my wife under most trying circumstances, and she consequently felt the need of my presence and counsels to forward her in the se-

vere undertaking. The servants also needed direction from me in regard to their welfare in the upturned condition of the country, and encouragement to be diligent in their labors and a safeguard to my family. Surely it was of the Lord that I was at home just then.

One of the chief sources of pleasure and comfort to us upon our return to Millbrook was the re-establishment of our family altar under our own roof, though my stay at home could but be brief. The facts that we had been so long deprived of this blessed privilege, and that I would so soon return to the army, made us relish all the more our family worship.

Among the most trying ordeals to which we were subjected during the war we number the breaking down of our family altar by the wrathful thunderbolts hurled at us by Lincoln's invading legions. Family prayer has ever been to us a veritable boon from heaven. By it our personal piety has been enriched, and we doubt not that it has been largely instrumental in the develop-

ment of Christian character in our children, and in bringing them into the fold of our Saviour. We are confident that we will after a while be a family entire in heaven, and feel assured that this hope has come to us through the channel of our morning and evening family prayer, in a very large measure. As an ordinance of God it is perfectly natural, relating as it does to the family, which is the first and most important divine institution among men. The family first; the Church next.

Wife and I held our Church membership at Dodson Chapel, a Methodist Church some three miles from Millbrook, back on the road that I traveled. It was then in Union Circuit, Lebanon District. Having an ardent desire to engage in worship with the brethren there before leaving home, and finding an opportunity during the week to send an appointment over there for a prayer meeting Saturday night, I did so. In one way and another the war had thinned out the community of its former population considerably, but enough people were left for a good at-

tendance, the old Methodist stand-bys being of the number. We had, indeed, a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Heaven came down our souls to greet, while glory crowned the mercy seat. And such communion of the saints as we had! That was a great place in those days, and I hope still is, for "old-time religion."

Monday morning, November 3, was the time set for me to start back to the army in order to reach there before my leave of absence expired; I must also make a prompt start after an early breakfast, so as to get to Franklin that night, bearing in mind that I had to go a good deal out of my way over a road in places with which I was not familiar to avoid the Yankees. Into the hands of the Lord I committed my precious wife and children, and the servants, in the faith that he would hold them in his everlasting arms of love and power, and give them the provision and protection that they would surely need, and that he alone could give. Our final adieus were tender and tearful, of course, and our parting was necessarily a trial of our

faith to an unusual extent. We promised each other that, by divine help, we would be fully and heartily resigned to the will of our Heavenly Father concerning us during our separation, and I began my horseback journey back to my command in Mississippi.

The people along the road, the first two days especially, seemed almost frantic on the subject of "the news," and, taking me for a Confederate scout, would hinder me no little to question me about no telling how many things of recent date about the war, which to me were unknown. They would then tell me the latest news, as they had heard it from various sources. One old gentleman below Franklin stopped me ever so long to hear him tell that England had sent over one hundred and fifty rams to help out our few war vessels against the Yankee navy, that forty Yankee rams had already been destroyed by them, that our independence had been recognized by all foreign powers, and that the war was about over.

It was my purpose upon arriving at Florence not to cross the Tennessee River there

and go by way of Tuscumbia to Uncle Calvin's, but to take a nearer route, by way of Garner's Ferry, some ten or twelve miles below Florence, and cross there, taking my chances as to whether or not I would find a ferryboat at that point. Fortunately I had reason to believe that I could cross there, though I could not feel altogether certain of it; for in those days of Yankee gunboats and contending cavalry ever and anon along the river ferryboats were often taken away or destroyed. In the hope that I would find a boat at Garner's Ferry, I turned my horse's head in that direction at Florence and rode briskly onward. But, alas! alas! when I had gone about three miles from Florence, I met a squad of Confederate cavalry moving at rapid speed and carrying the tidings to their commander that a heavy force of Yankees was close at hand, and advancing on Florence. They told me that the Yankees were as thick as hops about Garner's Ferry, and that I would surely be captured if I went any farther that way. Well, sir! of course I went back to Florence, and crossed the

river there, but, for the life of me, I could not think there were any Yankees in the direction I was going; and I learned afterwards that there were none. Sadly, be it said, we had some cavalry in that region of the "buttermilk" sort, who were mortally afraid of Yankees, and those that I met seemed to be of that kind. I asked them pointedly if they had seen any Yankees. They had not, they said, but had "reliable information" that they were there. "Reliable information!" From Dan to Beersheba the country was full of that commodity then, so that almost every one was supplied with a cart load or more of it.

Well, this "Buttermilk Cavalry" squad, as I felt constrained to regard them, caused me to take a much longer ride than I had contemplated, and consequently did not reach Uncle Calvin's until after supper.

It was necessary for me to make this stop at Uncle Calvin's to deliver his horse to him, and to arrange for a horse to ride on to my command. I must also take a little time before leaving the Valley to visit my other rel-

atives, as I was in too great a hurry to do so when on my way home.

Of course, as the conditions were, I could not co-operate with Lieut. Rather in procuring clothing for the regiment. If my wife had remained in Alabama, it is very certain that I could have gathered a good deal, as the citizens generally, who had the means, were anxious to do what they could in such matters. The Confederate government, to be sure, proposed to clothe our armies, but had not the resources sufficient to adequately do so; hence the custom obtained of getting voluntary contributions of clothing from our people at home as opportunity afforded.

My brief visit to my Valley relatives was delightful in an eminent sense, and gave me much cheer in the trial through which I was passing, of leaving my family permanently, or nearly so, within the Yankee lines; for that whole region was then within their dreaded grasp.

When ready to leave the Valley, Uncle Calvin loaned me a horse to ride, and I em-

ployed 'Squire Hector Atkinson, a very talkative and companionable old gentleman, to go with me to my command and bring the horse back. On my way there I learned to my regret that our army had fallen back some distance, under the pressure of Lincoln's hordes, and were in camp at "Mouth of Tippah," near Abbeville, Miss. There I found it the day before my furlough, so called, was out, and the next morning I reported to Gen. Rust, as the custom was, and went on duty in my place in the company to which I belonged with more of purpose, if possible, than ever to strike with all my might for freedom.

CHAPTER XVI.

My Second Furlough.

IT was five hundred and fifty-five days from the time that I bade adieu to my loved ones at Millbrook on my first furlough to the time that I saw them again on my second furlough. Those were days of intensely fierce warfare, of blood and carnage in which I was more or less engaged, and of constant toil and heartache and dread on the part of my Heroine of Millbrook; but our gracious Lord had wonderfully protected us in the midst of dangers, seen and unseen, and cared for us otherwise.

My second visit home was made at a time that the Yankees had undisputed possession of all the country through which I passed north of the Tennessee River. They had strong garrisons not only at Nashville but also at the several towns south of that city, both in Tennessee and Alabama, and their

scouts were roaming in every direction with vigilance and frequency. Tories ("home-made Yankees") there were, also, in considerable numbers along much of the way, and of the most venomous kind. They would luxuriate in an opportunity to report a Confederate soldier to the nearest Yankee garrison in order that he might be captured or shot; and they were ever watchful for an occasion to have their Southern sympathizing neighbors robbed by the Yankees, burned out, imprisoned, or murdered. They served as neighborhood detectives of the basest sort for the Yankee garrisons, and kept them advised of everything that was said and done by those in their several communities whose hearts were with the South; nor did they scruple to manufacture such falsehoods as suited their purposes of evil. Times without number good and orderly citizens were marched off as prisoners from their homes by Yankee soldiers suddenly coming upon them, because of reports, oftener untrue than otherwise, furnished them by Southern-born people, who, because of cowardice and meanness,

had become bootlickers for Abraham Lincoln. Through their instrumentality, largely, a reign of terror existed in many communities through which I passed, as it did also indeed in many other sections of our country occupied by Northern soldiers. For a Southern family in such sections to lodge or feed a Confederate soldier was to expose themselves to imprisonment and their property to confiscation or destruction; nor must they express sympathy with the South in any way whatever if they would be careful of their well-being. With the Yankee satrap for a master and the homemade Yankee for a detective, the misery of any Southern community was made complete. In such a case the apprehension of impending evil was constantly suffered by our people at home; and they had every reason to believe that some calamity was likely to befall them at any time, day or night.

Oftentimes they dared not speak above a whisper at night in their homes, lest some vigilant Tory should eavesdrop them in the chimney corner, and manufacture a lie out of

what he pretended to hear, and they could not do neighborhood visiting without being suspected of plotting against the Lincoln dynasty, and be arrested therefor. These conscienceless detectives would often clothe themselves with dingy Confederate uniforms, taken from prisoners, and go to some Southern patriot's house for something to eat, thus personating hungry Confederate soldiers. If food was given them, the one giving it was soon thereafter carried to prison.

How many Southern homes were entered, uninvited, by Yankee soldiers, and how much hurt was done by them to quiet households, can never be told, so constantly and so extensively was such barbarous business carried on by the "men in blue." It was often their delight to rush roughly into Southern homes, to treat contemptuously the helpless inmates, to brazenly invade every apartment, and to help themselves to whatever they wanted, whether under lock or not.

As I, from personal knowledge and other unmistakable tokens, while on this second

furlough of mine, became more thoroughly acquainted with the true state of affairs, in some places worse than others, with those who were in accord with the South, my heart throbbed with a wrathful indignation toward the insolent tormentors of those defenseless home people beyond what I had ever before realized, and I could not but feel that the whole tribe of Lincolnites, from their chief down, more than merited our utmost contempt and execration—and extermination, if possible. The remembrance of those days of wanton persecution of our home people by the adversaries of the South is still abhorrent to thousands of Southern men and women, and all the more so as no reparation, even in word, has ever been made by the victors in the struggle for their treatment of our unarmed and unoffending people in so many sections of the country from which our armies were forced to retire by the outnum-bering armies of the advancing enemy.

My furlough began April 30, 1864, our entire regiment (35th Alabama) being fur-loughed that day by Col. Sam Ives, com-

manding it. He consented to do this at the earnest solicitation of the commissioned officers of the several companies composing the regiment, they proposing to assume all the responsibility that might attach to the act at army headquarters.

Our regiment, and the 27th Alabama, had been detached from the army of Mississippi nearly two months, and sent to North Alabama, where they were made up, to gather up recruits in that region. They had accomplished all that could be done in that direction, and were awaiting orders to rejoin the army. Our men had been so constantly on duty, gathering up recruits and catching Yankees, that very few of them had the opportunity of visiting their homes, close to which most of them were; it was, therefore, deemed but right, under the circumstances, by the officers to give them a few days at home before leaving North Alabama. There was no "red tape" in this way of furloughing, but the ranking officer, though no higher than a Colonel, was thought to be competent to do as Col. Ives did.

In my case, and that of W. G. Whitfield, Orderly Sergeant of Company D, no special time was required for us to return, because of the distance we had to go and the difficulties we had to surmount. Col. Ives knew that we would make every effort to return in a reasonable length of time. Whitfield wanted to go to New Providence, where he had relatives, if not a sweetheart, and I, of course, wanted to go to Millbrook to see my family and do what I could for them.

Whitfield and I could travel together a considerable distance, which we did, and we determined to walk, so that we could go through the woods and fields when necessary for our safety, and travel at night more securely than we could on horseback. Our plan, also, was to keep as far as we conveniently could from the Yankee garrisons, and off of public roads as much as possible. And as to practicing deception on whomsoever we should meet, in order that we might elude and delude the Yankee soldiery, and set us forward more surely on our way, we were agreed that there was no moral

wrong in it, even though we represented ourselves as deserters, the most odious of all characters. We must, in the use of every needful expedient, succeed in our perilous undertaking and report back to our command for duty in due time. "All things are fair in war," is an adage that we were willing to adopt, so far as it related to the employment of stratagems for our safety and success.

The first problem, and a difficult one, that Whitfield and I had to solve was, how could we cross the Tennessee River? There were no ferries then in operation within our reach, because of the Yankees on the other side, who were actively patrolling the river for a considerable distance above and below Florence; and they were all the more diligent because fragments of our two regiments (27th and 35th Alabama) had but recently gone over on their side at night and brought back with us their brag "White Horse" Cavalry, of the 9th Ohio Regiment. We must find a crossing some distance below Florence, if possible, and we made our start for that purpose

from Newburg, where we were furloughed, and where the two regiments were last in camp. This place was, as I now recall, some eighteen or twenty miles south of Courtland. Going over into the valley, we learned that a man named Battle living on the river at the mouth of Cane Creek kept a canoe (dug-out) and would take pleasure in setting us over. He was about my age, and said to be a Union man of the mild and accommodating variety.

This man, though at that time on intimate terms with the Yankees, who were nearly opposite him across the river, had no fondness for Yankees in general. He belonged to a distinct class of men in portions of the South during the war who had an uncontrollable dread of battle, and who studied to make the best shift that they could with both sides, as occasion seemed to demand, with reference to their interests. They never degenerated into Tories, but they employed many devices to keep out of our army. They were, at heart, as anxious for the Yankees to get whipped as Southerners generally were,

but they were not willing to help whip them lest they themselves get shot.

There was a heavy Yankee patrol some three hundred yards from the river where we crossed, but Mr. Battle, whom I remember with pleasure, understood their movements, and assured us that he could take us over in his canoe so as to evade them by crossing after dark. He put us in a hiding place in the afternoon from which we could see across the river, but could not be seen from the other side, and told us just when the Yankees would appear on the other bank, which they did at the time. Just at sundown the last of them left, after watering their horses in the river. An hour after that we crossed over, landing a little below where they were, and moved hurriedly into the big timber and undergrowth as quietly as we could, not speaking above a whisper. Mr. Battle, who frequently visited the Yankee camp over there, gave us their countersign as a safety measure, should we accidentally come in contact with them.

As it was our purpose to travel at night,

we pressed forward that entire night with the North Star as our guide, and by starlight, as there was no moon to light us on our wilderness way. At times we would have to push our way through dense undergrowth of briars and vines, and to wade a branch or creek. And the stars were frequently shut out from us by clouds, making our way so dark and uncertain as to quite bewilder us. By agreement Whitfield would be guide for a while and then I would, for we could not walk side by side under such circumstances. As we went trudging along silently through the dark woods late in the night, Whitfield in front, he suddenly exclaimed in a loud whisper: "Here's another river, Doc., and we are gone up sure!" We had come to the bluff bank of a broad stream, as seen by starlight, which made our situation quite alarming. While pondering what we should do, "kerchug" splashed a rock in the water, thrown by Whitfield before I knew it, to sound the depth of it. Then we went walking along on the bluff, throwing rocks in the stream until we had gone some

two or more miles, to where the bank was low. Whitfield then quickly undressed and began to wade into the water to find its depth. It was deep, but he could wade it; and across he went, calling to me to come on. While he was dressing on the other bank I prepared for wading, and went forward to where he was. Going a little beyond him to a log to facilitate me in putting on my clothes, I discovered that we were on the point of an island, and that more wading awaited us. I was ready for it, but Whitfield had to prepare again for it, and presently we were on the real bank of what we afterwards learned was Cypress Creek.

It was Wednesday night that Whitfield and I crossed Tennessee River and made our first night march. Just as day was breaking Thursday morning we went into a thicket on a high bluff and spent the day, sleeping much of the time. There was a house in sight of our hiding place, and Whitfield, ever venturesome, made his way stealthily toward it until he saw an old gentleman out in the horse lot, then went to

where he was. It was a lucky venture, for the old man and his family were strictly Southern in sentiment, and gave us provisions for the day and some to carry along with us. He also gave us important information about the route to travel for our safety, etc.

Thursday night we traveled all night again, but were in a road most of the time, and at day-break Friday a farmhouse came to view, with some negro cabins between us and the house. It was too early to disturb the white family for our breakfast, but we went to a negro cabin for information, and waked up the sleeping inmates. A startled old negro man opened the door just wide enough to poke his head out, and from him we learned whose place that was, and that the owner had two Yankee blue sons who had just come home on a visit. How to get past that house without going the road by it was then what we wanted to know, and we learned from the old negro that there was a near cut to a creek beyond the house by going back to the woods and taking a certain direction. We were soon

in those woods, and hunting a hiding place instead of regarding the negro's directions.

Some distance from there we found a deep wooded ravine, in which we stopped for the day, though we spent but half the day there, and that in much discomfort. About eight o'clock we heard the yelping of a hound approaching us, and seemingly following our tracks. That we were dismayed may as well be confessed, for we were in a horrid Tory community and there was no way of escape. The dog, however, ceased yelping before he reached us, called back, it may be, by his Tory masters, who thought that he was on the wrong trail, as we had taken a different course from the way the negro directed us. We heard nothing more of the dog, and concluded to remain where we were until the hunt was supposed to be over. We left at noon and concluded to try our luck by taking the road, he to be strategist one day and I the next.

Having gone some distance, we came to a house at the foot of a long hill, close to

which a curving road passed. We had no thought of stopping, but as we came to the side gate we saw in the back gallery a company of men and women, among them a Yankee soldier in uniform, and I followed my prompting to turn in at the gate and show friendliness with them, Whitfield following me. The stratagem was a successful one.

The Yankee soldier was a deserter from our Virginia army, as he told us with much gusto. He was a young man of Southern birth and raising, who had volunteered in the Southern army, but was now in the ranks of our enemies. Of such material as this "Old Bill" Stokes's regiment was made up, he himself having been an ardent Confederate before he went to the Yankees.

The most of the deserters, however, from our army were nothing more than "play-outs," having wearied of the dangers and toils of war, or those who felt constrained to return home for the support and protection of their families. There was a vast difference between this class of deserters and

those that went into the fight against us as soldiers or as citizens. These never abandoned their Southernism, as the others did, and kept aloof from the Yankees as much as it was possible for them to do. And many, perhaps most, of them had made good soldiers before they left us. Had there been no "play-outs," however, Lincoln's invaders would have been defeated and our Southern Confederacy firmly established.

Having tarried as long with the Yankee soldier and Wayne County Tories as suited our purposes, we left them pleasantly, and at once determined to get as far from them as we could before going into camp. We therefore kept on our way the rest of that day and all night following. As day was breaking Saturday morning we sprawled out on the ground to rest and sleep. Presently we heard a lady calling cows after the old and ringing style. Whitfield's eyes at once lost their sleepiness, and, remarking, "There is milk there, sure!" away he went to arrange for our breakfast, it being his time (we took it time about) to negotiate for rations. He

found a nice, plain Southern family, and we fared well with them. After breakfast they gave us a bedroom to rest in, and we slept until nearly noon before we started again on our homeward march.

Here we learned that we had taken the wrong road sometime during the night, the north star being hid from us by clouds, and had gone twelve miles out of our way. Our aim was to go northward that night through the western portion of Lawrence County after getting out of Wayne, but our mistake put us in the eastern portion of it. To get back on our contemplated line of travel we must now take a northwest course and strike the Beaver Dam road north of Lawrenceburg.

We reached this point at nightfall, and found that Mrs. Moore, an old acquaintance of mine, lived there. Her son William, an only child, was Colonel of one of our Tennessee regiments. When we came in sight of her house, I left Whitfield in the woods and made my way cautiously to it to ask for food and lodging for us. She and I both

were greatly surprised at seeing each other; and in a few words she let me know that she was in constant dread of Yankee spies, and asked me to return to my comrade and remain until nine o'clock, as a precautionary measure against any danger to her or to us. We were then to enter a certain door, where she would meet us in quiet, give us our supper, and show us our bed. The light burned dimly, and we talked but a short while and in whispers. As was understood among us, Whitfield and I left not long after midnight, she having shown us how best to leave the house.

Now it is Sunday. At Mrs. Moore's we took the Beaver Dam road, but I do not remember how far we traveled it. We continued our journey throughout the most of the day, passing Rockdale Mills and Hampshire and crossing Duck River after dark in a skiff at Baxter's fish trap.

As we drew near to Rockdale Mills, which we knew nothing of before, we began to see more people astir than was comfortable to us. Presently we came to a church

where a congregation was assembling, and we determined to hunt a hiding place as quickly as we could. A short distance after passing the church we came to a thickly wooded hollow on our right, and turned up that, going some distance from the road before we stopped. We had scarcely settled down, lolling on the ground, when here came a man up the same hollow to where we were! That made us restless for a moment, but needlessly so.

Our stranger visitor introduced himself to us as the Rev. Joseph H. Strayhorn, of the Southern Methodist Church, and let us know that he would preach that morning at the church we had just passed. He saw us leave the road and thought we were going to a spring up the hollow. He knew from our clothing that we were Confederate soldiers, and sought us, therefore, in the hope that he could learn from us the latest news about the war. He was a true Southerner, and we had a jolly good time with him until he had to go to the church. He gave Whitfield and me some valuable information about the

road, people, etc., ahead of us until we crossed Duck River.

Brother Strayhorn and I met no more until the fall of 1869, the year after I became a preacher. We were members together of the Tennessee Conference, M. E. Church, South, and warm friends until he died, in 1899. He was a very devout, warm-hearted man, a good preacher, and an unusually sweet singer of the songs of Zion. When I see him again, it will be in heaven.

Among the names given us by Brother Strayhorn that we could talk freely to and get information from was Mr. William Biffle, in the outskirts of Hampshire. We reached his house a little before sundown, and I went to the front door while Whitfield waited at the gate. Mr. Biffle was a thorough Confederate, and had two sons in our army if I do not forget, but no introduction or reference that I could give could induce him to show us favor in any way, and he was painfully restless while we were there. He did not treat us with the slightest civility, but referred us to a man some half a mile beyond

who might tell us what we wanted to know. This man was a "Union man," though Mr. Biffle said nothing of that. Strayhorn had told us. We did go there, and learned from him where we could cross Duck River, the road leading over a considerable ridge somewhat back of his house, and down into the narrow bottom, at that place, of the river.

Mr. Biffle had suffered so much from Yankee soldiers and their odious emissaries, and they had devised so many means to entrap him, that he stood in constant dread of them. He dared not admit a Confederate soldier into his house when it was likely that some Yankee spy might see him do so, lest he be reported on and carried off to prison, or suffer some damage of a more serious nature. And then he did not know but that Whitfield and I were Yankee detectives in Confederate clothing, as they were given to practicing such stratagems to catch our unsuspecting friends at home. As I was returning from Millbrook, dressed in citizen's clothes, I spent the night with him, receiving a most cordial welcome. The entire

family were splendid people of the best Southern type.

It was night when Whitfield and I reached Duck River, and the place was known as Baxter's Crossing. The dwelling was on the south bank of the river, and when we came to it the small yard seemed to be full of men, which caused us considerable uneasiness, as we did not know but that it meant arrest for us. We opened the gate unhesitatingly, however, and walked straight to the door of the house, which was open, and inquired for Mr. Baxter, whom we asked for supper, which was then on the table, and to set us across the river. We were promptly accommodated in both particulars, and were soon on the north bank of the river with a feeling of much more security than we had on the south bank, where we had employed our stratagem of dissimulation for all that it was worth, as a military necessity.

Having crossed Duck River, our aim was to pursue our way through the woods, bearing gradually to the right, until we came to the "Natchez Trace," the road along which

Gen. Andrew Jackson is said to have taken his army to whip the British at New Orleans; but we soon encountered a swamp which seemed impenetrable in the night, and we stopped till daybreak. Then onward we went, coming to the road at the right place, and traveled it together until we came to Kinderhook, an invisible village then in the northwest corner of Maury County, where he went straight forward on the Charlotte road, and I took the Hillsboro road to the right. His problem then was, how he would get across Cumberland River near Clarksville; and my problem was, how I would cross the main Yankee thoroughfare between Nashville and Franklin, which I thought to be my principal danger then. That safely crossed, I believed I could reach Millbrook without disturbance, as I had learned on my first furlough how to wend my way through that region.

Whitfield and I had many serious and troubled moments from time to time while we were together, but we also got a good supply of fun out of our pilgrimage in one

form and another before we parted, to meet again on the fighting line in Georgia. But my part of the fun ceased when we parted, and I was greatly burdened with a sense of loneliness and insecurity the rest of the way.

After Whitfield and I parted it took me a little over three days to reach Millbrook. The families that I stopped with at night were of the quiet order and kindly disposed toward me. From them I procured provisions for each day after the first, when I already had with me what I needed. An air of perfect self-composure, and the employment of such other tactics as were needed a time or two, secured my safe arrival at home Wednesday afternoon, May 11, at 3 o'clock.

As I entered the hall from our front porch the right-hand door leading into our family room stood open, and I was at once face to face with my precious household. "What a meeting! What a meeting!" As they first came to my view my ever-busy wife was at work, assisted by "Aunt Milly"

and Keziah (colored), preparing some wool for the spinning wheel and loom; while Granville, our firstborn, now seven years old, was playing in the room with his two-year-old brother. My arrival was altogether unexpected to my wife; and, indeed, a greater surprise to her than my other visit, because there seemed no possible way for me to get home then, owing to the Yankee occupation of the country I had to pass through.

The many days of my absence had all been long ones to my beloved wife, so burdened with toil and care had she been to meet the home responsibilities that were upon her, and of anxiety for my safety in the midst of constant perils. She had lost some flesh on account of the strain that was upon her, but she indulged no thought of getting out of heart. At one time, however, she had become almost discouraged, as it seemed that the war would never end; but her spirits were revived just then by being at church and hearing the preacher (Dr. J. W. Hanner, Sr.) read as the opening hymn of the service:

“Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.”

There are three other verses to this consoling hymn of Zion, and while it was being “lined,” as the custom then was, and sung, she realized with unusual satisfaction and joy the presence of the Divine Comforter with her, and the “blessed assurance” that we would be cared for by him as our Leader “through waves and clouds and storms,” such as we were then experiencing or might experience. It was in her heart to say joyfully: “The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?”

She had so managed her home affairs, helped by the faithful servants on the place, that all were well clothed, and a good

supply of food was on hand. The clothing was homemade, both for summer and winter. Aunt Milly, Nathan, and Keziah were the help. Nathan was Keziah's husband and Aunt Milly's son. A Lincolnite had allured Amanda, the house servant, away since I was at home, and Sam went to the Yankees in Alabama. The three that remained were more and more attached to my family as the war went on, and remained at home to its close. The Yankees were insufferable pests to my wife while camped so long on our place, and would have given her vastly more trouble than they did if it had not been for the negroes, for whom they seemed to have respect, and by whom they were influenced; albeit, the negroes had as profound contempt for them as my wife did.

How many homes throughout our Southland were thus protected from Yankee ruin and their inmates supported in the absence of the heads of the families in the war by faithful negroes of the olden type ought to be found out and told. And a monument ought to commemorate their fidelity.

The Yankees had gone from our place when I reached home, but there was a camp of them over Cumberland River, some two or three miles from us. Somebody reported to them that I was at home. Late in the evening of the first Sunday after my arrival, Nathan came hurriedly to the front door to speak to me. His communication was that two Yankees were slipping up the back way through the orchard toward the house to arrest me. "Go and meet them instantly, and invite them around to the front door," said I to Nathan. He cast a look of amazement at me, as though he had expected me to run, but promptly did as I told him. As he brought them around I met them on the front steps, introduced myself to them, shook hands with them cordially, and invited them to spend the night. Nathan's face and eyes betokened wonderment. The stratagem tickled him.

If ever two Yankees were mesmerized, they surely were. They accepted my invitation to spend the night, but left the next morning before I got up. I took them to

an upstairs room to sleep, and sat with them a good while before they retired, telling them all sorts of things about the war, which seemed to entertain them highly. Among other things, I spoke of what a horrid business it was for us to be fighting and killing each other as we were, and that my part of the fight was over. Not once did they intimate to me their purpose in coming to my house, so effectually were they flanked. They were part of a squad, the rest of which were not far off.

The remainder of my stay at home was in quiet, the Yankees and their emissaries having got the impression that I had no thought of returning to the army. Indeed, only my wife and a few close friends knew what my plans were; all others were made to believe that I was permanently at home, so far as the war was concerned, my part of the fight being over.

As the time was approaching for me to return to my command the problem became more and more serious as to how I should do so. My homebound stratagems coming

in would not serve my purpose going out; and, obviously, it was more dangerous to go out than it was to come in. Gen. Rousseau, at the head of the Yankee forces at Nashville, was trying to make himself popular with our people, and was very generous in giving them passes to go to and fro, as they might wish; and very often he would give a person in Nashville a pass for a friend out in the country. Thus it was that I at home procured a pass from him at Nashville, through Miss Hennie Cockrill, the daughter of Mr. Mark R. Cockrill. It was a big undertaking to procure such a pass as I wanted; for it was to go to St. Francis County, Ark., to see after my farm and negroes there; but Miss Cockrill, cousin of my wife, knew how to work the Yankee General, and got the pass, which, by way of fun, he said would not be good if the Rebels halted me.

Then, again, I learned that practicing physicians were allowed to visit patients through the Yankee pickets by simply stating their business. And so I got me a pair of medical saddlebags from a friend at hand, the biggest

pair I ever saw. I took all the framework for holding bottles out of them so that I could fill them with such things as they would hold that I wanted to carry with me, medicine not included.

Neither the route that I was to travel nor the mode of conveyance was indicated in the pass; and as I preferred the overland route on horseback, I bought a condemned "U. S." mare to ride, duly accredited by Yankee officials, and named her Sylvira. All aboard for Arkansas!

Gen. Rousseau doubtless thought he was doing a silly thing to accommodate a stupid man, but he helped me back to Dixie and the battlefield.

Hunting a horse, which I bought from Mr. Bowen, at McWhirtersville, and procuring a pass consumed more time than I thought for, and therefore delayed my return to my command longer than I had anticipated. The delay, however, was not serious, and was very pleasant, of course. I started back May 31, soon after dinner.

As I was on the eve of starting I engaged

in religious devotions with our household, white and black, and committed us all into the protecting care of God in the most effectual way that I could. We necessarily wept and sighed, but we remembered the gracious promises of the Lord, and trusted him for all things for our good.

Granville had been during my absence the companion and comfort of his mother far beyond what might be expected of one so young, and was an intelligent sympathizer of hers in all her troubles. He had seen her bosom heave with sorrow during my absence, and her eyes fill with tears ever and anon, and had come to know the meaning of it all. And he had seen how bright everything was with her while I was at home. Now he sees her again as I am about to leave, with sorrowful face bathed in tears. It was too much for him to stand, and, turning around to the back window of the room, he rested his arm on the sill of it and hid his weeping eyes in his bent elbow. He grieved to see "papa" leave home, but "mamma's" sorrow and tears on that account overpowered

him. His little heart ached with grief as never before. He then seemed to fix his purpose to be a comfort to his mother more than ever, from which he has never departed to this day. A friend of ours has said that he and his mother were raised together.

As I rode out of the front lawn gate into the public road I began to hum almost unconsciously a favorite song of ante-bellum days: "Do They Miss Me at Home?" And then I communed with myself and said: "Yes! yes! yes! I am missed, I am missed at home." I knew full well, of course, that I was missed at home, but never before that parting afternoon had I been so profoundly and solemnly impressed with the unspeakable value my presence at home was to my family; so much so that their happiness depended on it in an incalculable measure. And also of how much value to me their presence was; so that my life seemed incomplete when they were parted from me, not knowing when we should meet again.

It was best for me to go through Nashville, and keep my horse's head somewhat

westward for a while, as my pass was to take me to Arkansas! Then I would take the risk of turning hurriedly southward until I came to and crossed the Tennessee River, when I would be in Dixie. As I approached Nashville I came to the picket station, but did not halt.

"Good evening, Doctor," said the officer in charge: "Going to see a patient?" (He saw my saddlebags.) "Yes, sir," was my professional reply, while Sylvira continued her fox trot. The same thing occurred as I went out of Nashville. Of course I wore citizen's clothes.

The first night was spent at Mrs. Acklen's, the widow of Joseph H. Acklen, not far out of Nashville. Uncle Calvin Goodloe had come to Nashville, on his way to Washington, on secret service for Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate army in Georgia, and we had arranged to spend the night together at Mrs. Acklen's, where, indeed, Uncle Calvin was stopping for a time. He and Mrs. Acklen were old friends, and I had known her several years. He gave

me the gratifying information that the Yankees were not then occupying Florence, and that I could likely cross the Tennessee River there if I could soon reach there in safety.

As a part of the mission on which Uncle Calvin was embarked, he was to ascertain the strength and disposition of the Yankee army at Nashville, the location and character of the defenses, etc. This he had done effectually when we met at Mrs. Acklen's, and gave the facts to me, to be communicated in person to Gen. Roddey or Col. Johnson, of the Confederate cavalry in North Alabama, one of whom I would find at Southport, the steamboat and ferry landing on the south bank of the Tennessee River from Florence. He was then ready for his Washington trip, and started right away.

His equipment for this entire expedition was letters of introduction and commendation to Abe Lincoln & Co., from prominent Yankee officers and "Union" civilians; especially did he get well fixed up by Gen. Rousseau and other influential parties at Nashville. They were made to believe that

he was "truly loyal" to the Lincoln government, and that important business of his own was taking him to Washington.

He had been pulling the wool over the eyes of Yankee commanding officers ever since the invasion of North Alabama by Rosecrans's army in the fall of 1862, and he captured them at the start with two decanters of fine brandy. As that army was approaching the Valley, though still in Mississippi, he mounted his horse and went to meet it with the decanters in his saddlebags. He sought out Gen. Rosecrans at once, to find out from him what the citizens might expect from his army as it passed through North Alabama. Rosecrans and his associate commanding officers were highly pleased with him—and his brandy; and ever after that he found no trouble in manipulating big Yankees.

Uncle Calvin followed the long-ago custom of taking "toddy" at home, and of keeping fine liquors in a sideboard for himself and friends, but I never saw him intoxicated in the slightest. The brandy with which he captured the Yankees was from his sideboard.

Having spent my first night from home at Mrs. Acklen's, I proceeded on my journey the next morning, reaching Florence early Sunday morning, June 5, with assurance back on the road a few miles that no Yankees were there. But as I rode into town the people were looking for the Yankees every minute, and, horror of horrors! there was no way to cross the river, Col. Johnson having held the ferryboat on the other side on account of the advancing Yankee column. I was "in the middle of a fix," as Pitts Owen would say. With my pass to Arkansas from Rousseau, my "U. S." riding horse, and my medical saddlebags void of medicine, I felt like I would be held as a spy if captured by the Yankees. And the more so as I was dressed in citizen's clothes. I hurried Sylvira on down to the river, which is three-quarters of a mile wide there, with the purpose of turning her loose, of ridding myself of everything that would hinder me from swimming, and of taking to the river on a piece of timber to support me in swimming, if there was no chance for a boat.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die for Dixie.

Looking across the river, I saw on the other side a party of Confederate soldiers under a large cotton shelter, to whom I hallooed, and inquired for Gen. Roddey or Col. Johnson, that being where I expected to find one of them. The latter was there, and as soon as he learned from me who I was, and that I had a message for him from Uncle Calvin, he sent a skiff for me, rowed by two Confederate soldiers, as it was much quicker crossing that way than in the boat, which was an item of importance, as the Yankees were near at hand. I hitched Sylvira to a swinging limb, and bequeathed her to several little boys present, if I could not have her crossed. The Psalmist said, "A horse is a vain thing for safety," and I found it so then. The skiff had hardly touched the bank where I was standing until I was in it, and we were hastening back to the Dixie shore. When we got beyond the island in the river, and I felt safe from Yankee bul-

lets, I raised the Rebel yell in the loftiest strain that I was capable of.

"What is the matter with you?" asked one of the soldiers in the skiff.

"This is the first time that I have had any breath for about a month, and I wanted to try it a little," was my reply.

While I was talking to Col. Johnson, two of his scouts came to the north bank of the river, and the boat was sent for them and their horses and Sylvira. Then onward to the seat of war in Georgia I went with a freeman's bounding heart, and took my place in the glorious front! Hooray for Dixie!

CHAPTER XVII.

Religion and War—Christian Association, Etc.

Of the religious aspects of army life in our command I wish now to speak, having thought best to put this matter apart from other features of the war, of whatever character, whether strictly military or otherwise, and bring it as connectedly to view as possible. To do this in the most available way it is needful that I drop in again with the army at many places already made familiar to the reader of these relics, and link on to those events heretofore made known in connection with its movements the others of which I would now speak, of a religious nature.

But can there be religion in the army—a pure form of Christianity among those whose hearts throb with the utmost aversion for their fellows, and whose hands are red with human gore? Do not the scriptures of re-

vealed truth give evidence in the negative? In such questions as these there may be involved a problem, hard of solution to the entire satisfaction of many good people, but, speaking from the standpoint of a Southern soldier and professed follower of Christ, I can say with perfect sincerity that it did not hinder a conscious experience of grace in my case, nor obstruct me in the performance of religious duties, for me to abhor that spirit of Yankeedom that impelled vast multitudes of armed men, plunderers and murderers, to invade the sacred precincts of our home land, and to strike down every one of them that I could in personal combat.

We fought strictly in self-defense, and could not but despise and destroy a foe to the extent that we were capable of, who would leave their homes to come upon us with all their might, to break us down in every way that they could—in person and in property, in State and Church—when we had done nothing to provoke even their displeasure toward us, never having wronged them in any way whatever. My language in reference to

them is not employed for purposes of harshness, but simply to express, in the integrity of my heart and plainness of speech, my abiding and profound convictions of the meaning of the Yankee invasion of the South, based upon evidence undeniable and of limitless extent. It is idle twaddle to speak of our secession as being justifiable cause for declaration of war against us and the atrocities which were perpetrated upon us for our ruin, when they themselves made secession on our part a necessity. Who does not know that the soldiery who fought us cared nothing as to whether or not we withdrew from the Northern states and established a government of our own? It is but too plain that motives of a spiteful, mercenary, and murderous nature moved those who had long been our defamers to enlist in an aggressive warfare against us.

What other attitude could we assume toward such a foe as this than the one that we did? And could we not serve God, and at the same time fiercely and violently withstand the causeless and vindictive invasion

to which we were subjected? From the standpoint of those who precipitated and perpetuated with such remorseless vehemence the fratricidal war, in which we of the South were compelled to engage, let them answer for themselves whether or not a genuine form of scriptural godliness is compatible with warfare. Among Southern soldiers there was religion, pure and undefiled, and a great deal of it. The manifestations of it were abundant in all parts of our army, as perfectly competent witnesses attest, and in my own heart the love of God was realized and enjoyed in very great measure. There came to our soldiery seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord on many occasions which were inexpressibly glorious, and the work of grace moved on while the war lasted.

All the soldiers of our command were not Christians, to be sure, and some there were who had backslidden after they joined the army, but there were many who were devout followers of Christ. Among those who were Christians were those who came into

the army as such and those who professed religion during the progress of the war. To me it was always a matter of surprise that a soldier, of all other men, could be satisfied to live in sin; and it was passing strange that one would throw away his religion in the midst of the dangers of warfare. There was nothing in the soldier life to suggest to me the benefit or propriety of being a sinner, but everything to suggest the importance of being a Christian; and as to there being any temptations to pursue a sinful life, it seemed to me that there was as nearly no place for such things in our surroundings as could possibly be the case almost anywhere. "Death was staring us in the face" all the time, a perpetual reminder of the final judgment in the presence of God; and we were away from the unholy allurements of society life. There were some drinking and gambling at times among some soldiers, but these were not in such form nor to such extent as to carry with them the attractive force of a temptation. Few and uninviting were the forms of sin in the army; while, on the other

hand, the incentives to piety were abundant, and the methods of grace were alluring.

When the companies composing the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment went into the camp of instruction at La Grange they at once selected Rev. Robert A. Wilson, a member of the Tennessee Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as their chaplain, and he promptly embarked in religious work among them, such as belonged to the duties of his position; so that it may be said that religion and warfare took an even start in this command. The same fact may doubtless be stated with reference to most of the other regiments constituting the Confederate army. And that religion kept pace with the military movements of many commands may also be truthfully said.

Brother Wilson remained with us as chaplain until March 10, 1863, when, owing to feeble health, he left us to engage in post and hospital duties. He was in the best sense a faithful servant of God, and did all that was possible under the various circumstances that surrounded us to advance the spiritual inter-

ests of the soldiers of our command. He was much loved, and in the full confidence of those whom he served in the Lord. He never failed to have daily religious services among us when it could be done, which he conducted himself, or had others to do; preaching as often as opportunity allowed and having prayer meeting services on other occasions. He was also the chief instrument in founding a Christian Association and developing plans for its perpetuation while the war lasted, looking to coöperative work on the part of Christians of all denominations, and furnishing an asylum for all who were or desired to become the followers of Christ. It was the uppermost thought in my mind when joining the regiment to call a meeting, at the earliest opportunity, of all the Christians in it, and to propose the organization of such an association; and I was proceeding to do so when I learned that Brother Wilson, with whom I just then became acquainted, had the matter already under advisement, in connection with others to whom he had presented it.

To all intents and purposes, so to speak, we had a Christian Association of co-operative functions from the time that we entered fully into the Confederate service, but it was not until November 27, 1862, that the "Christian Association of the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment" was formally organized, with Constitution and By-laws. This was done while we were in camp at "Mouth of Tippah," Mississippi, and the officers elected were: President, B. M. Faris; Vice-presidents, J. E. Nunn, A. T. Goodloe, — Mealer, and — Garrett; Recording Secretary, R. A. Wilson; Assistant Recording Secretary, A. F. Evans; Corresponding Secretary, Capt. Taylor. The Constitution and roll of the members fell into the hands of the enemy at Vicksburg after the battle of Baker's Creek. The members consisted of those who were professed Christians and those who were earnestly striving to become such. Regular meetings of the Association every Thursday night; prayer meeting every night, and preaching every Sunday—such was the arrangement agreed upon in regard to our

stated meetings and religious services. In the matter of our religious meetings, strictly speaking, we had already been holding them after this manner in the main, but it was thought best that the Association, in its organic capacity, assume the responsibility of, at least, fixing the time for our several religious gatherings. As to special revival services, we simply engaged in them whenever and wherever we could, and in connection with whomsoever they might be begun or conducted. In our regular prayer meetings we would go from company to company, having them in one company one night, and in another company the next night, and so on until we met with all the companies of the regiment. Sometimes, however, our facilities would be better for holding them at some particular place, say near the center of the regiment, and we would meet there from night to night. Congregations assembled for preaching wherever the best arrangements could be made to accommodate the greatest number of men, and sometimes we could get the use of a church near which

we chanced to stop. In the camp, on the march, and along the lines of fortifications we continued throughout all our campaigns to hold our religious services of one kind or another.

In prearranging for the organization of the Christian Association, Brother Wilson and I, after having talked the matter over in all its phases and bearings, determined to introduce the subject at the prayer meeting in Company G Tuesday night, November 25, 1862; and this he did. Between ourselves we prayerfully considered the subject of who ought to be the President of it, and agreed that we would put the name of B. M. Faris in nomination for that position, who was at that time orderly sergeant of Company B, but subsequently one of its lieutenants. Faris was a Presbyterian, while most of us who were forward in religious work were Methodists, but it was our conscientious belief that some other than a Methodist should be at the head of the Association; and, besides, we had all confidence in Faris meeting fully the obligations of the position. Only

the Lord knew what Brother Wilson and I were doing in this matter, wherein we were planning for his glory; and I am sure that we were guided by the divine counsel. The proposition to inaugurate a Christian Association was favorably received by all present and a committee appointed to draft resolutions, a Constitution, etc., and report at our meeting the Thursday night following. The work of the committee was approved unanimously on the night that they made their report, and the organization of the Association was effected in full. The committee consisted of R. A. Wilson, A. T. Goodloe, J. W. West, B. M. Faris, A. F. Evans, —— Mealer, and —— Garrett.

We were, according to the Constitution, to elect officers every three months, and at every election Faris was made his own successor, and so continued to be President of the Association while the war lasted. Having sustained this relation to it during its entire existence, and being in every way worthy of the important and responsible position, it is but right that his name have special

mention here. He died in Searcy, Ark., September 9, 1888, and the first notice that I saw of his death was embraced in the following editorial note in the *Christian Observer* of September 19, 1888:

“REV. B. M.FARIS.

“After going to press last week we received tidings of the death of this true-hearted servant of God. His death is one of the dispensations of Providence that are hard to understand. He was in the prime of life, endowed with a rare degree of spirituality, together with a vigor of mind and a clearness of perception that are not often combined. He gave promise of great usefulness in the Master’s work on earth. Admitted to the ministry in 1874, he labored in Tennessee, serving the Churches at Humboldt and at Somerville effectively for ten or twelve years. He took charge of the work in South Frankfort, Ky., only about a year ago, but yielded to the repeated urgency of the people of Searcy, Ark., to the effect that he *was needed* there, and went to that place last spring. It is only a short time

after his removal that we are called to mourn his death."

Upon seeing this notice I at once prepared and had published in the *Christian Observer* and *Christian Advocate* the following communication:

"REV. BLUFORD M. FARIS—HIS ARMY LIFE.

"My acquaintance with Faris, as I was wont to call him, began at the organization of the Thirty-fifth Regiment, Alabama Volunteer Infantry. Myself a stranger at that time to most of the regiment, I at once sought out the chaplain, Rev. R. A. Wilson, and through him was made acquainted with Sergeant Faris, of Company B. Many very excellent Christian heroes were among those gallant warriors, but Faris had special gifts and graces which fitted him for more enlarged usefulness perhaps than others of his comrades.

"A Christian Association was soon formed in our regiment, and as by common consent Faris was regarded as best suited for President, and so was without opposition placed

in that position. Afterwards, when Gen. 'Abe' Buford was our brigade commander, we organized 'The First Christian Association of Buford's Brigade, C. S. A.,' into which our regimental association was merged. In the meanwhile Faris had become so generally and favorably known that he was with one voice made President of the brigade Association. In this position he was continued until the close of the war, ever faithfully and efficiently performing his official duties. All along he conducted a number of Bible classes also, with great benefit to himself and to his classes.

"He was a young man when he enlisted in the army 'for the war,' and just beginning his preparation for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. He was strikingly modest, humble, and unobtrusive, being altogether unconscious of his own eminent worth. He was well balanced, steady and constant in his religious character and life, full of zeal and the Holy Ghost. He abounded in good works, and had his heart set on maintaining divine worship among the soldiers, and win-

ning his unconverted comrades to Christ. For a long time we were without a chaplain, and very often without a preacher of any kind; but day after day, when the situation of the army would allow it, he would have us assemble for religious services, whether in camp or in the trenches. It was an everyday business. He never failed in his high purposes, nor evaded any responsibility whatever. An everyday Christian for everyday work, and for the long pull the world over—such a Christian was my noble friend and yokefellow in the Lord and comrade in arms for our country's cause. He a Presbyterian and I a Methodist, both laymen then, we met at the cross of our common Master, and only knew each other as brethren in Christ Jesus. Our hearts were blended together in fraternal love, tender and enduring, which death itself cannot sever. Faris, we will love on throughout eternity!

“Among his many gifts, of which I am inadequate to do justice, God endowed him with an extraordinary voice, characterized for fullness and mellowness, and his articu-

lation was superb. In exhortation, in prayer, and in song he was without a peer among us, as it seemed to me, and yet as artless as a child. When he ‘raised the tune,’ which we generally had him to do, all could easily join in; and though the singing was necessarily loud, as it came forth from assemblies of soldiers accustomed to the battle “yell,” one could readily recognize at a distance his sonorous and articulate voice as he carried us onward and upward in the precious service of song and adoration to our God.

“His rank in the army was first orderly sergeant, and afterward lieutenant. On every march and in every battle engaged in by his command I think he was on hand. In the military sense as in the religious, he endured hardness as a good soldier, and with remarkable cheerfulness. On the field of battle he was calm, collected, and dauntless. He fought to beat our country’s foes, and had the faculty of imparting to others his resolute and persistent daring. His comrades were made better and braver by his presence among them, and no name was honored in all

the army more than that of Bluford M. Faris."

In contemplating the establishment of a Christian Association in our command, those who were the prime movers in inaugurating the enterprise had in mind the two prominent ideas of coöperative work by Christians of various denominations, and of furnishing an asylum, so to speak, for all who were or desired to become the followers of Christ. A number of Churches were represented among our soldiery, and it was worth our while to put ourselves in such relations to each other as that we would have a common understanding in regard to religious work, and be in a situation to pull together in such work. Being away also from the restraints of Church-membership, it might be possible that some would break loose from their religious mooring and drift away into sin, the danger of which we believed might be obviated by having a kind of army Church into whose membership the members of all Churches could come. Furthermore, and not of least importance, was the consideration which related to

those who might become earnest inquirers after truth—that they might be afforded help in an effective way, and a companionship of kindred spirits into which they could enter with the utmost profit to their souls.

Our preaching and social religious services were always seasons of grace and refreshing to us from the beginning of our military career, and great good was doubtless accomplished by them, but it was not until we were near Davis's Mills, Miss., in September, 1862, that there was a distinctly marked revival meeting. This was not very extensive, however, but exceedingly precious and joyous to many souls. It began simultaneously in the Thirty-fifth Alabama and Seventh Kentucky Regiments, Sunday, September 14, Brother Wilson preaching that morning in the Seventh Kentucky, and that night in our regiment. Unusual solemnity pervaded the congregations at both the services, which made it perfectly obvious that protracted and special efforts should be at once engaged in for the conversion of sinners. Fortunately, there was a church close by which we were

allowed the use of, and in that we assembled for preaching and other religious services from day to day until the following Saturday night, when we were called away from the church to prepare rations for the next day, looking to a movement against the enemy that day. Brother Wilson did most of the preaching, and it was in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. A number of sinners were converted, precisely how many I do not know, and there was a bountiful spirit of rejoicing among the Christians in attendance. "Preaching again to-night," I say in my diary of September 18, "and a happy time we had. O how my soul was filled with the fullness of joy! Thank God for the outpouring of his Spirit." It was high tide with us all through the meeting, but that was an especially good day with us, which we had begun by an experience and prayer meeting at the church.

At the Mouth of Tippah, where we organized our Christian Association, there was a decided religious influence manifest at a number of our meetings, though no special

revival services were held. It was uniformly our custom, however, to make very direct appeals to the unconverted members of our congregations to turn away from sin at once and serve God, and they were constantly reminded in the exhortations that were made to them that they were in imminent peril of their lives every day. Those of us who conducted the social religious services from time to time lost no opportunity nor occasion of warning our sinful comrades of the dangers that constantly threatened them, and of presenting the blessed Saviour to them as their only refuge and security. And I am sure that during our stay at "Camp Mouth of Tippah" there were many who were so impressed with the importance of becoming Christians that they did in reality begin religious lives; there were, indeed, unmistakable tokens that such was the case.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Religious Meetings Here and There.

DURING the time that we were at Grenada, the winter of 1862-63, we had many religious privileges, except for awhile when the weather was very severe, which we enjoyed very much. The Association meetings were delightful, and the membership increased considerably, the accessions being both those who were professed Christians and those who were earnest inquirers after truth, the two classes who were invited to join. It was a rule of the Association, from its organization, to make a call for members at every meeting, and our hearts were constantly made to rejoice at seeing our beloved comrades in arms, professors and seekers of religion, identifying themselves with us in a work of so much importance to our own spiritual welfare, and of such value in behalf of others. We had no form of reception of

members, only invited them to come forward and have their names entered upon the register, but their reception in this simple manner was always impressive and often exceedingly touching.

By appointment of the Christian Association we observed while here Friday, December 19, as a day of fasting and prayer "for the prosperity of the cause of Christ in our Confederacy and the establishment of our independence;" and an exceedingly interesting occasion it was to us. In all our meetings, from first to last, we were careful not to omit praying for our Confederacy, that the Lord would own us as his people, and for the success of our arms in the day of battle; and very earnest were the petitions that we offered at the throne of grace for these blessings to be granted to us, but it was deemed but right that a day be set apart from time to time as one of fasting and prayer in which to make special pleadings with God to dwell in our midst and save us from defeat by our foes. On occasions like those we entered with all heartiness into the

service, and the praying was of the most earnest and fervent nature. The destruction of the enemy was not asked at any time, but that all their plans might come to naught, and they be put to the necessity of calling off their dogs of war and letting us alone.

In our capacity as a Christian Association we set apart and observed a number of days, at different intervals, for fasting and prayer for the spread of Christ's kingdom in our armies, and for our independence as a government; and we were very careful to observe all thanksgiving and fast days appointed by President Davis.

Besides the regular preaching in camp by our chaplain while at Grenada, we had the opportunity of attending services frequently at the Methodist Church and hearing a number of very able sermons. Rev. E. M. Marvin, D.D., subsequently a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, preached several times, and so forcibly and touchingly did he present the message of salvation to those who could hear him (the church would

not hold all that were anxious to hear him) that many turned from the paths of sin to those of righteousness. After preaching by him Sunday night, December 28, I say in my diary: "Brother Marvin preached a very touching sermon to-night to a packed house. There is deep interest on the subject of religion among the soldiers. Many men will return to their homes better than when they left them." Dr. Kavanaugh, Rev. F. E. Pitts, and several other ministers, also preached for us, and effectively.

Sunday, January 11, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the church, and it was a season of unusual joy and comfort to our souls; tears flowed down the cheeks of many warriors, and they felt that they were much nearer heaven than when they first believed.

February 19, 1863, while camping near Edwards's Depot, Mississippi, the election of officers of the Christian Association "for the ensuing quarter" took place, with the following result: President, B. M. Faris; First Vice President, A. T. Goodloe; Second Vice

President, Lieut. Stewart; Third Vice President, Lieut. Evans; Fourth Vice President, Lieut. Beckham; Recording Secretary, R. A. Wilson; Assistant Recording Secretary, H. E. Kellogg; Corresponding Secretary, Capt. Taylor; Librarian, Lieut. Patton.

I did not note in every instance, it seems from my diary, the quarterly election of officers of our Christian Association; however, we were often prevented by the exigencies of military service from attending to this matter at the designated time, and so it was deferred, it may be, one or two quarters.

At Port Hudson, March 18, 1863, Brother Wilson was elected an honorary member of the Christian Association, he having left us for post and hospital duty a few days before that time. At this place there was a considerable increase in the membership of the Association, and more than ordinary solemnity characterized the congregations at our religious meetings. The work of grace went steadily forward here, as it had been doing indeed all along before this, but a more decided and manifest impetus was given it than

was usual at our ordinary stated services, and more distinct evidences of the presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst were clearly to be seen. March 29 I say in my diary: "I believe a revival has already commenced in our midst, and I praise God for it."

The resignation of our beloved chaplain while here greatly grieved those of us who were trying to uphold the banner of Christ in our command, and caused us much uneasiness in regard to the leadership and management of Christian work thereafter. He had while with us been our chief counselor and prop, and we saw not how we could move forward without his valuable suggestions and help in other ways. We had indeed leaned upon him more than we were conscious of having done until he left us; which he did with great reluctance, and only because his condition of health required him to do so. We tearfully asked one another what must be done, and determined that at the meeting of the Association March 25 volunteers be called for "to take the lead in conducting our prayer meetings and such other religious

services as it is competent for laymen to hold." The call having been made, the following volunteers reported for such duties: B. M. Faris, A. T. Goodloe, — Taylor, A. F. Evans, J. W. West, I. L. Pride, — Beckham, and — Weatherford. This "Social Band," as it was named by President Faris when calling for volunteers for the work indicated, was soon strengthened by others joining it. It was to us all a very great undertaking to embark as leaders in religious services and movements among our comrades, but there were some who found it particularly embarrassing to do so.

Those of us who first volunteered met together by agreement in a secluded spot in the woods Sunday morning, March 29, for prayer and consultation that we might be qualified in all needful measure for the work we had undertaken, and to make such arrangements as we could for special revival services in the regiment. In great earnestness and humility and faith we implored wisdom from on high to be imparted to us in this our time of imminent need, and that we

might have the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon us, and the sweet tokens of the divine pleasure were with us while we thus prayed together. We felt that the ties of brotherhood bound us closer together than ever before, though there was no lack of love among us theretofore, and we declared our readiness, the one to the other, to enter upon such Christian labors with renewed zeal as seemed best for the spiritual well-being of our comrades and the glory of God. Our communion with one another and with God was inexpressibly precious, and the experiences into which we entered were of the most comforting and joyous nature. To our God, to each other, and to our command we bound ourselves in a covenant which was never broken, to go forward and continue in the work which, relying upon God, we had undertaken. What the fruits of this meeting were cannot be known until we reach the inheritance of the saints on high, where, I feel sure, every member of that "Social Band" will go. So mote it be!

There was another meeting April 2, not of

the "Social Band," but still more touching, in which I was called upon to take part, and which is worthy to be placed on record in this connection. Just before dinner on this day Capt. Taylor sent word to me that he wanted to see me at his tent. I immediately went, and found him prostrated in an agony of grief, caused by having just learned of the death of his child—his only child. With tears and sabbings he made known to me the sorrowful fact, and let me know that he had sent for me to pray with him and give him what comfort I could in his great sorrow. We sought the quiet of the woods not far from camp, where we remained about two hours. My heart was overrun with sympathy for him, and the more so as two children of my own were in the grave; and I pleaded for the presence of the Comforter with him with all the eagerness and faith that I was capable of. Many of the precious promises of the Bible also came to mind, and these were readily grasped by him as a sure support. Before the meeting closed his grief was turned to gladness, and we returned to

camp abounding in the love of God, and more than ever consecrated to his service.

After returning from a meeting of the Christian Association the night of March 25, I found the negro cooks, teamsters, etc., of our regiment engaged in a prayer meeting in the rear of the tent occupied by my mess, which was very interesting to me. I went quietly into the tent, not letting them know that I had returned, and lay down. I could easily hear all that they said, and was very much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of their devotions. They not only prayed for the religious prosperity of command, but also for the success of our arms in the day of battle. They were in slavery, but they preferred not the domination of the enemy in our Southland.

During our stay at Port Hudson (March 3 to April 4, 1863) we had much religious enjoyment, albeit we suffered no little anxiety for the success of the work in which we were engaged for the Master without the presence and help of a chaplain, and there was unquestionably a distinct advance along

the line of personal consecration to the service of God, and a considerable enlargement of the borders of Zion. As laymen in the Church we went away from Port Hudson more determined than ever to keep the banner of Christ unfurled in the army while the war lasted, and to carry forward such enterprises as would best promote the religious interests of our fellow-soldiers in our country's cause.

Our prayer meetings and Christian Association meetings became more and more pleasant and profitable to us, but it is not needful that I speak of them in detail, my purpose being to speak somewhat fully of the occasions of extraordinary religious interest, special revival meetings, etc., in which members of our command took part. Forest Station, Miss., was the next place in order where we engaged in a revival series of services, resulting in the end in the conversion of a great many soldiers, and bringing unusual joy to the hearts of all the Christians. After the evacuation of Jackson it will be remembered that we fell back to several points on the Southern railroad, Forest Station among

the rest. We reached this place July 29, 1863, and left there August 11.

Very early after our arrival there arrangements were made for brigade preaching, there being at that time several visiting preachers along with the army, who, I suppose, fell back from their homes as we retired. A place convenient to the brigade was selected, and, it being in the woods, the undergrowth was cut away. A good many seats were made with logs and poles, but many of the men sat on the ground, there not being sufficient sitting room for all who attended the services. Elevated scaffolds were built at a number of places around that occupied by the congregation, upon which to build fires for light. The scaffolds were constructed with forks and poles, and a thick layer of dirt placed upon them to protect them against the fires. Immediately in front of the preacher were poles resting in low forks, at which penitents were invited to kneel. We had preaching at this place morning and night, mostly by Rev. Mr. Cooper, of the Cumberland Presbyterian

Church, whom I had never seen before. He drew us all to him at once, and secured the hearty and active coöperation of the Christians of the command. The order of the services, as announced from the stand, was: "Prayer meeting at 8 o'clock A.M., preaching at 9 o'clock, and preaching at night."

It is utterly impossible to express our appreciation of such services as these, which were conducted after the manner of revival services where the "mourner's bench" is recognized. There were many earnest mourners and many glad conversions, and Christians were made happy in the Lord. The preaching, the exhorting, the praying, the singing—these were all done with the utmost fervor and directness, and accomplished, by God's blessing, large and gracious results.

Much wickedness had been observed in portions of our army, especially in the way of gambling, for some time previous to this meeting, which caused much sadness to those who were working for Christ, but after this I, at least, saw but slight displays of wickedness of any kind.

We went from Forest Station to Newton, at which place we arrived August 12, and went into camp two miles beyond. Here we remained until August 29. The revival went with us, and continued throughout our stay here, increasing from day to day in volume and interest; it was indeed a tremendous revival in all the characteristics of an extensive and genuine work of grace. A great many sinners were converted, and the Christians were constantly happy in the love of God. Field and company officers and privates worked and prayed together, or kneeled as penitents together, at our rude altar place. There were many "altar workers," and they were ready at every service, when not kept away by military duties, which was at times the case, to instruct and encourage the mourners, and to pray for their conversion.

It is beautiful to see people seeking religion under any circumstances, but when we looked upon our soldier comrades coming to Christ we were drawn toward them with cords of resistless tenderness. There were Church members at our meetings who, at

home, had been opposed to altar exercises, but they broke over all their prejudices, and became exceedingly effective altar workers. One of them who had witnessed the conversion of a number of penitents to whom he had talked at one of our night services said to me as we walked back to camp after the benediction: "Goodloe, I am afraid I have done wrong to-night, having worked in the altar as I did, contrary to the teachings that I have received in the Church to which I belong. Well, I am sorry if I did wrong, which in my heart I cannot feel that I did; but when I saw those soldier boys begging for mercy at the hands of God, I could not but give them such help as I was capable of; for I knew them, that they were brave and honest men. After all that I have heard against the mourners' bench, I must confess that there are no reasonable objections that I can urge against altar exercises." And he worked on with increasing avidity and effectiveness and with much joy to his own soul.

Ever since my connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, I had been

very fond of the "mourners' bench" exercises, and of course did what I could to help the mourning soldiers to Christ; and I praise God that I have often been permitted to see those with whom I have labored and prayed accept him in faith and love. During our army meetings some of my most delightful religious experiences were caused by seeing those profess religion in whom, in the name of the Lord, I had taken special interest. In my diary of August 26 I made a note of the conversion of William Myers while lying in my lap. It was at the night service, and the altar place was filled with mourners, Myers among the rest. I was going from one to another on my knees, instructing and encouraging them. When I came to Myers he turned from the altar pole and leaned upon me, and I sat down on the ground so that I could more easily support him. His agony was intense, but brief, and presently he was happily converted. Concerning his final efforts and conversion I say in my diary: "O how beautiful it is to see the dead struggle into life!"

During our meeting here at Newton we had the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered to us at our preaching place in the woods where our meeting was being held, Sunday, August 16, after preaching by Brother Jones, the Methodist pastor formerly at Canton. It was another one of those occasions of which it is impossible to speak so as to do justice to it; it was lovely beyond description. I simply say in my diary: "The scene was solemn and sublime."

Our arrangements for preaching here were about the same that they were at Forest Station, though perhaps a little more elaborate, and we selected a densely shaded place on a creek some distance from camp. Where the mourners knelt by the altar poles we kept the ground well covered with green twigs cut from the limbs of bushes and trees to protect them from the ground as much as possible. These were made the more necessary on account of several rains that fell during the meeting, and they were renewed from time to time as necessity required.

We provided ourselves with a blowing

horn here at the beginning of our meeting, and appointed one of the soldiers to blow it as the signal for preaching, and found it a great convenience. My brother-in-law and messmate, W. Pike Cockrill, soon found a smaller and better-shaped horn which he finished up very nicely, inscribing upon it also the name of our Christian Association, and gave it to us. This we kept with great care, and used it to blow for all religious services, indicating thereby the time and place of the meeting. Its note soon became familiar throughout our entire encampment, and the object for which it was blown understood. It was not only used in connection with our stated services, but was also employed to call together congregations for worship when no previous announcement had been made, as when a preacher would come unexpectedly into camp and would consent to preach for us, or when we wanted a called meeting of the Christian Association, or a special prayer meeting, etc. The sound of the horn was the invitation to come together for worship at once, and at the place where the horn

sounded. We put it in the keeping of Faris, as President of our Association, and he generally had Pike Cockrill to blow it, which he did admirably. When the war closed Faris took this sacred war relic home with him, but, having left it with some one when he went to Virginia to complete his theological studies, it became misplaced, and he never could find it again. Long after the war ended he wanted to put it into my hands for some special reasons, but, to his surprise, it was not where he thought it was. I advertised for it several years ago, but have never been able to recover it. I still hope to find it. The finisher of it was my wife's brother, and with these fingers of mine with which I now write I closed his eyes in death at Culeoka, Tenn., March 8, 1884.

The ministers that helped in our Newton meetings were Brothers Cooper, Ross, Jones, and Griffin, of Mississippi; McInnis, of New Orleans; and McCutchon, chaplain of the Seventh Kentucky Regiment. All of them preached the pure gospel with soul-stirring earnestness, and did the listening soldiers in-

calculable good, though Brothers Ross and Cooper, both Cumberland Presbyterians, preached oftenest. Brother Jones was with us August 14-18, and preached a number of times and exceedingly acceptably while with us. So well pleased was our regiment with him that, by a unanimous vote of the Christian Association after he left, and after consultation with Col. Goodwin, he was invited to become our chaplain. He took the matter under prayerful consideration, and was anxious to comply with our request, but he was under such obligations elsewhere that he could not serve us.

With Brother McCutchon we had for some time been well acquainted, and he was dearly loved in our regiment, which he visited right often. The Seventh Kentucky Regiment was fortunate in having him for their chaplain, as he was in every way suited for the position. He adjusted himself to army life as easily as did any private soldier, and had a heart full of love for those whom he served in the gospel. A true man and minister he was in every sense; and his preach-

ing and advices were always much appreciated and very profitable. He was a member of the Memphis Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

It was not thought best by the preachers conducting these meetings to offer an opportunity for Church membership to those who were converted, but they were advised to send their names to their home Churches for membership there, and to engage at once in Christian labors in the army. We had many accessions to our Christian Association, as one of the results of the meetings, and of those who were not members of our regiment as well as those who were; for we opened the doors of it to all soldiers who wished to join it, and could meet the conditions of membership.

CHAPTER XIX.

Religious Meetings, Etc.

FROM Newton we went to Morton, where we remained until September 30, camping about two miles southwest of this place. The visiting preachers who had been so valuable to us in our religious meetings did not come with us here, but the revival services were continued by Brother McCutchon, the only chaplain then in our brigade. There were two or three licensed preachers, with limited experience, among the soldiers, who rendered him what assistance they could, and the lay workers coöperated freely with him. The brigade preaching continued most of the time that we were at Morton, and the services held were all the more advantageous to us because, in the absence of the ministerial help that we had had, we were put to the necessity of leaning more entirely upon the

Lord. Brother McCutchon was a noble leader, and did splendid work for the Master, but, after awhile, being overcome by weariness, he was put to the necessity of closing the series of meetings, which were begun at Forest Station nearly two months before.

When this meeting (which we called brigade preaching) closed religious services of one kind and another were held daily in the several regiments of the brigade, thus keeping aglow the revival fires which had been kindled so gloriously in our midst. At these regimental meetings, which were sometimes preaching services, though generally prayer and experience meetings, similar methods were employed in conducting them as had characterized our brigade services, and a goodly number of soldiers were converted.

Altogether, at the brigade and regimental services, there were many precious souls brought from nature's darkness into the marvelous light and liberty of God's people during our stay at Morton, besides the great comfort and encouragement that was afforded the Christian workers. There were also

many mourners who, though not making an open profession of religion, gave evidence of having entered upon newness of life in Christ Jesus.

While here at Morton we received a good supply of Bibles, Testaments, hymn books, and tracts, which had heretofore been ordered. The need of these we had felt very keenly for some time in carrying forward our religious undertakings, but they could not have reached us at a time that they would have been more appreciated, or that the soldiers would have been in a better frame of mind to have been profited by them. They came to a multitude of new converts to the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to many more who were earnest inquirers after the truth, not to speak of the Christian workers who stood in need of an abundant supply of such utensils in performing their labors. To be sure, there were many of us who were never without our pocket Bibles, but there were many others who had none, having lost theirs or worn them out, if they brought them from their homes; but we stood

in need of other religious literature besides the Bible, and especially did we have an urgent need for a good supply of hymn books. What a mighty chorus of voices there was raised in songs of praises to our God by the soldiers when the hymn books were given out in the congregations!

Canton was our next stopping place, and here we spent most of the winter of 1863-64. To this place the revival went with us, and there abode, having its developments not only in the conversion of many other precious souls to Christ, and much reformation otherwise, but in establishing many new converts and older Christians in the fixed habits of laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. Our camp while in the vicinity of Canton was two and one-half miles southeast of that place, near a creek, and on very good ground.

At our daily prayer meetings here we made it a rule to call for mourners, laymen though we were, as we were about to close, and it was almost invariably the case that some came forward. With these we engaged in special prayer for a short while, and

every now and then some of them were converted.

On October 9 several visiting preachers came into camp, among them Brothers Cooper and Harrington; and that night the former preached, and we began another series of revival services. We had already prepared us a brigade preaching place, with larger accommodations than those we had theretofore had, and built over it for shade a large bush arbor. All were ready to charge again the "citadels of sin" under the leadership of these excellent ministerial brethren, and the first service was an onward movement.

Brother Harrington preached the next morning, and Brother Cooper the next night. That was Saturday, and we had arranged for Brother Harrington to preach again Sunday morning, and Brother Cooper Sunday night. On Sunday morning, to our surprise, Elder Burns, upon invitation of Gen. Buford, came to preach to us, and we were a little afraid that some unpleasantness might grow out of the unexpected clashing of appointments; but Brother Burns, upon seeing that we had

the meeting in hand and had made other arrangements, consented readily to our management of the meeting, and we arranged for him to preach that afternoon and several times afterward. There was nothing wrong in Gen. Buford's wanting his friend to preach to his brigade, but we smiled at the thought, and passed around a few pleasantries, that our brave commander should *presume* to make the appointment of a preacher to conduct religious services, which we of the "rank and file" had taken in hand. We knew, however, that he intended no disrespect to us by making the appointment, and we found his friend to be a very pleasant Christian gentleman.

The meeting went on joyfully and prosperously, mourners constantly crowding the altar place, and souls being converted from time to time. The altar workers were now like trained veterans, and left nothing undone which they could accomplish to set forward the spiritual interests of those who were crying to God for mercy. Not only so, but they urged those who were not seeking relig-

ion to begin at once to do so. In the midst of our meeting, while the visiting brethren were with us, we were interrupted by having to go up to Grenada to turn back a Yankee raid, and also to go out in the direction of Livingston for the same purpose; but these expeditions did not cool off the revival fervor at all, and so we went on with our meetings as soon as we returned to camp. We had much to do, to be sure, besides attending religious meetings; but these things we did, and left not the others undone.

After Brothers Cooper and Harrington left others came to preach for us at times, though the services were more frequently altogether in the hands of laymen, some of whom exhibited no little preaching ability. Brother Coffey came to the brigade about the 1st of November to act as Chaplain of the Twenty-seventh Alabama Regiment, and a most excellent and faithful minister he was. Brother McCutchon, our "old stand-by," was always in labors abundant, but he preferred that we use the visiting preachers as much as possible while their services were available,

thus husbanding his strength and resources for occasions when no other help was at hand.

On and on, from day to day, we went with our meetings until our departure from Canton. They were always well attended, and although some of them were more interesting than others, they were all seasons of refreshing to us. When we had no preacher with us we conducted the service in the regular order of public worship generally, the leader reading a portion of Scripture and giving such explanation of it as he could, which answered in the place of a sermon, unless it was strictly a prayer meeting that we were holding. All along, also, we were very careful to remember and observe our Christian Association meetings, which blessed work grew among us constantly in interest and profit.

At the request of the pastor, I suppose, Brother McCutclion held a meeting at the Methodist Church in Canton, November 15-27, which was participated in largely by the soldiers, though by many citizens also. Services were only held at night, and we

arranged our meeting in camp during that time so that we could attend at both places. It was an excellent meeting in every particular, and there were quite a number of conversions. During the meeting, Sunday, November 22, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at the morning service, after preaching by Brother Wheat, an army missionary. It is impossible to convey any idea of our appreciation of the blessed privilege of thus commemorating the sufferings and death of our precious Saviour in the army. Thank God for the opportunities that were afforded us for so doing!

While at Canton it got to be quite common for soldiers recently converted to be received by different preachers into the several Churches which they represented, those receiving baptism to whom it had not previously been administered. A large number connected themselves thus with Churches, and their names were sent home, whenever it could be done, to be entered on the Church registers there.

Faris and I formed several Bible classes

while we were here, which we continued to conduct to the close of the war. We had no commentaries nor other Scripture helps, but we made a very close study of chapter by chapter and verse by verse in an earnest, prayerful manner, and we felt that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, we learned much of the Word of God. We became more and more endeared to it as we engaged thus in the study of it, and experienced daily that it was indeed a lamp to our feet and light to our path while passing through the severe ordeals of fratricidal warfare.

We also enlarged our supply of religious literature while here: books, papers, tracts, etc., all of which was "greedily devoured" by the soldiers at large. We had no fears of religious publications not being read, our only apprehension being that the demand could not be supplied. The harvest which came from this sowing is only known to God, but was abundant, I am sure.

As the winter began to come on, and the weather became uncertain, we found that we must stop our brigade meetings or build a

church to hold them in. The latter we did. It was a somewhat rude structure, built of split logs and boards, and having a ground floor covered with straw, but it was sufficiently comfortable to answer our purposes, and was unquestionably a potent means of grace to us. I doubt if Solomon loved the house that he built at Jerusalem more than we loved the one that we built at Canton, nor do I suppose that the Lord honored the former with his presence more certainly than he did the latter. From that army house, as also from many other rude fixtures for meeting purposes, many souls started to heaven, a sufficient token of the divine pleasure resting upon such preparation as we could make to carry forward the ark of the Lord among soldiers engaged in active warfare.

Before leaving Canton our Christian Association underwent a change of name and reorganization. It had already virtually become a brigade association, others than those of our regiment having joined it, and so it was named *The First Christian Association of Buford's Brigade*. It was called "first"

because no other brigade association had before this been formed, and it was thought that others might be hereafter. A new Constitution was framed, and under it the reorganization was effected and officers elected January 6, 1864.

It had been our custom for some time not only to offer an opportunity for those to join the Association who wished to become members of it, at the close of our regular meetings, but also to call for volunteers to lead in such religious exercises as we conducted in the absence of a preacher, and these features became permanently attached to our brigade organization. I have preserved a copy of the Constitution framed at Canton, together with the names of many of the members and those who volunteered to lead in our religious meetings.

The officers elected at the time of the reorganization were: President, B. M. Faris; First Vice President, R. W. Millsaps; Second Vice President, J. W. West; Third Vice President, A. F. Evans; Fourth Vice President, J. E. Nunn; Recording Secretary, W.

L. Phifer; Assistant Recording Secretary, H. E. Kellogg; Corresponding Secretary, A. T. Goodloe; Librarian, W. G. Whitfield.

The following is a list of those who volunteered, while at Canton, to conduct divine worship at our various religious meetings in the absence of a minister of the gospel: B. M. Faris, A. T. Goodloe, A. F. Clark, — Livingston, J. M. Pearce, E. M. Odom, J. W. West, J. E. Nunn, H. M. Terry, N. B. Ethridge, R. F. Parker, J. F. Harrison, L. E. Hall, J. N. Sandlin, J. Hammock, L. A. Terry, S. Skelley, W. Myers, W. W. Morris, A. F. Evans, J. H. Davidson, W. G. Whitfield, W. T. Hargrove.

The Preamble to the Constitution was as follows:

“Whereas the undersigned, professed followers of Christ and earnest inquirers after the truth, cut off as we are from such Church associations as are afforded for the comfort and support of the more peaceful dwellers at home, realizing the want of some organization to assist us in the worship of God, that we may be established in his most holy faith,

rooted and grounded in his love, and grow in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; and for the purpose of developing and giving higher tone to the moral and religious sentiments of those with whom the fortunes of war associate us, do hereby adopt the following Constitution."

We were never troubled with denominationalism to any serious extent at any time, in connection with our religious work, but a preacher was with us a short while at Canton who, many of us feared, would give us trouble in this direction, as he exhibited a decided disposition to magnify the peculiar dogmas of his Church. There were no divisions created among us, however. Sometimes in social conversation we would speak of the lines of demarcation between the Churches, but never in a spirit of controversy. It was generally done to gain information, or for some other innocent purpose. In connection with this matter a pleasant incident occurred in my hut at Canton. Evans, Faris, Whitfield, and I were in conversation. Evans was a Cumberland Presbyterian; Far-

is, a Presbyterian; Whitfield, a Baptist; and I, a Methodist. Evans, apologetically, introduced the subject of falling from grace, for the purpose of ascertaining what scripture and argument supported each one of us in the positions which we held. Of course we made him speak first; and he told us why he believed apostasy impossible. Whitfield spoke next, and expressed himself about as Evans did. Faris, always modest, insisted that he be the last speaker, and so it was now my time to give a reason for my faith in regard to this dogma; but, instead of doing so, I moved that we use all diligence to make our calling and election sure, that we labor in the vineyard of the Lord with ever increasing earnestness, and that we make no effort to lose our religion in order to test the possibility of such a thing. Faris seconded the motion with a gusto, and it was unanimously carried in the same style.

Although the visiting preachers who came at times into camp did us much good, we felt constantly the need of a chaplain to abide in our midst, take the general oversight, at

least of our meetings, and perform various pastoral functions among the soldiers. We were constantly on the lookout for some one suited to the position, but could never get a successor to our dear Brother Wilson.

Our first stopping place after we left Canton was Demopolis, Ala., where we were in camp a short while in February, 1864. Here our daily religious services were altogether delightful, though there were no special revival efforts put forth, albeit the revival fires were still burning brightly in our hearts and in our midst. At the meeting of the Christian Association here I had the pleasure of reading communications to us from Bishop Paine and Rev. Thomas O. Summers, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, commending us for our labors in Christ Jesus, and encouraging us to still abound therein. These letters were as cordial to our souls, and with a rising vote we unanimously and heartily thanked the authors for writing them.

Near Newburg, North Alabama, the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth Alabama

Regiments camped April 1-10, 1864, and here we had some very precious meetings in a church close by. Brothers F. S. Petway and J. D. Barbee preached several times here for us acceptably and effectively, besides other religious services that we held in the church. The work of grace moved on, though there are no conversions at this place noted in my diary.

These two regiments were at Courtland April 16-27, and here we had daily services in the church, having the ministrations of Revs. Joseph White and Felix R. Hill, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Coffey, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The meeting was characterized by great religious fervor and revival power. Many penitents were at the altar of prayer, and nearly twenty souls were converted. The tide of rejoicing ran high, and our religious gladness was unrestrained. In the midst of the meeting, April 27, we received marching orders, and left at noon. I say in my diary: "We part with the good people of Courtland with many tears."

While our army was on the "Kennesaw line" in Georgia in the summer of 1864, though in the trenches pretty much all the time, we managed to find frequent opportunities for assembling for divine worship, though generally the enemy, from a distance, would be firing at us with their long-range cannons and rifles. We would hear the noise of their passing shot and shell, but none of them ever fell among us while we were engaged in worship. They were generally prayer meetings that we had while here, though occasionally a minister would drop in with us and preach for us. Rev. Robert A. Wilson, our old chaplain, surprised and delighted us with a visit July 1, 2, and preached to large and attentive audiences both those days. He would have remained longer had not orders reached us, the last evening he was with us, to be ready to move at a moment's notice. His presence gladdened all our hearts, and he expressed great joy at seeing the religious interest, which he had formerly done so much to promote, still being actively maintained in our command.

After leaving Kennesaw we made a brief stand north of the Chattahoochee River, and then crossed over this stream to a strong position "in front of Atlanta." Before settling down in this position we lingered for awhile above it, there seeming to be an imminent probability of an open field engagement with the enemy. During this interval, so to speak, our regiment was close to the Forty-ninth Alabama, in which a meeting was conducted by a Methodist preacher named Hullet. All who could from our regiment attended these services, which were characterized by convicting and converting grace. There were quite a number of conversions and accessions to the Church; and although these men got religion under fire, so to speak, they nevertheless gave sure evidence that it was the "old-time religion" that they had.

It will be remembered that we were in those days in the midst of as active military operations as Gen. Sherman with his 100,000 invaders could make them, as onward he constantly came, bending all his energies and using his mightiest efforts to overwhelm

our gallant, resisting force of less than half the number of men. It was incessant warfare in its most violent and gigantic forms in which we were then engaged, but the worship of God was maintained in one form or another with unabating constancy and zeal. As I look, at this remote day from those trying and bloody times, into my diary my heart is greatly touched with the notes that I then made, and I feel like praising God in loftiest strains for the blessed privileges he then afforded us of honoring his name and laboring for the salvation of our fellow-soldiers, and for the limitless benedictions which were bestowed upon us from on high. While persistently confronting the foes of our country, we with none the less determination withstood, by divine grace, the encroachment of the adversary of souls. In this connection I will here give a few personal items from my army diary:

Sunday, July 17, was "clear and pleasant." "In the morning I met and heard my Bible class, after which I attended preaching in the Forty-ninth Alabama Reg-

iment by Brother Hullet. In the afternoon we had a good prayer meeting in our regiment conducted by Lieut. Evans. At night I went to preaching again in the Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment, and witnessed the reception of several men into the Church. The Lord is greatly blessing us."

"July 20. Generally clear. This morning I met my Bible class as usual, and had a good time studying the Scriptures. At 12 o'clock we are called to 'attention,' move some distance to the right, and then go forward into battle—the battle of Peach Tree Creek."

"July 28. Clear and warm. We have been prevented by heavy fatigue and picket duty for several days from attending to religious services in the regiment. I heard my Bible class this morning, which was an interesting and profitable occasion to us all. At noon we move to the left where a battle was begun, to support the front line of attack, and are subjected to heavy fire, losing several of our men. We remain on the field till midnight, bringing off the wounded

from between our lines and those of the enemy, and then move back to a new position on the left."

Had I fallen in either one of these battles, I would have gone from the delightful study of God's most precious word with my dear comrades in arms into his immediate and blissful presence on high; and it is joyful to my soul to-day to contemplate the fact that I was thus engaged on the eve of battle, albeit I knew not that the deadly strife would the same day set in as the sun began to lean westward. "Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

Several new positions were taken the last days of July and early in August to defeat, as far as possible, Sherman's flanking movements, but each day we had preaching and prayer meeting and Bible studies. August 10-17 the revival fires burned exceedingly brightly; large numbers of penitents sought religion at our rude altars of prayer, most of whom were converted, and Christians exulted in the Lord with ever freshening joys.

Speaking of myself, I say in my diary of August 16: "My soul is greatly blessed." In this series of services we had the ministrations of Revs. Coffey, Cooper, Frazier, Davis, S. M. Cherry, Given, and King.

After Hood evacuated Atlanta and began his self-destructive Tennessee campaign, no opportunities were afforded for revival meetings until the few fragments that were left of his army were in North Carolina, though the prayer meetings were held from time to time as our situation would allow. In the latter part of March, 1865, there was a decided, though not very general revival meeting in camp. Quite a number of mourners were at the altar, and there were several conversions. This is the last revival that I noted in my diary, and the last one with which I was connected. Then the surrender was virtually at hand.

Verily there is such a thing as religion among soldiers who go to war in defense of such principles as those for which we fought!

I feel inclined to say, though it may be

unbecoming in me to speak thus, that patriotism never reached its perfection until the armies of the “Old South” were marshaled for her defense, and to repel the aggressive forces of the determined destroyers of our own fair land. If it ever was a Christian virtue, it was as it then existed in the bosoms of the loyal men and women of the Southern Confederacy, both in and out of our armies. But, referring especially to our patriot soldiery, the completion of lofty manhood cannot be attained through the channel of patriotism alone, but the Christian religion must be superadded, and become the chief and divine factor in putting manhood at its best before the world. In my estimate, no grander character could be found among the walks of men than the genuine Confederate soldier, fully imbued with the spirit of patriotism, over whose head waved the blood-stained banner of Prince Immanuel.

It is not to be thought for a moment, as Sam Watkins would have it, that to have been a Confederate soldier entitles one to the kingdom of heaven, or that the worthy

cause for which he fought was capable of imparting godliness and religious enjoyment to him; but it may truthfully, it seems to me, be said that the Confederate soldier who, having a clear understanding of the merits of our cause, went to war in earnest, and continued in the service from principle, was possessed of those elements of manliness which would much facilitate him, by divine help, in becoming a Christian of a high order, and of enjoying his religion in a large measure. I was already a Christian when I enlisted in the army, but I am sure that I was much advanced as such while serving in the capacity of a Confederate soldier on the firing line. To our Lord be all the praise for the religious prosperity and enjoyment that we had in his blessed service. Amen!

CHAPTER XX.

Black Mammies—Memoirs—Southern Womanhood.

THE estate of my parents, who died when I was but a little child, consisted, in part, of slave property. My brother, two years older than myself, was the only other child that they had, and we became the owners of what property they had. This was divided between us when my brother reached his majority, he taking what fell to him, while my share remained in the hands of my guardian until I was of age, or nearly so. Among the negroes that we inherited were two women named Milly, one of whom was called Milly Sims and the other Milly Fox, to discriminate them from each other. In the division, the former fell to my brother and the latter to me. David G. Goodloe was my brother's name.

Upon the death of our mother, some three years after father died, we were taken from the family home, in Maury County, Tenn., to

the home of our grandfather, David S. Goodloe, in Tuscumbia, Ala. Here we remained until we were large enough to begin school life, when our guardian took charge of us, and his house became our home. While at grandpa's, Aunt Milly Sims was our "black mammy," acting under the instructions of our step-grandmother, who was exceedingly kind and attentive to us.

A suitable room in connection with the main building was prepared for us, and a bed put in it also for Aunt Milly, who then was advanced somewhat in years. Sims, her husband, had died, and she never married again. She was not a strong woman, but sufficiently so to give all necessary care to the little orphan boys, whom she loved with the tenderness of a sympathizing mother. She fully realized the importance and sacredness of her charge, and constantly magnified the position which she occupied. She drew us closer and closer to her from day to day, until we came to feel that Aunt Milly was well-nigh all in all to us. She always acted intelligently in her care of us, and

was ever patient toward us. Old negro women in the South were called "Aunt."

Aunt Milly (Sims) was of a very religious temperament, and would often talk to brother and me about religion, and urge us to be good children, so that we might go to heaven, where our parents had surely gone, as she testified. She was particularly fond of telling us what good people our parents were, and how fond they were of brother and me. She, among other things concerning their devotion to us, told of an incident in connection with our father's last sickness which has lingered in my mind ever since. It was this: While Dr. John P. Spindle, the family physician, and some other friends were sitting up with him, expecting him to pass away at any moment, he suddenly turned his face toward the wall. Dr. Spindle, apprehending that it was a death struggle, stepped quickly to his bedside and spoke to him in regard to his condition. Replying to the doctor, he said in a feeble tone: "I do not need anything; I was just giving my children to the Lord."

It was these talks mostly of our black mammy, I have often thought, that created in the minds of my brother and me perhaps our earliest desires to be religious and longings to meet our father and mother in the inheritance of the saints on high. My brother, a devout Christian from early life, has gone to them, and I am sure that I am on the way there. He was a Confederate soldier, was captured at the battle of Helena, Ark., and died a prisoner of war at Alton, Ill., January 5, 1864.

The Aunt Milly of whom I now write was our black mammy also during our early infancy and childhood in Tennessee, giving our mother while she lived all necessary relief in the care of us, especially during her protracted ill health, and had the care of us on the way by private conveyance from Tennessee to Alabama. So that from birth, indeed, until we were ready for school, brother and I were largely dependent on Aunt Milly Sims for comfort of body and enjoyment. She was never a strong woman, though she lived to a good old age, and died

on my brother's plantation in St. Francis County, Ark., in 1859, I think. A good while before she died she did but little more than look after the children in the negro quarters in the absence of their mothers while employed in the field or elsewhere. My impression is that she was born in North Carolina, and that she was about eighty years old when she died. She never had but one child, a girl, whom she reared to respectable womanhood.

Aunt Milly Fox, the black mammy of the older children of my wife and me, was born, as nearly as I could get her age, in 1804, in Franklin County, Ala.; and died in Davidson County, Tenn., in 1875. I am glad to be able to present her picture, which I had taken in the spring of 1866 in Nashville, and which is an excellent likeness of her.

When my guardian put into my possession my property in December, 1853, I went with it at once to St. Francis County, Ark., where I had a short while before bargained for a farm, although I was not twenty-one years old until the 23d of the following



AUNT MILLY FOX.

June. There I lived in "single blessedness" until I married, in Alabama, November 29, 1855. Of the negroes then owned by me, Aunt Milly Fox was the matriarch. And I may as well also say that she was my black mammy then, of whom I was very proud. She did my cooking, as well as the cooking for the field hands, kept my residence in perfect order, and gave all due attention to my wearing apparel. She was in every way capable of meeting these demands; but as a cook, especially, she could not be excelled. I turned the keys over to her, and let her have her own way about the management of household and kitchen affairs, and never for a moment did she show a presumptuous or wasteful disposition. And she was strictly honest at all times and in all things, and ever humble and obedient. Other duties than those relating to the house and kitchen devolved on her about the premises, and she performed them always promptly and cheerfully. There was not a "lazy bone" in her, and I never saw her in a bad humor. The negro houses were in the back

yard, and she saw to it that they were kept in good order and the children properly governed. I love to think of the piles of blackberry pies she used to make for me in blackberry time, knowing, as she did, that I was very fond of them. During the season the safe was never empty of them. I was from home a good deal first and last, and nothing ever went wrong in my absence in the affairs committed to her keeping and oversight. She was then living with her second husband, a sort of a carpenter, named Harry; but she was always designated as Milly Fox, after her first husband. Harry died in 1858.

During my minority she lived sometimes on Uncle Robert Goodloe's plantation and sometimes on Uncle Calvin's, and her duties had reference mainly to cooking and seeing that the negro quarters and children were kept in good order. No complaint was ever made of her by either of these uncles, and they both had large plantations and many negroes.

She had twelve children that she reared, and had one or two, perhaps, that died in in-

fancy. While on Uncle Calvin's place, at one time she gave birth to triplets (two boys and a girl), all healthy children, which she reared. Uncle Calvin had a cradle made large enough to hold all three of them at a time, and detailed a nurse and cow to help rear them. Their names, if you wish to know, were Stephen, Sawney, and Harriet. Harry was their father.

Aunt Milly's piety was of the quiet, orderly kind, with but little demonstration; and wherever she was she exerted a wholesome influence upon the other negroes, restraining them from disturbances among themselves and any show of insubordination to those who had the rule over them. She encouraged them also not to be eye-servants, but to do their work well, and from principle. In these respects she and her first husband were well adapted to each other, but Harry's piety was considerably hypocritical and cranky. He belonged to Uncle Calvin when he and Aunt Milly were married, and I bought him when I got my property, to keep him and his wife together, a rule which

prevailed throughout the South in those days, Yankee meddlers to the contrary notwithstanding. A part of Harry's religion, and a very troublesoome part to me, consisted in not eating hog meat, which was the only kind of meat that I could keep on hand at all times for the negroes.

One day I had him in my room fixing a door to the staircase, and set to work to persuade him out of his objection to eating hog meat. I asked him, to begin with, what his reasons were for not eating it. His prompt reply, which he seemed glad to make, was that the devil was in the hogs, which would put the devil in him if he ate their meat.

"Where did you get that from?" I asked.

"Out of the Bible," he answered bravely, as though he had already turned me down.

"Why, Harry, those hogs that the Bible tells about the devil getting into were drowned;" and I picked up the Bible and read him the account which Matthew gives of the incident, closing with these words: "And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine: and, behold, the

whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters."

This did not jostle Harry's theory in the least, and he came back at me *thusly*: "But you didn't put de 'terpretation to dat scrip-tur'; you jest put de 'terpretation dar, and you'll see how it is, fur a fack."

"What do you mean, Harry, by the 'ter-
pretation?'" I asked.

"Why, de 'terpretation is, dem hogs swum
across de sea to de tother bank, and dey is
de same stock of hogs we got now, what de
devil is in."

Harry was invincible in argumentation on his religious predilections, as some dogmatists nowadays are. Sometime after that I caught him stealing a chicken, and from that on issued hog rations to him, which he ate with a decided relish.

When I married and took my wife to Arkansas, together with the slave and other property that she inherited from her father's estate, the responsibilities of Aunt Milly's position became very much enlarged, but

she was fully equal to them. She greeted my wife with a glad welcome, and had everything in the house and yard in perfect order for her reception. My wife had already known her in Alabama, and was well pleased to have her valuable help in our home affairs of various kinds. They had great fondness for each other as long as Aunt Milly lived.

When our first child was born, January 23, 1857, Aunt Milly Fox was regularly installed, so to speak, as the black mammy of our children. The babe at his birth was placed in her hands by the attending physician, to be cared for as is customary with a newborn child. She had also much to do in the care of the mother for the time being. It was perfectly beautiful to the eyes of my wife and me to see with what dexterity she handled and fondled our baby boy from day to day, as she attended to his various wants, and the deepening sympathy and love that she manifested for him. Her attention to my wife also was complete and intelligent. After a while the little fellow must begin to

live on other diet in connection with his mother's milk, and the feeding process sets in, inaugurated and carried forward by the black mammy, to the detestation of the toothless eater at first, but afterwards to his delight. She begins by telling him what she is going to do, and coaxes him to eat like the little man that he is, just as though he understood all that she said; then the feeding process sets in. And what a sucking and spitting and wriggling do we behold! Very likely she will masticate the bread a little herself, to start with, and push it into his mouth on the end of her finger; but getting him to swallow it is a little tedious. Having started him that way, the bread moistened with milk will be given to him little by little in a spoon until he takes to it kindly and smacks his mouth when the spoon touches his lips. This is the first stage, which soon develops into the easy-going eating habit. Sickness may be expected sooner or later, and then the tender-hearted and sympathetic black mammy becomes the chief dependence as nurse, to the incal-

culable relief and comfort of the distressed mother. And so it goes on and on as new arrivals come to the family. These bring the black mammy's services more and more in demand, and draw her closer and closer to the heart of the household. The love for her, indeed, is very strong.

In our family Aunt Milly Fox helped to start off our first five children, except that one was born when she was elsewhere. That reached to a year and a half after the war, when I sold our Millbrook home and went the second time to Arkansas. Her age and condition of health did not justify her in going with us, and a perfectly satisfactory arrangement was made for her to stay at the home of my wife's sister near Nashville.

It may be as well to say, to avoid misconception on the part of any one, that the black mammies were in no sense the successors of Shiphrah and Puah, made mention of in the first chapter of Exodus, fifteenth verse. "Black mammy" was but a title of honor, which came easily and naturally to those worthy, high-toned elderly negro women

who helped so carefully and so efficiently in the care of the little white children of the families where they belonged.

As noted elsewhere in this volume, Aunt Milly Fox and Nathan and Keziah were with my wife and children at Millbrook during the war, and were their main human support and protection while I was in the army. All were faithful to my loved ones, and will ever be held in fond remembrance by us; but Aunt Milly, with her strong character, was the head and front of the worthy trio. Her life was so bound up with that of my wife and our little ones that she would have exposed herself to any danger, I believe, that might have threatened her, for their security from harm. A debt of gratitude we owe her and her son (Nathan) and her daughter-in-law (Keziah), which it is not possible for us to pay.

And now a final word in regard to Southern mothers and black mammies. It is not to be supposed for one moment that the latter were authorized by their owners to take in hand the government of the children of

the household or their oversight in a strictly authoritative way, as some writers have told, thus taking the children in almost every important sense from under the oversight of their mothers. No such prerogatives were delegated to them. They had the care very much of the little children in a motherly sense, and were at liberty to correct them, by scolding after a sort, if they did not behave themselves properly, when they knew better, in the absence of their mothers; but beyond that they must not go, except to report the children to their mothers for correction. The black mammy was in the confidence of the mother, and an exceedingly valuable help to her in taking care of the little children; but it was the mother who had the management both of them and their black mammy. No Southern mother ever turned the government of her children over to a negro woman, however correct and careful she might be. Southern mothers did not transfer their obligations to their children to any one.

And what grand women those Southern

mothers were! It is speaking modestly to say that no age of the world has ever produced a more perfect specimen of womanhood than the typical Southern mother of ante-bellum and Confederate days. And above all things else that made her great was the splendid care and management that she exercised over her children, with whom she was always in the closest maternal touch possible. And how proud the children were of their mothers as they grew old enough to understand and appreciate them! They were women of the highest order and management in the business affairs of their homes, over which they presided with the utmost ease and dignity; but they never were possessed of that mannishness which so many Northern women had, and which is threatening now many women of the so-called "New South." The sphere of woman they fully understood, and filled up the measure of their obligations within that sphere. Southern mothers of the "Old South" were the chief factors in shaping society in the best forms that the world ever knew. They had

only lofty ideals of principle, refinement, and piety, and that invincible determination in the right that made failure with them in the things that they undertook an impossibility; and they undertook only right things.

And whence came, let me here ask, those matchless heroes in gray who fought so long and so bravely against Lincoln's numberless invading soldiery? Southern mothers gave them to the Confederacy, having imbued them from birth with the spirit of patriotism and courageous manhood. Whence those devoted and tireless daughters of the South, who cheered on their brothers to the conflict for freedom, and did what they could in their places to make our cause a success? Southern mothers gave them to us. Who gave our Southland the finest statesmen and divines and citizenship to be found anywhere? Southern mothers. All honor to the magnificent motherhood of the blessed Old South!



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